Australian
NEW ZEALAND $4.25*

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
APRIL 1983 $2.95*

ARSON: THE FIRE BUG IS CATCHING

INTERVIEW: ICEHOUSE'S IVA DAVIES

RUSSIA'S NEW LEADER: FROM KGB TO KREMLIN

MODERN MEDICINE: CONDITION CRITICAL

SEX AND THE SUPERNATURAL

KNIVES: THE FEEL OF COLD STEEL

GIRLS: WE'LL SHOW YOU OURS IF YOU SHOW US YOURS

TRACK TEST: AUSTRALIA'S TOP THREE BATHURST CARS

Discover the spirit of Mexico.

Discover Kamora.

Discover the taste of Kamora.
Kamora mixed with milk.
Kamora topped with cream.
Kamora over ice or Kamora straight.
Discover Kamora tonight.

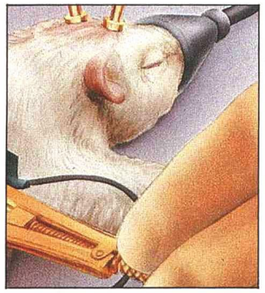
Imported from Mexico by the James B. Beam Distilling Co.

DAD0219

Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 3/April 1983

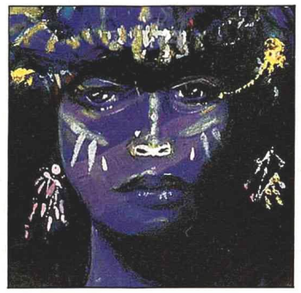
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Shah McCarthy	Photograph by Chris Dickson	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Robert S. Wieder	25
REVIEWS			
SOUNDS		Edited by Jeremy Cook	26
WORDS		Edited by Phil Abraham	28
FILM		Edited by Denis Whitburn	30
TRAVEL		Edited by Andrew Cowell	31
MEDICINE IN CRISIS	Article	Dr Geoffrey Smith	34
PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP /CARLA ADAMS	Pictorial	Photos by Chris Dickson	42
COMRADE YURI	Article	Ernest Volkman and Vladmir Sakharov	52
COLD STEEL	Article	Mike Kent	60
HOT PROPERTY/SHAH	Pictorial	Photos by Chris Dickson	67
THE FIRE BUG	Article	David Halpin	82
4 X 4	Competition		89
SUPERNATURAL ACTS	Article	Ian Swallow	94
THREE MOST LIKELY	Motoring	Peter McKay	98
COFFEE LESSONS	Fiction	Trevor Shearston	102
GOOD GUYS FINISH FIRST/LORETTA	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	110
MR BIG ENOUGHS	Series	Denis Whitburn	120
IVA DAVIES	Interview	Roger Crosthwaite	128
DO YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF?	Quiz		135
SOUND MECHANICS	Hi-Fi	Mike Taylor	138
ALL MOD CONS	Bikes	Noel Christensen	142
PEOPLE	Profiles		148
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Bob Guccione/Ron Embleton	150
PATIENT VICTIMS OF THE HEALTH WAR	Advise and Dissent	Chris Madden	156
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Sue Smith	158



Medicine in Crisis

Comrade Yuri

4 X 4

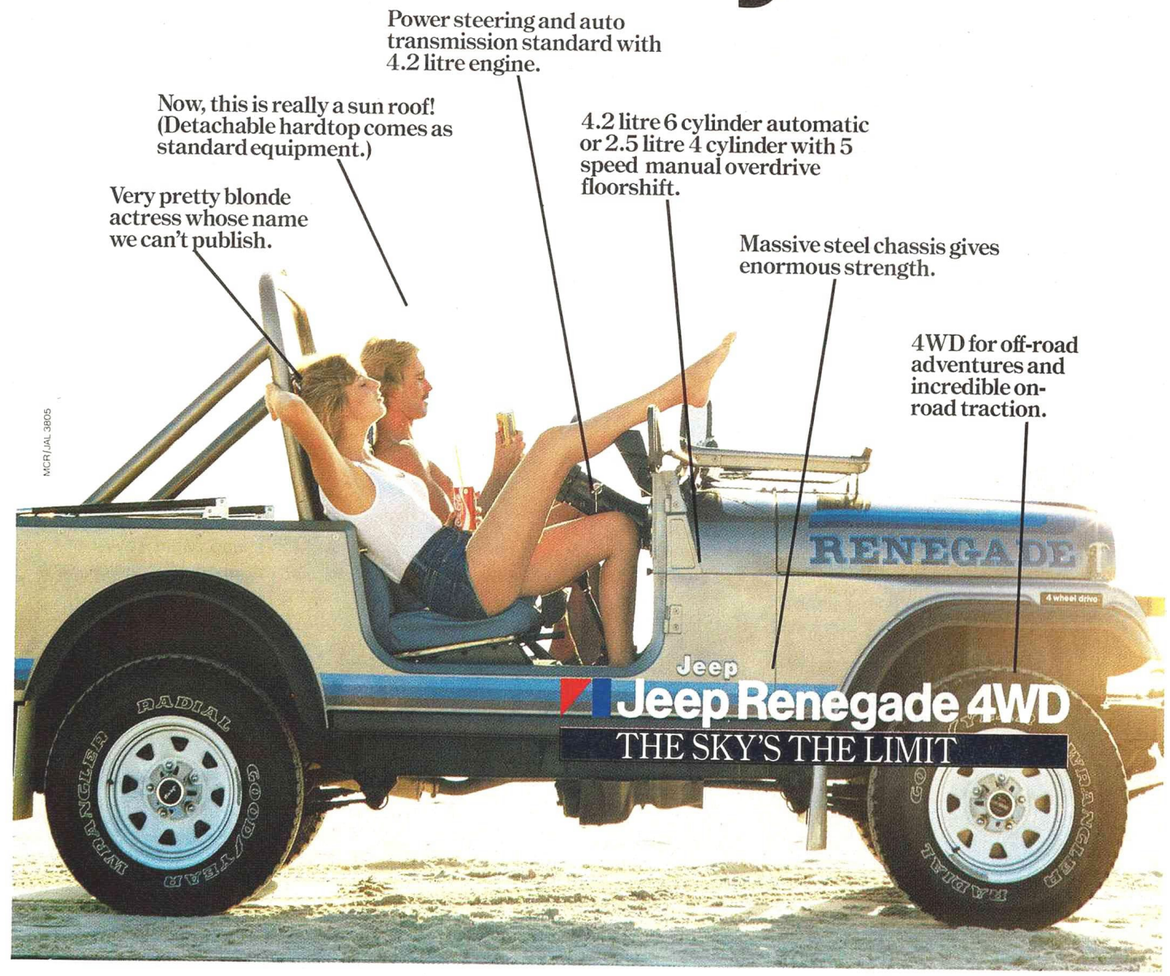


Supernatural Acts

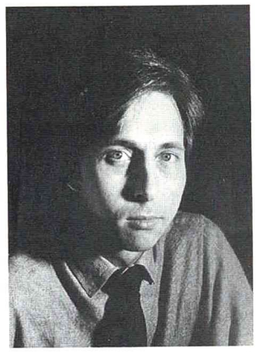
Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 306, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited, Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia $2.95. *Recommended and maximum price only. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong. ISSN 0158-0655

A Porsche costs a lot.
A Jeep Renegade doesn't.
A Porsche has a sun roof.
You get more sun.
They get air conditioning.
You get more air.
They have composite bumpers. You have a massive steel chassis.
True, they are a bit faster than you on the road.
But you'd leave them behind once you're off it.
They get admiring looks.
Until you come along.
No wonder they hate you.

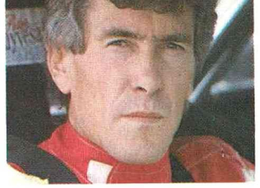
Porsche drivers will hate you!


Power steering and auto transmission standard with 4.2 litre engine.
Now, this is really a sun roof! (Detachable hardtop comes as standard equipment.)
4.2 litre 6 cylinder automatic or 2.5 litre 4 cylinder with 5 speed manual overdrive floorshift.
Very pretty blonde actress whose name we can't publish.
Massive steel chassis gives enormous strength.
4WD for off-road adventures and incredible on-road traction.
MCR/JAL 3605
RENEGADE
4 wheel drive
Jeep
Jeep Renegade 4WD
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

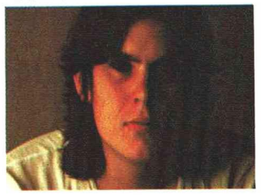
DENIS WHITBURN



MARK SALWOWSKI



PETER MCKAY



ROGER CROSTHWAITE

BRENDAN MCCARTHY

HOUSECALL

The medical profession is suffering a crisis of confidence. Once revered as benevolent white-coated miracle workers, doctors are now often viewed as shrewd businessmen more concerned with self-aggrandisement and wealth than the health of their patients. At the same time, media assurances that medical researchers are constantly making great strides in the battle against disease amount to nothing more than wishful thinking when the figures for life expectancy are examined. Patients are frequently told that they have been damaged by sophisticated diagnostic procedures or dangerous new drugs. **Dr Geoffrey E. Smith's** penetrating analysis concludes that the profession must clean up its act or risk losing its credibility. **Mark Salwowski** produced the striking illustration. Medicine In Crisis starts on page 34.

One in every four property fires in Australia is deliberately lit. Last year an estimated $900 billion was paid out in insurance claims on property damaged by fire. The arson industry is running hot, as amateurs and professionals alike jump aboard the gravy train, confident that the difficulty of detection and a strangely lenient attitude toward insurance company swindlers amount to a licence to print money. **David Halpin** presents a sobering view of the growth industry of the Eighties in The Fire Bug, beginning on page 82, while *Penthouse* tracked down and interviewed a professional "torch" who tells how simple it is for anyone to set up an arson fraud. **Tandy Rowley** produced the accompanying photo.

Yuri Andropov, former head of the KGB and now Premier of the Soviet Union, is in a position to influence the lives of us all — but what do we know about him? Andropov seems to have arrived like a bolt from the blue, scarcely figuring in the calculations of Western Kremlinologists. In Comrade Yuri, **Ernest Volkman** and **Vladimir Sakharov** examine the rise of the enigmatic master administrator who holds the key to the ideological conflict which has threatened the planet for more than three decades. The article, beginning on page 52, is illustrated by **Rob Wilson.**

The link between sex and the supernatural, long exploited by film-makers, writers and purveyors of the black arts, has its origins in the prehistory of every culture. But why does it exist? Why does sexual intercourse — and particularly sexual deviance — form such an integral part of the occult? **Ian Swallow** answers that question in Supernatural Acts on page 94, illustrated by **Brendan McCarthy.**

Knives mean different things to different people. For the householder and the hunter, sharp blades are merely handy utensils. For the growing number of knife collectors, they are valuable works of art and rapidly appreciating assets, while in the hands of others the knife is a dangerous weapon. **Mike Kent** considers the modern status of man's oldest tool in Cold Steel, on page 60. **Simon Critchley** shot the photos.

This month's fiction is a period piece, set in colonial Papua at the turn of the century. When a white government employee finds that he can't control his desire for a native girl, the world begins to close in on him. Coffee Lessons, by **Trevor Shearston,** starts on page 103. The illustration is by **David Bromley.** *Penthouse's* April interview is with the charismatic Iva Davies, a classically trained oboist who took the popular music world by storm when he emerged as lead singer for Icehouse. Davies' atypical background puts him in a position to give plenty of insights into the bump and grind of the rock scene in his talk with **Roger Crosthwaite,** on page 128.

In Australia, the 1970s was a decade in which crime as an industry made more revenue for the "Mr Big Enoughs" who controlled black market activities than many legitimate businesses on which the national economy is based. In the *Penthouse* History Of Crime Part X, **Denis Whitburn** charts the rise and fall of the mobs which controlled first the marijuana trade and then the heroin rackets, which cemented organised crime's hold on the drug trade. Mr Big Enoughs begins on page 122.

When the flag drops at Bathurst's Mount Panorama track in '83, the three most likely to figure in what many are predicting will be a photo finish are Mazda, Nissan and Holden. Motoring editor **Peter McKay** has been test-driving the RX7, Bluebird Turbo and V8 Commodore, and his controversial opinions are presented on page 98. **Bill Forsyth** and **Ian Smith** took the photos. "Mod Is Odd", according to some metropolitan graffitists, and one of the oddest characteristics of these trendy throwbacks is their mode of transport — the scooter. But, according to motorcycling correspondent **Noel Christensen,** the tinny two-wheelers are more than just a fashion accessory. In All Mod Cons, beginning on page 142, Christensen points out that the born-again scooter, with its good looks and low fuel consumption, is set to plough into the youth lifestyle of the Eighties. One thing you can't do on a motor scooter, unless you're wearing a Walkman, is listen to music. For those with four wheels who want quality stereo sound, **Mike Taylor** has some excellent up-to-date advice in Sound Mechanics, on page 138. **Graham Monro** shot the photos.

This month *Penthouse* offers you the opportunity to win a new edition Polaroid SX-70 camera. All you have to do to enter the *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition is send us a sensuous snap of your favorite woman. Turn to page 89 for details of the contest and take a look at what some of the country's top photographers can do with the new Polaroid camera.

A lot of Queenslanders have wondered what model **Shah McCarthy** is hiding beneath the bikinis and lingerie she parades for admiring Brisbane audiences. They can find out by turning to page 68 and checking out April's Pet of the Month pictorial, Hot Property, shot by **Chris Dickson.** Dickson also photographed our racy 1983 Pet of the Year runner up, **Carla Adams,** while **Earl Miller** shot lovely **Loretta Lee,** a lady who admits to being an exhibitionist. Turn to page 112 and you'll see that Loretta has a lot to show off.

INTELLIGENT SUPER COMPO

Convenient Computer Control at Your Fingertips

When Sansui mates computers with high performance component systems you get convenience. Like "Compu Edit.," a feature that allows automatic edit recording of songs from disc to tape in any programmed order. And the "Compu-Selector System" for one-touch synchronized play. And memory station selection. Intelligent Super Compo —the smartest hi-fi systems ever designed.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. 14-1 Izumi 2-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 168 Japan
VANFI (AUST.) PTY. LTD. 297 City Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia Tel: 690-6200
283 Alfred Street, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060, Australia Tel: 929-0293

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Big bad John

Your story about John Belushi in February *Penthouse* made interesting reading, but I'm getting a bit tired of reading about so-called "stars" who blow themselves away on cocaine, heroin, alcohol and all the other trappings of new-found wealth and resultant over-indulgence.

It seems to me that 99 percent of the "stars" who croak themselves do so mainly because of insecurity; they are worshipped by millions and hailed for their various talents, but I wouldn't be surprised if they don't (or didn't) believe in their "talents". Rather, they thought they had struck it lucky. It's the old story of the artist or writer who's struggling to complete something, and finally out of sheer frustration and/or drunkenness, just sits down and churns out some old rubbish which is later hailed as brilliant. And he thinks, "Jesus, they liked that junk."

But back to Belushi. If ever there was a man who would feel insecure about his "talent", it had to be him. I have seen the films *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers* and I've seen a video tape of he and Dan Akroyd on *Saturday Night Live,* and while his material was funny to a small percentage of the population (anyone seriously into drugs), his humor was not very strong and his acting barely showed competence. I don't even like thinking about his singing.

And like many of these ego-maniacs with nothing to base their egos on, he blew himself away. It is unfortunate that he is dead; it is sad when any person dies young, but I object to *Penthouse* calling it a tragedy, just as I feel that stories dwelling on these sorts of deaths are playing a part in the deification of what are, basically, the pathetic figures created by the public's need for someone to admire. — *Alan Barnes, Newcastle, NSW*

Masterful choice

I wish to congratulate you on the choice of the succulent Miss Suzanne Masters for your December 1982 centrefold. I am an avid reader of men's magazines (for both the articles and the pictorial fringe benefits) and rarely in all the years that I have bought such magazines have I seen a centrefold subject so perfect in every way.

By diverging from your more common

photographic style toward these dramatically-lit stills of Miss Masters, you've scored points with me. I'm looking forward to seeing more of your girls treated photographically in this or some other equally novel, flattering and artistic manner. Let's see more of Bob Watson's work. If his style with Suzanne Masters is any indication, this guy sure knows his oats. — *R. Slack, Noosa Heads*

Getting it off

I was very disappointed with the story Nudism In Australia in December *Penthouse.* I couldn't find anything about where the official nude beaches are today in Australia. I didn't see anything about the nudists going to official nude beaches of their own free will.

Many of the nudists include ministers of religion, doctors, police and other respectable people in the community. I didn't see much about the peace, enjoyment and friendship they have at the official nude beaches either.

I regularly go to Granite Bay and Alexander Bay in the Noosa National Park in Queensland to do my swimming training with nudists. I have claimed the world floating record (five hours), the Australian record for continuous swimming (30 hours, 24 minutes) and the treading water record (17 hours, 30 minutes).

There must be about 100,000 nudists of all ages going to the Noosa National Park annually. Granite Bay became the first officially accepted nude beach in Australia — a result of a court case involving me. I was charged with nude bathing on January 8, 1975 but my court case was dismissed without me even being called on to give evidence. I then became known as "The Nude Cop" and the court case became a legal precedent.

South Australia then followed with the first official nude beach about two months later, and other states of Australia are still following with more and more official nude beaches. — *Les Stewart, Mudjimba, Qld*

Dipped out

I have been a nudist for 15 years. I have two children who have grown up to be well-adjusted adults in the nudist movement. I have lived at Bangalee Nudist Holiday Village in NSW for the past five years and on this basis I feel qualified to clarify one or two points made by Dr Magnus Clarke in your December 1982 article entitled Nudism in Australia.

Firstly, I would like to say that I agree with the general premise of the article; however I feel that much of it can be related to the "clothists" lifestyle as well. The most offensive section in the piece, in my opinion, the alleged sexual activity at the Bangalee Nude-Year's Eve Ball of 1979-80. I attended this function and I must express my great disappointment at not having witnessed the frolicsome "goings-on" described in the article.

I spent most of that evening on the dance floor — the alleged scene of this "debauchery" — and I didn't even look like being molested once. — *Colin W. Shooter, Bangalee Nudist Holiday Village, Tocumwal, NSW*

Sad but true

The Advise and Dissent column titled Why Our Film Boom Has Become A Whimper in February *Penthouse* was saddening. I have great respect for the work of Bob Ellis and the many talented people involved in the Australian film industry and if what he says is correct (and I have a horrible feeling he is right) the government and the money-bleeders have committed yet another heinous crime against Australia and Australians.

It seems incredible to me that the Federal Treasurer could be so blind to the outcome of his hasty actions, but then, the film tax debacle would just be another in his long list of stupid blunders.

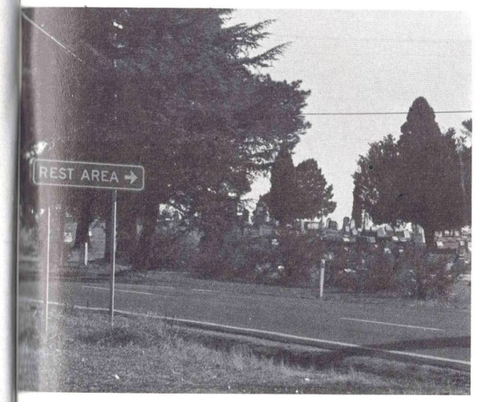
The Australian film industry has created some truly worthwhile movies (and I admit, some bad ones) and now, because of greed and meddling politicians, a man like Bob Ellis is forecasting its decline and ultimately its death.

You never read things like this in other magazines or newspapers, and I congratulate *Penthouse* for once again having the guts to come out and let someone who knows what they are talking about tell us the truth, instead of having some self-appointed "industry observer" tell us what the money movers want us to hear. — *Frank Nielson, Canberra, ACT*

Electric lady

Your Pet Monique Gabrielle in the February issue has to be the best lady you've ever had in the magazine. I don't believe for a moment that her name is really Monique Gabrielle, but when she looks like she does — and shares my addiction to video games — I couldn't care less what she calls herself.

I was surprised that you used so many photos of her clothed; it seemed strange for *Penthouse*! But don't think I'm complaining; she looks almost as good in that striped leotard as she does naked. Almost. — *J. Byrnes, Adelaide, SA*



You win

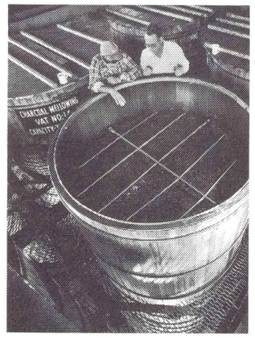
I found your December 1982 photo essay, Signs of Oz Life by Richard Tipping, to be characteristically humorous. However I believe that the photograph I am enclosing, taken by me in Bathurst last year, beats them all. — *Edgar G. Sommsich, Quakers Hill, NSW*

What a drag

I don't know why you bothered to interview Carlotta, the trans-sexual, in February *Penthouse.* The subject of trans-sexuality is interesting, but she didn't even talk about it. See seems to just be totally wrapped up in herself as a woman. Big deal, I say. Why inflict her vanity on us? — *A. Johnson, Southport, Qld*

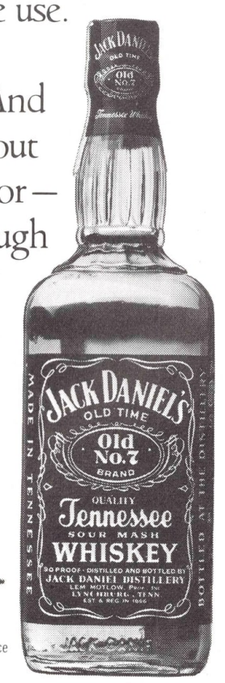
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.



Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor — by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can discover Jack Daniel's rareness wherever good whiskey is sold.



London 1914 · Liège 1905 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Amsterdam 1981 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352. U.S.A.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Small packages

My wife, Linda, and I have quite an open relationship, and have enjoyed many experiences similar to those that have appeared in *Penthouse*. But recently we were involved in an experience that we consider unique.

We recently went on an outing to one of the local circuses to do a little crotch-watching and enjoy the show. People were friendly, crotch-watching was great, and we decided to stop off to see one of the sideshows. Featured was the World's Smallest Weightlifter. I could tell Linda was fascinated and wanted to see this pint-sized man with the bulging muscles. I believe she was mostly interested in the bulge in his skintight leotards. So even though I was expecting a rip-off, I paid the six bucks, and into the tent we went. As it turned out, it was actually the best six dollars I have ever spent.

During the show, Marco, the midget, asked for an assistant from the audience. Linda practically knocked me over, and in a flash was on the stage with Marco. He was glad to have such a good-looking assistant and in no time at all had lifted her above his head with one hand. This really turned Linda on. From where I sat in the audience, I could see her nipples jutting out proudly through her tank top.

After the show, Linda told me to go outside and wait for her because Marco had asked to talk with her for a few minutes. When she emerged from the tent she told me that Marco had invited her to his trailer for a drink, but instead she had invited him to our flat. She knew that if anything happened I would want to be watching from the closet in our bedroom, which I had especially prepared for that purpose.

I had hurried back to our home and was comfortably situated in my hideout when I heard them come in. Much to my surprise, Linda called out to me, saying that she had someone whom she wanted me to meet. When I walked into the living room I almost fainted. Standing next to my wife and Marco was the most beautiful little woman I had ever laid eyes on. I mean, here was Shirley Temple — curly locks and all — with full, rounded tits. Marco introduced her as his girl friend, Lilli, who was an exotic dancer. Linda was anxious to begin, as I could tell from the way her hands were all over Marco.

After a few drinks and a few joints of my private stash, I asked Lilli to display her dancing talents. She got up from the couch and began a slow belly dance and striptease. My eyes were glued to her body as she slowly shed one garment after another. When she unsnapped her flimsy bra and freed those beautiful pointed globes, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Then she shed her bikini panties and revealed her shaven pussy — now I was convinced. There she was, just over one metre of perfection.

Moans of pleasure distracted me from this visual feast. Linda was already hungrily inhaling Marco's rod. What Marco lacked in height must have gone to his dick. His tool must have been the same length as his forearm.

Suddenly I felt some tiny fingers working at my belt and fly. I turned to gaze into Lilli's lust-filled eyes. She freed my joint, grabbed it in her delicate hand, and began to lead me to the bedroom. As I glanced back over my shoulder I saw Marco pick my wife up from the couch and head in the same direction.

Once we were all in the bedroom, clothes flew in every direction. Lilli wanted me on the bed and she began kissing my entire body. After what seemed an eternity she reached my throbbing organ. She tenderly kneaded my balls with her baby-doll hand, while her tongue and mouth engulfed my dick. By this time, Marco and my wife were on the bed and Marco was busy working his thick tool into my wife's snatch. Soon he had it buried to the hilt, and began a nice smooth stroke, with Linda's long legs locked well over his muscular back.

Lilli was working on my dick while I was fingering her bald pussy. Finally I could wait no longer. Reaching down and easily picking her up, I slowly impaled her on my slippery rod. She moaned with pleasure as I slid into her gaping pussy and she began riding me. Tight is just not an appropriate word to describe her luscious box. Vice-like might come closer.

Our partners were already somewhere in the ozone when I felt my nuts begin to tighten. With Lilli urging me on, I unleashed a load of come that I might otherwise have considered impossible. I could tell from the look on Linda's face that she too had been places she'd never been.

Before long we were at it again. My wife and I know a lot of tricks, but these two small folk taught us a thing or two. — *Name and address withheld.*

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

EDITORIAL
Assistant Editor: Jeff Brown; *Art Director*: Stephen Costello; *Production Editor*: Corinne Mackay; *Staff Writers*: Phil Abraham and Greg Hunter; *Motoring Editor*: Peter McKay; *Fashion Editor*: Sue Smith; *Assistant Art Director:* Fiona Polkinghorne; *Political Correspondent*: Mungo MacCallum; *Contributing Editors*: Denis Whitburn, Jeremy Cook, William Royal. *Typesetting:* Harlen Overset.

ADVERTISING
National Advertising Director: Peter Nolan; *Advertising Manager (NSW):* Ros Richards; Tel. (02) 929 6144. PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Jill Van Der Horn; *Victorian Representative*: Peter Reid, Tel. (03) 519 282; *SA Representative*: Mark and Harry Hastwell, Tel. (08) 79 9271; *Queensland Representative*: Media Services, Tel. (07) 229 6033; *WA Representative*: Ian Sutton, Tel. (09) 367 1813.

ADMINISTRATION
Office Manager: Victoria Hrelja; *Pet Power Co-ordination*: Sue Smith.

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Limited, 2 Bramber Road, London, W149PB, England, and edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW Australia.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimilie: (02) 436 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer)*
Marianne Howatson *(Associate Publisher)*

EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Managing Editor*: Heidi Handman; *Foreign Editions Manager*: Suzanne Locatelli; *VP/Art Director*: Joe Brooks.

ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Associate Publisher:* Marianne Howatson; *Senior Public Relations Director*: Rich Jachetti; *VP/Administrative Services*: Jeri Winston; *VP/Production Director*: John Evans; *VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion*: Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast*: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. Tel (213) 824-9831. *London*: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin*: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro*: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest*: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb*: Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

APRIL

FORUM

Doubles

I am a 29-year-old bachelor, fairly well-off, and I live in my own house in a suburb of Sydney. I read your magazine occasionally and believe that most of your "Forum" letters are made up. Well, this one isn't.

Last Saturday, I was jogging with my dog around the neighborhood when Laura, the 19-year-old daughter of a neighbor, pulled up alongside me in her car. She is very pretty, with long, blonde hair, beautifully shaped. She has an arse and tits that would revive the dead. I had said hello a few times to her in the past but never had the occasion to even talk to her at any length.

After stopping her car, she said hi and asked if I wanted to play tennis at her house. Her parents are very wealthy and have a tennis court on their property. I told her I was game, and after taking the dog back home and grabbing my racquet and tennis shoes, I got in my car and drove over to her house. Laura was already on the court, practising serves, wearing very tight cutoffs and a very loose T-shirt. She was definitely without a bra and her tits were bouncing all over.

We played two sets, and although she was a very good player I won them both.

While I was towelling off, she suggested that we go in the house for a cool drink. I agreed, and once we got inside I said, "Where are your folks?" Laura explained that they'd left early that morning and would be back the next day. Her sister, Kathy, who happens to be 22 and gorgeous, had gone shopping and wouldn't be back until the afternoon.

She made our drinks and set them down on the coffee table. She sat down on a couch opposite me with one leg on the armrest and one down on the floor, giving me a great view of her crotch. I was still standing in front of her and my cock was starting to get hard. So, holding my drink in one hand, I put my other hand inside my shorts pocket to hold my prick down. It was turning out to be a little embarrassing. Just then Laura said, "It's almost lunchtime. I can fix us a sandwich but first I'm going to change." She got up and ran upstairs while I was still considering the advisability of staying for lunch. She was really getting me horny.

Suddenly she called down to me, "Can you come up here and help me? I've got a problem." So I went upstairs and there she was, in her bedroom, fumbling with the fly of her cutoffs. "It's stuck right at the top. Can you help me?" I hesitated, but she said it was okay. I was thinking that it was awfully close to her pussy and she was getting me very horny. I said, "Laura, as much as I'd like to help you . . ." She said, "No problem. I'll put my own hand on the inside of my shorts." So I grabbed the zip and pulled hard. The damned thing came open immediately, and here I am, staring at Laura's hand holding on to her pretty pussy, without underwear. She said, "Look I saw you holding your cock downstairs and I am not about to pass this up." I felt I'd regret it, but I wasn't about to hold back. I went down on my knees, and while holding her firm little bum in my hands I started rubbing her pussy with my nose, my chin, my lips, and finally my tongue.

She had blonde pubic hair, and her clit was sticking out. My tongue was lapping it and she was moaning and wiggling while trying to open her legs wider. She said, "Screw me, please!" But I wanted her to eat my cock first. I laid her on the bed and took all my clothes and her T-shirt off. She had the most erect and prettiest nipples I had ever seen. She told me she'd never had a cock in her mouth, so I brought her over me and took her head in my hands and told her to put her lips around its head. "Now lick my shaft . . . move your tongue . . ." I told her. While she was learning I moved one of my hands down so that with my thumb I could rub her clit and slide my middle finger slowly up her arsehole. I thought she was going to come unglued. She started moaning louder and louder and pulling my cock faster and faster. I couldn't hold back any longer and shot my come into her mouth. She was kind of taken by surprise and let my cock slip out of her mouth so that come dripped all over her tits.

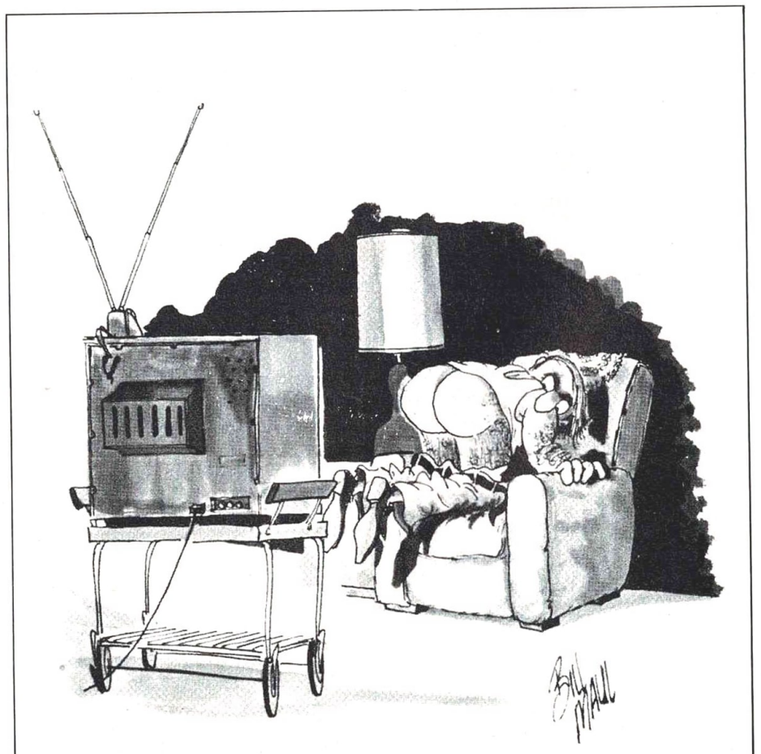
And speaking of surprises, there in the doorway, stood Laura's sister, Kathy, with one hand rubbing her pussy and the other under her shirt on her tits! She said, "I'll tell if you don't share!" My prick was already going limp and this shock didn't help any. Laura was still sitting over me, but Kathy couldn't care less. She walked right in, getting undressed at the same time. "I can suck you better than she can," she assured me. She held my limp prick in her lips, while trying to stroke it with the tips of her fingers.

I turned my attention to her and started eating her beautiful, auburn snatch while with one hand I was still fingering Laura. Then, once my cock got hard again, I slowly entered Kathy's pussy. At this point Laura moved over to place her pussy right over Kathy's face. Kathy, with her eyes closed, started licking and eating her sister. What a sight! We all came like crazy.

After our session I called my housekeeper and told her I wasn't going to be home for dinner. The three of us had dinner together, naked, of course. I left their place the following morning after another long night of eating, screwing, and sucking. — *Name and address withheld.*

On her own

I am a 26-year-old girl who loves everything about sex. I sometimes feel that I live and breathe for orgasmic bliss.



". . . and that's this station's opinion. We invite responsible opposing viewpoints . . ."

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

RWV0090CC494/80

FORUM

I'm above average height and am trim in all the right places. My most intense pleasure is achieved through prolonged masturbation fantasies, and I have developed some very satisfying techniques over the past few years.

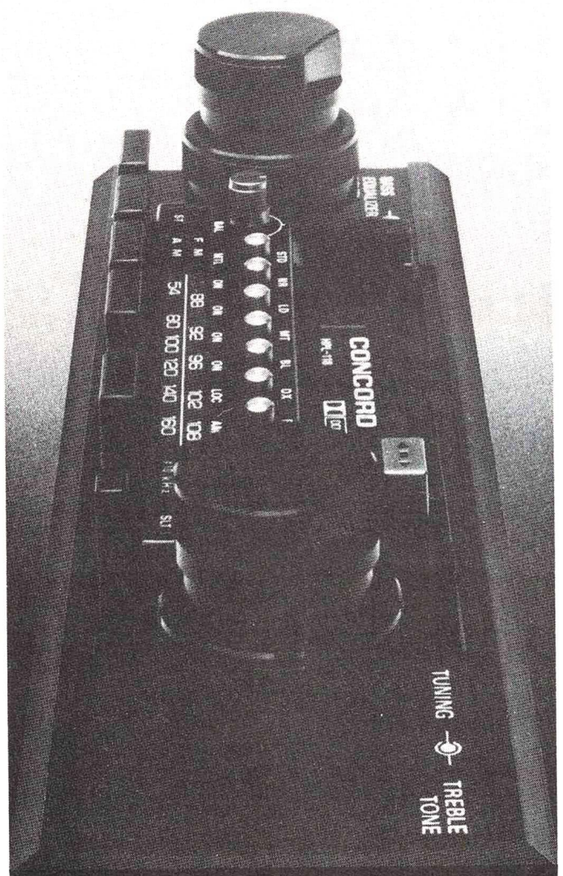
When I feel myself getting horny, I usually find some way to get very relaxed. Then I retire to my bedroom and get out a few goodies I keep in a drawer. These are a bottle of baby oil, a dildo, a vibrator, and some nude-male magazines. Placing these items on the bed, I stand before a large mirror and watch myself as I slowly undress. I look so sexy in my lacy bra and panties, removing them slowly and dropping them on the floor! My soft skin tingles as I caress my breasts. They heave and swell slightly as I cup them in my hands. Now I take the baby oil and smooth it over my skin. My pussy begins to feel damp and warm as my hands slide down there. I gasp slightly, then move to the bed, where I stretch out, massaging my body with tender strokes. I lie there for a while and stroke my oil-slick breasts and pussy, rubbing my lips and clit into a highly aroused state.

Now I open the pages to one of the photos of a deliciously handsome hunk, naked, with a huge hard-on. My mouth waters as I fantasise that I am sucking on his swollen cock. Uncontrollably, I stick two fingers into my hot box and moan from the pleasure. I'm so very wet and hot down there. I want and need more. Taking my massive dildo, I smooth my own love juices over its length as I suck the tip, stroking it as if it were real. It is slick now, and warm from my touch as I bring it to my aching pussy. I bend my legs up and apart as I guide the head to my pussy. My hips push forward to meet it and I push just the head inside. "Oh," I moan, "screw me baby! Stick it in!" I urge my fantasy lover on. I begin to pump the cock into my seething pussy, pushing it in deeper and deeper, a bit at a time. It feels so wonderful. I am moaning in ecstasy now, screwing my tender twat with pure lust and devotion in a slow, smooth pumping motion. I am so very hot, and feel fantastic. Now I take my vibrator and put it where the dildo was. It is on low speed and makes every inch of my tunnel tingle. "Oh, shit, I'm coming!"

Now I remove the vibrator and replace it with the dildo. Lifting my bum slightly off the bed, I guide the juice-soaked vibrator to my rear. As I resume stroking the dildo into my pussy, I begin to push the purring vibrator into my arse.

My pussy feels on fire. I'm now screwing myself in oblivious passion. I am on the edge of the big one now.

The waves of pleasure are so very overpowering and rapidly overtaking my body. My entire being is pulsating and throbbing, synchronised to the pumping motion of my holes. I moan loudly as this last orgasm takes hold. My love juices are streaming from my pussy and my bum clamps violently around the vibrator. It all feels so good! — *Name and address withheld*



CONCORD
Once heard, never forgotten.

Imported and distributed by

SONIC INTERNATIONAL

4 Clarendon Street,
ARTARMON, NSW 2064
Telephone: (02) 439 8900
Telex: AA71706

For your nearest dealer phone:

Victoria	(03) 873 4066	West Australia	(09) 446 8922
Queensland	(07) 208 7335	Tasmania	(003) 317522
Sth. Australia	(08) 297 7999	N.S.W.	(02) 439 8900

Concord speaks for itself.

Anatomy I

I have been a regular reader of *Penthouse* Forum for years but never thought I would have anything to write in about. However, the most incredible sexual thing that has ever happened to me took place recently, and I thought it might be of interest to the readers.

We have a river in Tasmania that is very popular with canoeists. There are several starting and ending points along the river. The only problem is getting back upriver to get your car. Someone usually has to pick you up and drive back. Well, I drew the short straw and was elected to do the picking up. No problem. There was a good football game on the radio, and along with an Esky of beer, I thought I could survive.

I had elected to sit in the back of my ute in a lawn chair. It was rather warm, and I could attach a beach umbrella to the truck and enjoy what breeze there was while staying out of the hot sun.

After about an hour I was engrossed in the football game and the book I was reading. I heard a noise and, knowing that I was alone at the pickup point, looked up. What should I see? A vision of loveliness. Walking rather unsteadily across the rocky beach was a steel-blue string bikini wrapped around a fantastic body. Small, tight rear, breasts that were well out of proportion to the rest of her body. Creamy white skin and dark brown hair done in the modern style. She said she was not from the area, had become separated from the rest of her party, and could I tell her where she was and what time of day it was.

Being an accommodating person, I explained where she was and gave her the time. I also offered her a beer, which she readily accepted. We were passing the time of day when she said, "I see you're not circumcised." Now I'm thinking this lady is from outer space, or maybe she's Superman's sister. I'm wearing shorts, so how the hell can she tell? Now it dawns on me, I'm sitting in the back of a ute and she is about eyeball to crotch with me. Although I'm wearing shorts, they have large leg holes and I'm not wearing undies.

She explained that she was 29 years old, had been married quite young, and had seen no other man but her husband. They had been divorced for two months and this trip was the first time she had gone anywhere without him. She now asked if I would mind giving her a closer look at my cock. I accommodated her by pulling my shorts to one side. Her eyes got a little wide, and she just casually reached over and grabbed a handful. Now this was too much, and I immediately sprang to attention. This caused the head to pop out of my foreskin and it seemed to fascinate her to no end as she began to slowly jerk me off, popping the head in and out. She said she had never seen anything like that.

Her ex-husband must have been a sad case, because she said he always undressed in the dark and made her do the same. He was a jump-on, get-off, and fall-asleep kind of lover. She had seen him nude in the light only once, when she happened to walk in while he was showering. She said she didn't like the looks of his cock, but was really attracted to mine.

She now took both hands and slid my foreskin down as far as it would go and placed her tongue at the urethra. She slid the foreskin back up over some of her tongue and began licking between my cockhead and the foreskin. At this point she looked up and, still slowly stroking my cock, said, "That's what eating a pussy must feel like to a guy." I replied that I couldn't attest to that, but I did know something about eating pussy. I suggested that I would be happy to demonstrate my ability at cunnilingus. This venture was really turning her on, because her steel-blue bottoms were now turning dark blue around the crotch area. She tugged at a string at the side of her bottoms and they fell to her feet, exposing a very attractive pussy. Because of her dark hair, she kept her pubic hair trimmed so it would not stick out around her bikini. I could easily see why her bikini bottom was wet, as this lady was just gushing pussy juice.

I had her sit in my chair, spread her legs, and started nibbling and kissing the inside of her knees, working my way slowly toward her pussy. Upon reaching her love nest I buried my tongue as far as it would go and brought it out slowly, up and over her clitoris. One swipe and she had what is known as a gut-wrenching orgasm. Her back arched and she shoved her pussy against my working tongue and chin for what seemed like hours.

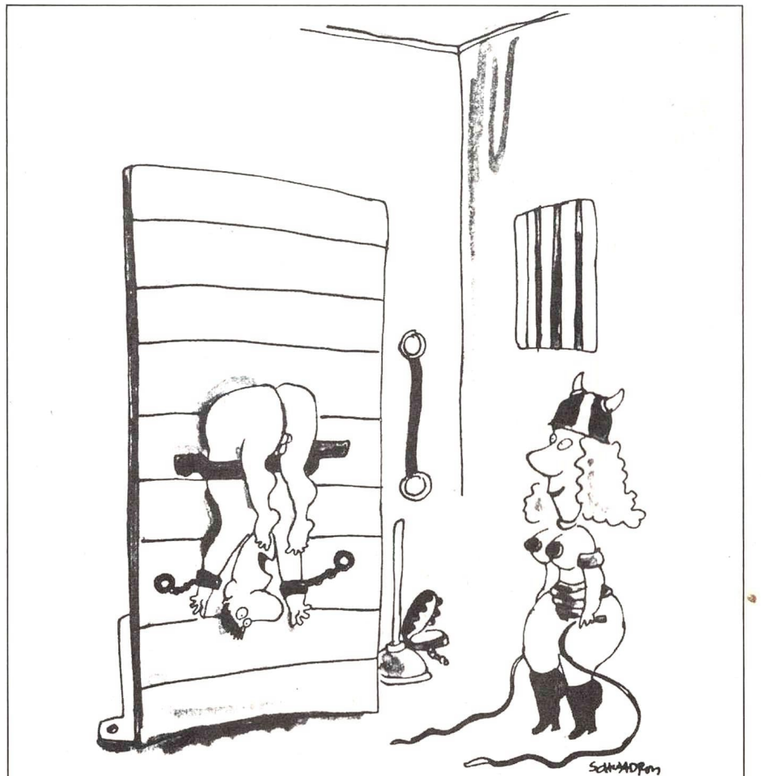
When she recovered somewhat, I offered her another beer, but she refused. She said, "You have something that would be just as refreshing." She asked me to remove my shorts and get into the chair. She stated she had never given anyone a blowjob before. Her ex thought it was dirty to touch lips to genitals. She said I would have to guide her. I just said, "Do what feels natural," and although inexperienced, she proceeded to give me the best head I've ever had. She first repeated the earlier experience of tugging my foreskin down, placing her tongue against my cock, and licked between the head and foreskin. She then softly nibbled at the length with her teeth and one by one sucked each of my balls into her soft mouth. She nibbled her way back up the shaft, and with one swift suck took as much of me into her mouth as she could. The sight and feel of her bobbing up and down my cock was more than I could take at this point and I dropped my load. The volume was more than she could handle as come ran down her chin and dribbled on to her abundant breasts. She slipped the top of her bikini and massaged my juice into her upper body.

Now we're standing on this beach with several boat loads of people about to descend upon us, and I'm not in the mood to be arrested for indecent exposure and suggested we get back into our clothes. She said she had to go, as the people she was with would be wondering what happened to her. Before she returned to her boat she thanked me for the experience, reached into my shorts, pulled out my cock again, and, with a sexy smile, gave it a few quick pumps, bent over, and gave it a big, passionate kiss.

She got in her canoe, waved, and was off downriver. Needless to say, I shall be returning to this place. There must be other ladies who have not seen an uncircumcised cock, and I will be there to give them a course in anatomy. — *Name and address withheld.*

A real trooper

My boyfriend and I have a great sex life. He will call me around 11 in the morning to let me know if he is coming home for



"Don't you know any other *birth control methods?"*

CHOOSING THE RIGHT RESTAURANT WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

The Benson and Hedges Company is proud to announce the release of a unique guide to Australian restaurants.

Based on the proved European system of anonymous expert inspectors, with a strictly supervised rating programme, the "Australian Restaurant Guide" contains a wealth of information for the discerning diner. Unbiased assessments are given for food quality and presentation, appointments and service, and wine selection, together with price indicators.

More than 600 restaurants were visited for possible inclusion. "Australian Restaurant Guide" is edited by Beverley Sutherland Smith, international food consultant, author and doyenne of Australia's culinary arts.

The "Australian Restaurant Guide" provides an authoritative classification for the growing number of us who seek fine cuisine in an appropriate setting. The 120-page guide covers capital city restaurants and those selected provincial establishments often frequented by city clientele. Each of the 224 restaurants listed has earned its place by providing memorable dining.

For personal use, or as a gift, "Australian Restaurant Guide" will prove a diner's delight.

The "Australian Restaurant Guide" is available in two pocket-size versions: the Deluxe Edition bound in maroon English calf with 24 carat gold titling at $22 per copy, with the option of personalising at $2 extra, or the gold Soft Cover Edition at $9.50 per copy.

Prices include mailing and all handling costs. Orders will be accepted strictly in order of receipt. To ensure your copy, post the order form to: "Australian Restaurant Guide," The Benson and Hedges Company, P.O. Box 4356, Mail Exchange, Melbourne Vic. 3001.

The **BENSON** *and* **HEDGES** *Company*

FORUM

lunch. If he is I know that I don't have to get dressed. When he gets home I'm ready. By the time he gets the door closed I have his shirt half way off. Most of the time we don't bother going upstairs to the bedroom.

After Jeff is completely undressed I take his cock into my hand and start to get him hard. At the same time we either kiss, or I bite his ear. Once he is hard I go down on him with a line of kisses. When I get to his cock I lick his shaft until I have covered every inch. Then I start on his balls, sucking them and kissing them until he is moaning. That's when I go back to his swollen cock. I slowly take all of it into my mouth. I start at a slow pace till he starts to beg. That's when I go faster and faster until he comes. I take every drop. If I need to take my mouth off to swallow, my hand takes over. When he is done he will lay down on the floor. Once again I start to caress his shaft with my hand to get him hard.

He will stop me and make me lay down. He will suck my tits and eat me out. When he is good and hard, he will put his hard, swollen cock into my hot, wet pussy. The ride is good for at least 45 minutes. I can't help squirming under him and tightening my muscles to give him a better feel. After he comes he starts to get dressed. There are only about 15 minutes left in his lunch break, just enough time to suck him off one more time.

When he comes home from work after supper we put the TV on and I curl up to him and caress his thigh. This gets him hard all over again. That's when I get on the floor in front of him, take out his hard cock, and suck him off.

My efforts to please him are always rewarded. Jeff will tie me up so that all I can move are my hips. He will eat me out for at least an hour and make me come about five or six times. Then he will plough me and give me another ride.

In conclusion, what I'm saying is that here's one woman who can please a man — there have to be more! — *Name and address withheld*

Palling around

I am a 26-year-old woman and I consider myself very lucky, as I was gifted with a sexy figure that makes most men stop dead in their tracks. I have long blonde hair, long legs, a trim waist, and ample, firm breasts that don't require the aid of a bra. I've had an active sex life since my teens, but it wasn't until I married Fred two years ago that I could unashamedly try my various fantasies with another.

My favorite turn-on is to watch a man masturbate. None of my previous lovers were into exhibition for my sake. They would love to watch me stroke my pussy, or they would receive blowjobs, eat me out, etc, but when I made subtle suggestions that I wanted a good jerk-off performance, they would shy away from the subject, or just play with themselves for a short while before going on to other games. When I confessed my passion to Fred, he good-naturedly suggested that we should play actor and director, since whatever turned me on would probably make a good "movie"

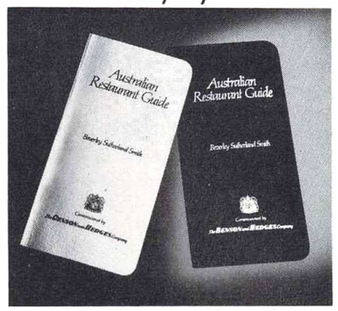
We started with simple scenes, with him sitting on the couch, leaning back comfortably and jerking off while I sat on a chair across from him, watching with delight. Just before he would come, I would tell him to slow down but continue stroking himself slowly. Then I would lift my blouse over my head, letting him get a good look at my tits. I would kick off my shorts and panties and open my legs for him, which would make Fred lose control and gush come all over his tummy. He was always rewarded for his "performance" with some great screwing in bed. We got into our "movies" so much that I got an opportunity to direct daily scenarios, and during the weekends we would sometimes get a half a dozen completed. My Fred developed the ability to get tremendous hard-ons any place, any time. I would get him to whack off sitting on the kitchen counter while I cooked, in restaurants, in the back of taxi cabs, on the beach, and of course in bed. I love to have him come on my face or my tits or give me a fun "cream rinse" in my hair.

Recently, though, our fun and games have taken a brand-new turn. We were on holidays, relaxing in our hotel after a good session, when I teasingly asked Fred if he had ever wanted to make it with another woman. After all, I was the only one he had screwed in two years and sex was always at the forefront of our minds. He surprised me completely when he said that he didn't really want to screw another girl, but he wanted me to put on a performance for him this time: he wanted to watch me get laid by another man while he jerked off. At first I couldn't believe he was serious, but I soon realised he wasn't kidding.

The idea sent shivers all through me the next day. I found myself horny from morning till night. We discussed how to find our third partner and decided to be on the lookout for someone we both liked and who appealed to us, but not to rush things. After all, we were on holiday. Our search ended only two days later when a charter bus pulled up to our hotel. The driver hopped out and started unloading the passenger's luggage. He was tanned, handsome, and had a sparkle to his eyes that didn't escape me. When I showed Fred the object of my desire, he just smiled and said if I liked him, he'd be perfect.

Our chance to meet him came late that afternoon, when we saw our friend having a soak in the hotel's swimming pool. We were already wearing our bathing suits and joined him. My bikini had its desired effect. Our new friend couldn't keep his eyes

The **BENSON** *and* **HEDGES** *Company*



Australian Restaurant Guide

ORDER FORM

To: "Australian Restaurant Guide," The Benson and Hedges Company, P.O. Box 4356, Mail Exchange, Melbourne Vic. 3001.

Please forward copies of "Australian Restaurant Guide" as follows:

____ Deluxe leather bound copies @ $22.00 $ _____

____ Gold soft cover copies @ $9.50 $ _____

For personalised copies (Deluxe Edition only), please indicate (below) initials required for gold stamping on front cover and add $2.00 per Deluxe copy. Please allow an extra 14 days for personalisation. $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐☐

(Maximum of three initials per Deluxe copy. For multiple orders of personalised Deluxe Editions, please provide separate details of initials.)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Postcode _____ Tel. _____

I enclose my cheque/ money order for $ _____

OR Please charge ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐ Diners Club

Account No. _____

Valid until (date) _____

Signed _____ Date _____

(Please allow 21 days for processing and delivery plus an additional 14 days for personalisation.)

BENSON and HEDGES WORLD of CUISINE

The Benson and Hedges Company, 71 Macquarie Street, Sydney N.S.W. 2000.

016.P315R/PE

FORUM

off my nicely rounded boobs. We struck up a conversation with him and later asked him to join us for dinner. Jeff turned out to be a nice, extroverted man with a really good sense of humor. I steered the talk toward sex, and Jeff mentioned that during the summer he was almost celibate because of the demands of his charter bus job. He was often on the road for two-week stretches and was never in one place long enough to meet people. His passengers offered no help, as most of them were senior citizens.

After a wonderful dinner, Fred asked Jeff if he wanted to come up to our suite for a couple of puffs and wine. In the elevator I felt like a high-school girl on her first date. My stomach was full of butterflies and my pussy was soaked in anticipation of what might happen. When we arrived in the room, we all got comfortable while Fred rolled a couple of joints and we uncorked a nice bottle of Burgundy. Soon we were all in a good party mood and laughing at anything, so I decided it was now or never! I turned to Jeff and asked him if he would like to change his celibacy status and have a good time tonight. He was smiling but slightly puzzled, and I told him to relax and wait because I had a surprise for him. Fred winked at us approvingly, and I went into the bathroom to prepare myself.

I took off everything and dressed only in my tiny lace bikini panties, my high heels, and my silk shorty nightgown. I let my hair fall down, brushed it full and shiny, and put on a touch of my favorite perfume. My heart was racing, but I opened the door and made my entrance. Jeff's eyes just about popped out of his head as I slowly walked up to him and kissed him on his lips. I heard Fred behind me say, "Go ahead and enjoy yourself." Well, he needed no more prompting, as he returned my kiss with passion and reached under the silk to cup my breasts. I could feel all his doubts melting as he pressed against me. I unbuttoned his shirt and pressed him down on the bed. I let my nightgown fall to the floor and helped him pull his pants off. I was delighted to see his athletic body and gorgeous, stiff cock.

To make sure Fred got a good view, I kicked my panties off and got on my knees on the bed with my pussy facing him and started to lick Jeff's swollen prick and balls. I looked back and saw that Fred had undressed and was sitting in the chair and slowly stroking his tremendous hard-on. Jeff and I rolled around on the bed and he started to kiss my nipples and play with my tits. I sat on him, letting him eat my pussy while I massaged his cock. I was starting to get the first waves of orgasm, and lay on my side. I raised my knee high and Jeff entered my pussy effortlessly, giving Fred a fantastic view of his beautiful cock sliding in and out. I had never had such a creamy pussy before. He started screwing me slowly, but soon his pace quickened. The waves were coming faster and faster and I started rubbing my clit with my free hand. Fred, who was jerking off, stood up and walked up to us and put his cock right up to my face and kept stroking with one hand and squeezing and rubbing his balls with the other. Suddenly my loins tightened up and kept tightening and I let out an animal scream as I lost myself in a tidal wave of orgasm. It just kept pulsating in waves and I thought I was going to pass out from sheer pleasure. Jeff was screwing me like a piledriver while squeezing my nipples with his fingers and Fred was arching his swollen cock, jerking it right at my face. He let out a great moan and gushed his creamy come all over me at the same time Jeff's leg muscles tightened and he let go inside me. Soon his come was flowing out of my pussy.

I have never felt as free in my life, as we screwed the next two nights away. I got to watch the guys have a jerk-off contest while I displayed myself to them and at Jeff's suggestion I got to whack one while the other screwed me.

When we finally had to part, we gave Jeff our address and told him to drop in if he was out our way. He assured us that wild horses couldn't keep him away and yes, he often passed through. —*Name and address withheld*

You can take a White Horse anywhere.

Lawrence Haron Vartan /S049

White Horse Fine Old Scotch Whisky. A consistent standard of excellence from a century-old blend of 35 malt and 5 grain whiskies. White Horse Scotch Whisky. Since 1880.

Who builds a vehicle that's more rugged than the roads you drive on?

Who else but... NISSAN.

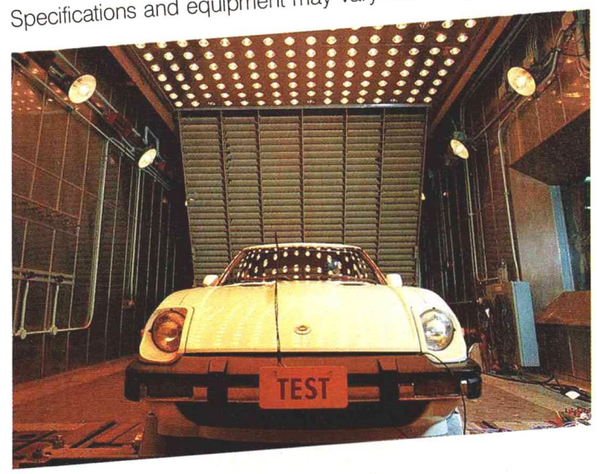
That's because Nissan builds vehicles to suit the conditions they'll be driven under. So, for areas of the world where driving is really rough, we used all our technological skills to make the new Nissan Patrol as rugged as possible.

For overall durability, we used automated welding for 95% of its welds. And we x-rayed each and every test vehicle as a final durability check. We designed a special suspension system chosen from almost 100 different configurations. And we tested its springs by hydraulically vibrating them up and down 450 times a minute for the equivalent of 60 working days.

These are only a few of the hundreds of ways we developed the Nissan Patrol to be as tough as it is.

But whether we call it Nissan or Datsun, the same kind of innovative technology goes into every vehicle we build.

Specifications and equipment may vary according to market.



NISSAN/DATSUN: ONE AND THE SAME

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty., Ltd.

DATSUN

NISSAN NISSAN

The things you enjoy needn't cost the earth...

...as you'll find when you change to Escort 25s

Join the Club

and enjoy Escort's fine tobacco taste and great value.

© W.D. & H.O. Wills (Australia) Limited. CC698·81

WDHO 2917

‘One-night stands have to be more disappointing than having a relationship with someone who puts not only his hard-on but also his heart into what he is doing’

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

For two years I have been an officer serving in the Australian Regular Army. My problem is unique in its complexity but I fervently hope you can lend me your learned advice and help me solve it.

Recently my parents were convicted of drug trafficking. They were fined heavily and as a consequence of this slur against their name, neither has been able to hold a job for more than a few days. Once the story's out, so are they. For their support they now have to depend on my two sisters, who have steady employment in an escort agency. One of them recently married one of her clients, an English gent.

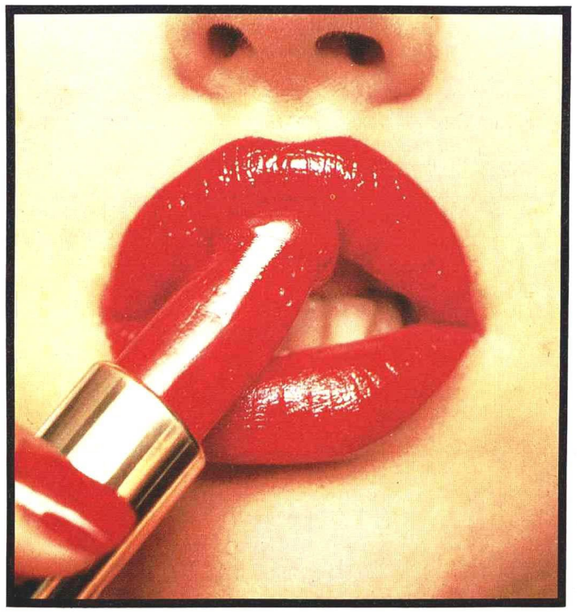
My brother is serving a lengthy sentence in Long Bay prison for a rape he committed a couple of years ago. There is little likelihood of his parole in the foreseeable future.

I am a social drinker and I support my club. Through friends I was recently introduced to a young girl who was very friendly with a bunch of the blokes around the barracks. Xaviera, I will call a spade a spade: this girl is a prostitute. She told me the sad tale of her life since she left the outback mission station with no qualifications going for her except a cute little body and an unquenchable eagerness to please.

I went out with her a few times and now we are very much in love. She has sworn her undying affection for me but I am very worried because she knows nothing of my family background.

She has an illness at the moment but we have laid our plans to marry as soon as this clears up. We have discussed the possibility of children and while the fact that I am white doesn't bother her, their are other reasons which may compel us to adopt.

When I am discharged from the army, we will probably open an agency in Townsville. Then my sisters will join us and all three of the girls will work together and keep the business in the family.



My problem is that I want to be completely honest with this girl. Should I tell her that my brother-in-law is a Pom?
— A.J. McNeil, address withheld

Your dilemma is indeed complex. In fact, although I read your letter many times I could not shake the unnerving sensation that you are making light of my role as advisor. However, as it has always been my policy to take on all comers, I offer these words of wisdom.

I believe you should tell your young lady the truth. As she has no doubt demonstrated to you and your friends, she is an unusually understanding and accommodating lass who has probably accepted even more bizarre propositions in her life. Think about it — she went right ahead and got tangled up with you even though she knew that you were an army man.

Consider looking on the bright side of your problem. You may have read in last month's *Australian Penthouse* of the growing number of men who are offering their sexual services to women for money. If you give this fellow a tub, he could be a going concern in your agency. If he's not a hit with the ladies, then consider the alternatives. Up there a little bit of white skin goes a long way when you're a couple of hundred kilometres from a sheep station. Your English rose may even prefer it that way; this preference is not unknown amongst his race.

By persuading your brother-in-law to join the family business, you could make a few bucks out of your misfortune.

THE LOVE MACHINE

I'm a 22-year-old girl, sexy, sassy, uncompromisingly

XAVIERA

heterosexual, and undeviatingly screwable. I'm nice-looking, have a good personality, am always well-groomed, and dress as well as I can and as revealingly as the law allows. I have a good figure, with nice, big, wide-set tits that are very firm and heavy enough to jiggle enticingly. I have a good job and my own little unit.

I am also enthusiastically promiscuous. I have lived with four different men for a few months at a time and in high school had steady boyfriends twice, for six months and eight months. In each of these arrangements I enjoyed the steady sex a girl gets when she has the same man in her bed every night. But for more than a year now I have decided that isn't enough for me.

The fact is, I like screwing different men, not necessarily someone new all the time, but men I've screwed in the past who remember me appreciatively. I also like it when some man I've screwed recommends me to a friend who turns out to be someone new for me to cherish as an occasional lover.

Several times I have picked up someone new I met, at a party, a disco, at work, and once at church. (I took this total stranger home and we were screwing 20 minutes later.)

I never kept a count, or made x's in my diary or in any way totalled up my partners. If I had to guess, I'd say somewhere between 75 and 125 or so. I don't think it's important how many I've screwed. What I'm proud of is that every single one of them really liked screwing and would like to screw me again. I really love to screw a man well and make him happy and satisfied. That helps satisfy me, and keeps me happy too.

My parents think I'm terrible for screwing a lot of men instead of one man at a time. They wish I would "settle down" and live with one man or even get married. Mother has even told me that if I were married and "trained" my husband right, I could still have outside lovers and so could he. She thinks that would be more respectable and safer.

To all this I just say, "Bullshit!" I love it my way. I guess I'm different from some girls. I do like to sleep all night with a man and get screwed a couple of times at night and again in the morning. Who doesn't? But the next night I want another man and another cock turning my pussy into a heavenly centre for the most ecstatic sensations a girl can have. God, how I love to screw! Any man! It's the screwing I put first, not the man's identity.

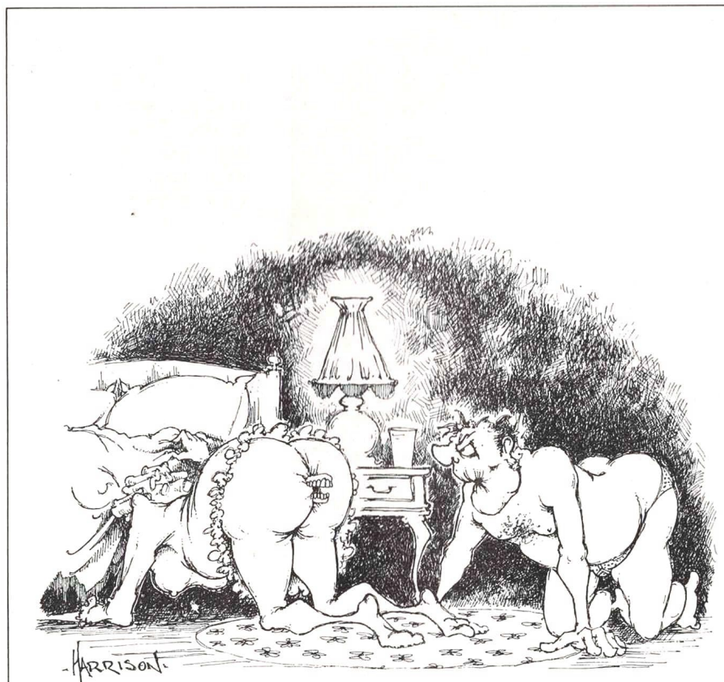
As far as I can tell, most of the men I screw are just as considerate and care just as much for me as many husbands do for their wives.

I'm different in other ways, too. I really don't get much out of sucking cocks. I do it and like it, but I'd rather screw. My guys tell me they would rather screw than get head. I have tried anal sex a dozen times or so and I don't like that. I like to have my pussy eaten and my clit nibbled. But again, only as foreplay or maybe afterplay, not as a substitute.

I've gotten it on with girls a few times, at orgies or just for kicks, and frankly, it's nothing compared with a genuine screw. There are many men in my life who eat me out better than girls do.

So I like being promiscuous and hetero. I also like my reputation as always screwable. I have never told a boy or a man no in my life and I never will. I also believe that I am performing a useful community service by not discriminating against men because of the size of their pricks. Over the years I have read many letters in your column from men who have developed complexes about the size of their dicks after women have shunned them or complained that they should be bigger. Any cock, any size, any shape or color (as long as it is clean) is the cock for me.

So here's to promiscuous girls, either teens or older! It's great for self-confidence, personality, tits, and complexion. As for all the crap about feeling cheap or having no self-esteem, it just isn't true. How can a girl not place a high value on her real self, her willing, personal, inner self, when she gives herself gladly to bring herself and her partner the ultimate pleasure? How can she feel cheap when so many men come back again and again to prove they value her and her screwing? It's an old-fashioned attitude, but I think I'm lucky to have always had it. — M.H., address withheld



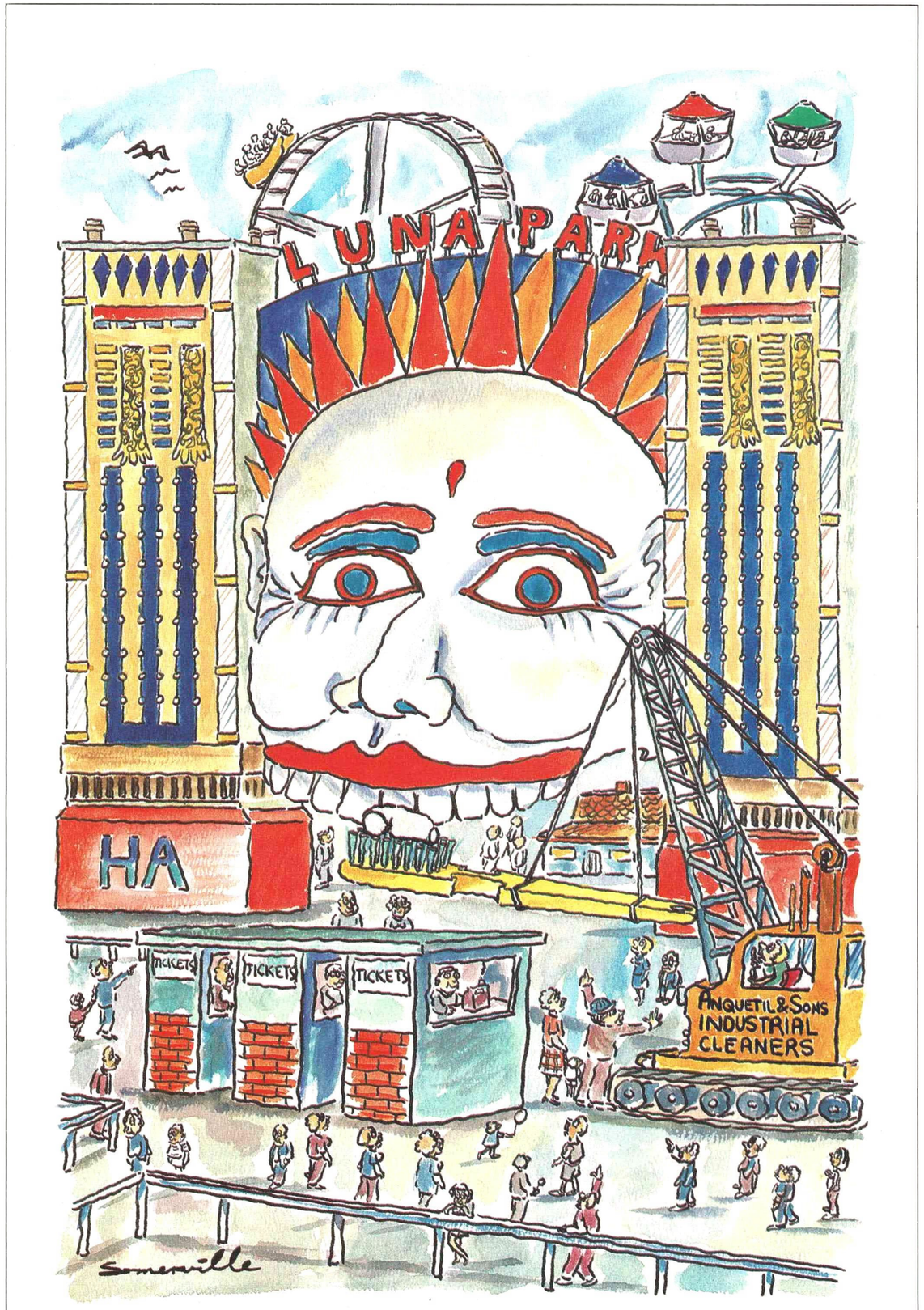
"It's okay Muriel, I've found them!"

If you think that by getting laid a lot of people really value you as a good person, you may be badly disappointed. Considering you a good screw is another matter — and not only a good screw but also the easiest lay in town. Your ego certainly doesn't need any more boosting. I disagree with your words "I love to screw. Any man. It's the screwing I put first . . ." Are you not at all selective? Don't you ever crave something more than screwing? How about feelings, emotions, matters of the heart?

Of course, I have been very promiscuous myself, but deep inside my promiscuity stemmed from a desperate need to find Mr Right.

Have you lost all feeling for romance? You apparently haven't discovered the delights of "growing together" with one man after sleeping with each other over a period of time.

In the long run, one-night stands have to be more unsatisfying than having a relationship with someone who puts not only his hard-on but also his heart into what he is doing.



Toyota Land Cruiser...because you never know.

It doesn't matter if you're out driving for work or for pleasure, you never know when the elements may decide to test your vehicle.

That's why you need Toyota LandCruiser – the toughest 4WD on earth.

Put it up against snow, sand, rock, streams, in fact anything else you care to name. It's as much a part of this country as the kangaroo.

Over 100,000 LandCruisers have been sold in Australia since Sir Leslie Thiess brought the first ones in to help build the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric project.

Wherever there's rugged work to be done you see Toyota LandCruisers.

They're used in Australia's Antarctic Territory, by police, the Army, bush fire brigades, geologists, foresters. Farmers wouldn't rely on anything else.

There are 14 models, from the luxurious station wagon to the military-style LX hardtop.

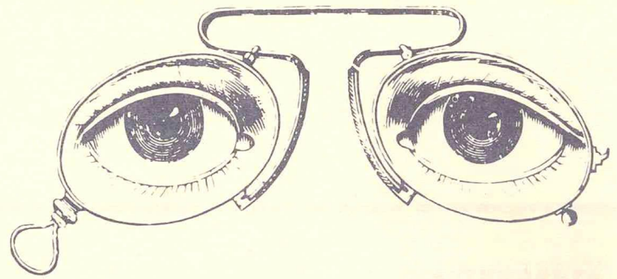
See your Toyota dealer for a test drive.

Because you never know...

TOYOTA

NOW YOU'RE REALLY MOVING!

Fortune/TOY170



VIEW FROM THE TOP

WHO PUT THE "MEN" IN MENOPAUSE?

BY ROBERT S. WEIDER

There comes a time in each man's life when he begins to view the world differently. *Fun* is seen as the exclusive turf of the young. *Life* seems to have deteriorated from full-tilt boogie to shuffling two-step. *Career* is simply a way to kill time en route to the grave. The kids have better sex, the wife has a better job, the Arabs have more money . . . This Anglo angst of discovered mortality is currently called things like "midlife crisis", "ageing trauma", and the latest favorite, "male menopause".

Any GP will tell you that there is no such clinical condition as male menopause. But any GP with a modicum of brains will also admit that any condition you believe exists *does* exist, at least where you're concerned.

And we increasingly believe it exists, because we're increasingly *told* it exists, by articles in the newsmagazines, exposes in the culture media, and any film starring Woody Allen (*Manhattan, Stardust Memories, A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*), Burt Reynolds (*Starting Over, Paternity*), or Dudley Moore (*10, Arthur*).

Why the sudden proliferation of middle-aged male dismay? There are plenty of explanations. Some popular ones:

(1) Males' peak sexual years have always ranged from ages 17 to 22. It's no accident that the antiheroes of these neurotic films are about 42. In the ageing marathon, you evidently hit the "wall" 20 years after you hit stride — *if* you're in shape. But the vast baby boom generation is just now approaching this wall! Some claim that the only thing new or noteworthy about this manifestation is the sheer numbers involved.

(2) The androgynisation of our culture has blurred the line between "masculine" and "feminine" roles, until males now openly express their version of the traditionally female life-change crisis — the universal distress that arises when one's future begins to resemble a funnel, and its possibilities diminish to the single inevitable.

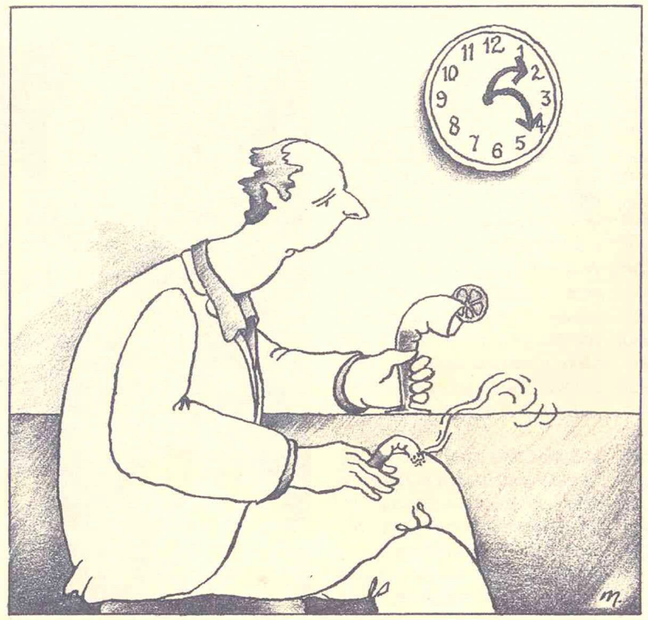
(3) Women have always peaked sexually just at the age that men enter their hormonal energy crisis — the 35 to 40 years. But where the ladies once made allowances, they now make demands; and this pressure to perform, coming when we no longer carry testosterone to the top of the dipstick, produces an inadequacy fog so thick you could write your interlocutory on it.

(4) Goaded to new heights of introspection by the self-awareness vogue, and depressingly informed of our plight by the media, we are more consumed and confronted by the trauma of deterioration than ever in history.

So, is the human male truly afflicted by some grievous new hangdog complex, or are males just unprecedentedly aware of their own limitations? Are we merely greater in numbers, intelligence, narcissism, self-absorption, or sensitivity? Or does our midlife malaise spring from real and concrete causes, and from our simple, age-related recognition of a few unavoidable *facts*?

Such as, that we will never: be rich; be younger than we are now; be much different than we already are; have a hard-on the size of the trans-Atlantic cable; be famous; realise our original dreams; really look forward to the future again; feel immortal anymore.

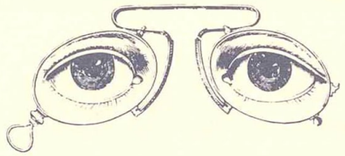
"Older and wiser" is how the phrase goes. Nobody ever mentioned "happier" or "more self-satisfied."



Things happen. Dilated pupils give way inexorably to bifocals, and love-nuts to love-handles, until one day you wake up and the kids have left home, the wife has run off with the paper boy, the prostate is growing cranky, and you're putting on the Grecian with a ladle.

These are Real Life changes, which force us to confront questions we've been postponing for years while preoccupied with playing role games, allegiance games, identity games, and relating games. Suddenly we perceive that life has finished beginning and begun finishing. We no longer have time for games. Rather, we embark on great quests for the truth — about life, reality, existence, ourselves. Who are

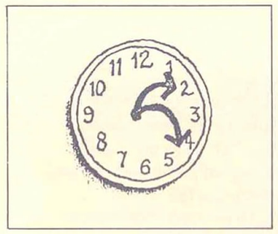
Illustration by Matthew Martin



we? What are we doing? And what does it matter?

And then there's sex. As if this concept weren't thorny enough already, we are confronted with Hollywood's degrading, propagandistic version of our situation. The scenario: either tired of our mate or abandoned by her, and convinced that good sex is synonymous with young sex, our male goal becomes to leave pecker tracks on as much pubescent pussy as possible.

On film, Woody Allen screws monosyllabic nymphets; Dudley Moore gets drunk; Burt Reynolds just "rooms" with Goldie Hawn. One theme is constant —



men growing old disgracefully.

These stars propagate lowrent male fantasies that scarcely resemble actual life — media wet dreams and quick fixes of reassuring mythology. Older men picked up by eager young tarts. The newly single, scoring with laughable ease. Pure 10s falling for greying 2½s. Luscious nubiles providing us with ego-enriching feelings of superiority. The crawling back of our offending mates, and our blase rejection of them. Etc.

Ignore this crap. Whatever middle age actually brings — crisis, maturity, neurosis, enrichment — we're all destined to shake hands with it eventually. If we're lucky. But to accept the sick premise of the flailing male flicks — to let Hollywood set us up with unrealistic role models and wildest-dream expectations — is to guarantee that it will be pathetic, futile, and disappointing.

If you have to follow a script, at least write it yourself.

SOUNDS

12-INCHERS

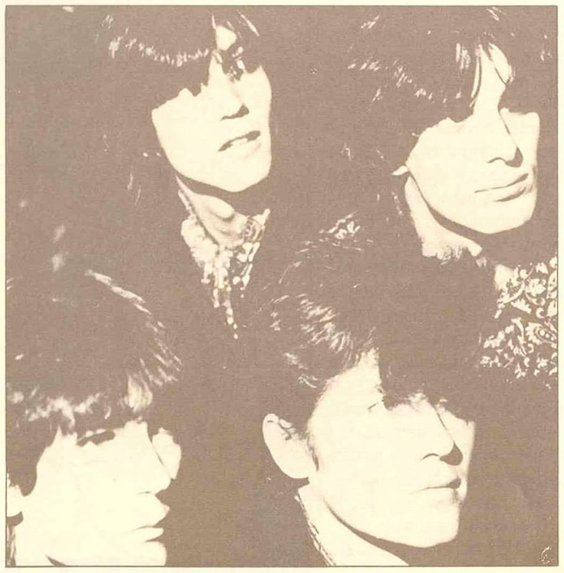
As has been demonstrated by an increasing number of releases, 12-inch EPs or mini-albums averaging four to six tracks have become an integral part of our existence. You can see them as singles with inbuilt artist-context component or expurgated albums for those with diminished financial resources (and possibly attention spans). Some recent local releases in this form are from The Church, Hunters and Collectors (again), Deckchairs Overboard, Do Re Mi and D Minor and the Dischords.

Hot on the heels of **The Church's** reported highly successful European jaunt come five *Sing-Songs* (Parlophone). The acoustic guitars of their *Blurred Crusade* have been left in their cases, but the familiar electric jangle typified by Marty Wilson-Piper's 12-string guitar sets up a constant backdrop for Steve Kilbey's half-murmured vocals. This time The Church have gone it alone on the production side, except for their cover of Simon and Garfunkel's "I Am A Rock", which is a legacy of their *Crusade* sessions. They have obviously learnt a lot looking over veteran producer Bob Clearmountain's shoulder and are content to try to recreate that sound — with the continuing assistance of Chris Gilbey. They get a bit adventurous with the feel on "In This Room" but it is archetypal Church as Kilbey picks on the line "Oh, the avenging angel", which becomes the song's "sing-song" hook (the record's title drips with honesty). In "Ancient History" Mr K. sings: "Sometimes I wonder how I got mixed up with you, you just can't comprehend the things that I do" — a sentiment he directs at friends, lovers and himself but still manages to send them away adenoidally humming snippets of The Church's distinctive tunefulness.

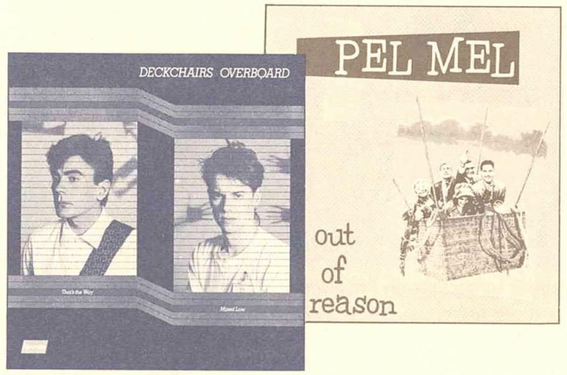
Current Regular darlings of the inner city circuit **Deckchairs Overboard** took about 18 months to evolve their four-track debut titled simply *Deckchairs Overboard* (WEA). Originally from Perth, they played Melbourne and Sydney as the Cheks; then, after recording under Cameron Allen and acquiring a new bass player in Cathy McQuade, they transmogrified into Deckchairs, moved to Darlinghurst and became Deckchairs Overboard. Their kind of urban white funk owes much to David Byrne and his Talking Heads associates. The radio single "That's The Way" is included and demonstrates their approach to arrangements. In verses the voices are supported by drums and studio handclaps with only occasional bass interjections. Guitar lines are of the tortured, compressed type fathered by Adrian Belew (T.Heads, Bowie, King Crimson) while the chord work favors clipped, danceable rhythms. Mr Allen tends to be the star here.

Another quartet with a similar predilection for sparse arrangements is **Do Re Mi.** Their second EP *The Waiting Room* (Domestic Harmony) sees them augmented on three tracks by Peter Doyle (trumpet) and Louise Elliot (sax) from Laughing Clowns. Essentially, though, the songs rest on a sparse funk-influenced feel from bass and drums and picked guitar lines or jerky chording. They obviously don't have access to the expensive studio gizmos and time that Deckchairs were afforded — these six tracks were recorded over one

The Church's *Sing-Songs . . . distinctive tunefulness*



weekend. The sound is understandably "live" (nay, sloppy in places) with the feels compounded by cowbell, woodblock, maraccas or timbales — especially on the corny conga feel of "Wreaths and Bouquets". Singer Deborah Conway (recently seen in the film *Running On Empty*) establishes a strong presence despite her not-totally-attractive voice. She berates,



Latest from Deckchairs Overboard *and* Pel Mel

among others, "Creatures Of Habit", bar-room cruisers ("Sam son and Delilah . . . seven nights of hand relief till someone drops a handkerchief") and an errant, game-playing lover ("Man Overboard"), and sings in the title track to a lone near-folky-guitar: "I'm so easy to remember, like holes in the carpet of the floor in the waiting room." It's a pity the production sounds so rushed as, on the strength of their occasional gigs, they deserve a more lasting recorded legacy than this "live in your front room" number.

A pleasant surprise is *Out Of Reason* (GAP) by **Pel Mel.** By now an established component of the "inner city sound" in Melbourne and Sydney, they received a lot of FM airplay for their independently produced single "No Word From China" in 1981. Now they have their own fully stocked 12-inch. When fresh out of Newcastle they used to cover bands like Joy Division, Wire, the Cure, the Fall. They have since developed a pop funk style all their own. Live shows in the past have shown them to be still in their neo-garage phase but this record indicates they have matured considerably. The rhythm section plays fluid feels that are at times as melodic as they are danceable. Strong, rhythmic guitar work helps push the songs along while Judy McGee's keyboards and multi-tracked saxophones are shown off to best advantage by Tony Cohen's confident production. McGee's pure, breathy vocals recall Bow Wow Wow and Altered Images, and together with guitarist/vocalist Graeme Dunne, she addresses herself to topics of survival in love and life — "Caught in the middle of the Arctic Sea and I don't know if it's you or me" and "The blind lead the blind". This album shows them to be one of the most original and constantly listenable of contemporary Australian bands.

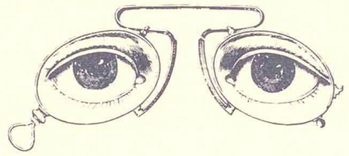
Dave Mason (lead vocaliser with **The Reels**) has finally lost the battle with his highly-developed sense of perverse kitsch. He and the rest of what has become a trio are perhaps putting in some early training for the club circuit, where ageing popstars are put out to graze. In America the stadium circuit keeps acts like Englishmen the Who, the Rolling Stones and Jethro Tull alive and in a manner to which they thought they should have become accustomed long after their relevance has faded. In Australia (especially NSW) at a more lowly level you could have viewed, say, Normie Rowe at a ladies' day in Panania long after you'd forgotten even his teabag ad (oh we praise you one-armed bandits, patrons of the arts). Perhaps the highpoint of the Reels' *Beautiful* is that it is on the K-Tel label. Despite the cuteness of it all, it guarantees them TV advertising which is expensive but sells products — a fact that has gradually been realised by some other record companies. Depending on your leaning (ie "Don't mess with the classics" or "Who'd bother?"), the music on *Beautiful* is faithfully recreating or unimaginatively reworking some tried pop lilts like "This Guy's In Love With You", "The Last Waltz", "He'll Have To Go" and even their own "Prefab

Summers and Fripp . . . masterful fret merchants

Heart". Still, if they stick with their current label they're in a perfect position to market Reel gear (like Club Devo) — reel striped T-shirts, nearly reel plastic hairdos and reely sincere stick-on smiles.

I Advance Masked (A&M) is the product of two masterful fret merchants — **Andy Summers** of bulk English session work and more recently the Police, and **Robert Fripp** of King Crimson and Collaborations as diverse as Daryl Hall, the Roches and Brian Eno. The result of Summers' desire for an eminent partner with whom to explore beyond the confines of his successful trio is a set of 13 etudes for two modern-minded guitarists and studio. Together they man their electric guitars, synthesisers, guitar synthesisers, bass and assorted percussive oddments. True to the protagonists' species, this baker's dozen of instrumentals is rich in atmospheric arpeggiation. Those familiar with Fripp's more ethereal guitar antics (as on his first Eno episode *No Pussyfooting*) will recognise his Frippertronics as he sits oozing lead lines "In A Cloud Forest". Unlike earlier uses of these sounds as mesmeric meanderings, each piece is fairly concise. One is left often not with the image of the guitarist catatonic before his amp thinking "far out" while his fingers doodle, but rather wanting more of each mood. Fripp, when given too much freedom, has a huge tendency to repeat himself despite his unique, accomplished technique. With Summers he has produced a successful collection of moods from the intensity of the title track, through the wistful woodwind-like melody of "Girl On A Swing" to the angular gamulan overtones of "Stultified". Throughout, the guitars and associated technology remain the tools and not the sole reason for this record.

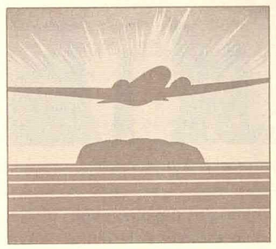
There was movement at the



station for the word had got around that Goanna's band of minstrels had arrived. They must be good — why, they've even got renowned Australian historian Manning Clark singing their praises. (Whatever happened to A.J.P. Taylor's praiseful thesis on the Sex Pistols, "The Role of Mucus in Post-US Generation Europe"?) **The Goanna Band** reek of commune-ity involvement and their *Spirit Of Place* (WEA) is more Australian than the Band or Crosby, Stills and Nash ever were. They could be seen as the rock band that Redgum thought they might like to have been before their acoustic renaissance, or as Midnight Oil's country cousins. Whatever, the racially aware sentiments of their single "Solid Rock" deserve the wide airplay they are getting. The Goanna Band is as consumable as Australiana tea towels.

The Goannas' reaction to a hostile world is "When you wake up one morning and they're pounding at your door . . . with daggers in their eyes . . . stand your ground". Naughty Minneapolis funkster **Prince** has his own answer — "When I woke up this morning I could have sworn it was judgement day . . . so tonight I'm gonna party like it's 1999" (the year 2000 being the projected end of The Party). On this double, budget-priced and prophetically titled *1999* (WEA) he has again composed, produced, arranged and played everything (a band is obviously deemed only a necessary evil for film clips and live work). Prince has expanded his bag of studio tricks and feels, and the mood is as hedonistic if not so overtly orgasmic as his previous *Controversy*.

Goanna . . . *Australiana*



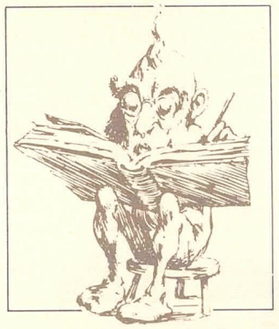
Queen of disco sleaze **Grace Jones** ventured to the Bahamas to continue *Living My Life* (Island) and employed reggae stalwarts ("laid back, never laying back") to produce some more strong disco funk. Her *Vogue* front of bisexual decadence has eased with a more personable, vulnerable Ms Jones peeking through from behind that disdainful gaze.

Spring Session M (Capital) is a credible attempt by LA Zappa veterans and an ex-*Playboy* bunny at a quirky, rhythmically rich new wave rock and roll. Their song "Words" has already been a Top 40 and disco staple here and the album's reverse hiccup vocals demonstrate the Americans' ongoing fascination with the English accent.

Messrs Page, Plant and Jones gracefully buried their **Led Zeppelin** in 1980 along with their irreplaceable drummer John Bonham (wisely not following the Who's example). Jimmy Page has now collated some unreleased Zep oddments spanning 1969 to 1978 for their 10th and, one assumes, final *Coda* (Swansong). Included is a live version of "I Can't Quit You Baby" recorded at a sound check at London's Albert Hall 1970 and "Bonzo" Bonham loose alone in a Montreux studio in 1976. Not a disc to expand the legend, but it neatly underlines their blues roots.

For those who have forgotten (or were never aware of) the birth of psychedelic rock in New York in 1966, *The Best Of Vanilla Fudge* (Atco) has surfaced. Included, naturally enough, are their classic versions of "You Keep Me Hanging On", "Ticket To Ride" and "Season Of The Witch". One for the historians and neo-psychedelists in the audience. — *Jeremy Cook*

WORDS



MACHO MAILER

Take a dip into any book by Norman Mailer and you'll find yourself swimming in uncharted waters. Mailer has the ability to dazzle with the power and brilliance of his literary pyrotechnics, or leave the reader singed by the brash irreverence of his prose. No single book covers the strength and scope of the maestro of American letters as well as **The Essential Mailer** (New English Library, $19.95).

Within this tome's 600 pages Mailer presents a selection of his short fiction, some of it dating back a couple of decades, but as pieces like The Man Who Studied Yoga (written in 1952) show, suffering little loss of impact over the years. There are the three war stories: The Paper House, The Language Of Men and The Dead Gook; and the humorous pieces: The Notebook, The Patron Saint Of McDougal Alley and Great In The Hay; a selection which reveals the astonishing variety of themes and characters which Mailer is capable of covering.

The compilation continues with an array of Mailer's open letters to his enemies, critics and friends, a collection of epistles which show this fiesty, funny and furiously intense author at his best. Woe betide anyone incurring the wrath of this two-time Pulitzer Prize winner. Mailer, the tough guy of the literary world, has turned the typewriter into a weapon.

Harold Robbins, the man the highbrows love to hate (mainly because he's so successful), is in for his biggest bucketing yet for **Spellbinder** (New English Library, $16.95). In his 16th novel, the formula (research a trendy industry like film, fashion, politics, cars or oil, then blend this background with a cast of powerful, pretentious and perverted characters and make them fuck and/or fight themselves to death over 500 flabby pages), which was faltering in his last few stories, has failed him.

Mailer . . . fiesty, intense

Spellbinder's major problem is its subject matter — the big business of religion in America's Bible belt and the corruption and competition among the evangelical superstars who vie for the support of a gullible public. It's hardly an adequate arena for Robbins' peculiar style of raunch. The story's central character, the supposedly charismatic Preacher — a compulsive adolescent masturbator whose high-revving sexual engines are kept firing throughout the story by a bunch of adoring female acolytes and copious quantities of dope — is pretty limp, despite his enviable capacities.

Robbins' improbable plot charts Preacher's rise from a small-time hippy huckster to a multi-media star — manipulated by Jack Randall, the Texas millionaire who backs the man of God with his own ends in mind, but adored by the millions who watch his weekly religious television show. Despite a few contrived attempts the author fails to provide his customary quota of gore and titillation within this context, committing the cardinal sin of the popular novelist — he's boring. *Spellbinder* is a flop, but as they say these days in religious circles and in the world of fast fiction — that's showbusiness. — *Mike Kent*

Tattooing may not be your cup of tea, but still there's a certain intrinsic value in a book which presents the highest achievements in any field of endeavor. **Skin Show** *(Dragon's Dream, $10.95), despite the crudity of the title, does exactly that. The book contains 69 pages (oddly enough) of superbly-detailed reproductions covering the gamut of traditional tattoo themes and including some very arresting pieces which establish beyond doubt that blotchy hearts, anchors, skulls and scribbled odes to Mum are definitely passe and not at all representative of the state of the art. More interesting still is the concise, informative and at times inspired introduction; tattoo freaks and literary excellence had not formerly been associated in the mind of this reviewer, but the authors' devotion to their subject has ensured a product of the highest quality. Tattooing, "arguably the most visually fascinating of all forms of body decoration", is apparently making a belated bid for creative respectability in the Eighties, its peculiar appeal stemming from the fact that "it is an indelible part of the living flesh and its effect derives not so much from the symbolic nature of the motif but from the mysterious, threatening and seductive potency of the human body which displays it." — Greg Hunter*

Bedrooms, it seems, provide more headlines and juicy copy for newspapers than boardrooms, living rooms or any other rooms. Proving the point, Janet Street Porter, a London journalist with a lot of talent and an excruciating accent, has collected hundreds of those juicy stories that tabloid newspapers revel in to make an absorbing pot-pourri of **Scandal** (Allen Lane, $14.95). Here it is, in black and white — The Shocking Truth: "Jean Harlow's Wedding Night", "Errol Flynn Was Seduced, Jury (nine women) Told", "Three Days of Food, Fun and Sex (Lovesick actress went after her man with shackles and chloroform)", "How I was Caught In The KGB Sex Trap." And the names are all household names (if you live in that sort of household): Profumo, Stonehouse, Sid Vicious, Lana Turner, Britt Ekland, Billy-Jean King.

Ms Street Porter has sensibly maintained the newspaper style of coverage for each of the hundreds of scandals she has collected here, and this, with the shock-horror, probe headlines, helps recall the impact that these famous names and their infamous activities had at the time.

The fascination of seeing people at the top tumble is universal, and this reasonably-priced hardback is one of the very few compilations of modern scandals available. — *Ian Swallow*

In most city circles of conversation, admitting a fondness for country music is like confessing to having six toes or a passion for sheep in gumboots. As much as Charlie Daniels and Waylon Jennings have made inroads into the pop charts, country music in its raw state is still music non grata to all but a handful of city slickers.

I tend to think it's the naivety, the old-fashioned nature — the sheer "countriness" of the exercise — that puts people off. Hell, I can't cop listening to much of it. But reading about it is another matter.

Eric Watson's **Country Music In Australia Volume 2** (Angus and Robertson, $9.95), companion to the first volume released in 1975, details the lives and doings of nearly 70 Australian country musicians, all of them fairly aged, most of them irrepressibly corny, and many of them quite loopy. But they have seen some hard times.

Most of the old breed of Australian country stars were brought up during the Depression. Their families, and they in turn, were cane-cutters, drovers, shearers and general roustabouts, and Watson's book goes a long way towards explaining why they ended up making the music they did.

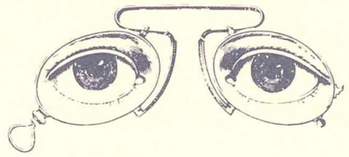
In a series of brief (two to three-page) profiles he explains, in intimate detail, all you need to know about country music.

Watson isn't afraid to criticise, nor to expose hypocrisy when he sees it. What's more he knows his subject thoroughly, which makes his book a great read even if you're a city slicker like me. — *Roger Crosthwaite*

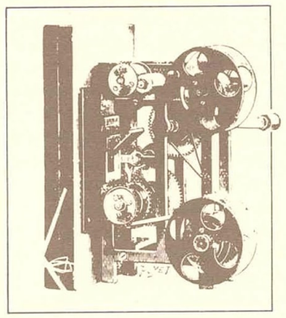
The year: 1987. The subject: genetic engineering. At a fertility clinic on the remote Cumbrian moors, the entire staff has been brutally slaughtered by a . . . no, you'd never believe it. And in any case, to reveal the killer's identity would also reveal what Stephen Gallagher's **Chimera** (Sphere Books, $4.95) is all about. Normally, of course, that would not be a problem, but in the case of this improbable adventure thriller the reader's only motivation to continue lies in the need to grasp, however tenuously, the nature of the subject matter.

When the explanation finally arrives, its lack of anything resembling plausibility produces an unpleasant sensation of having been duped.

Gallagher's style does nothing to save *Chimera* from the absurd premises on which it rests. The antiquated machismo displayed by journalist Peter Carson as he tracks down the killer with the assistance of a beautiful female lab assistant provides only comic relief. This one is definitely for *Boys' Own* buffs who wish they never had to grow up. — *Greg Hunter*



FILMS



THE RIGHT STUFF

Just when you thought it was no longer safe to go back into the cinema for fear of being zapped out of existence by the emptiness of this new era of special effects and computerised imagery, along comes **An Officer And A Gentleman** to renew the faith in Hollywood's integrity and determination to tell a good story — and the faith in audiences' preparedness to support the effort. *ET* aside, this has been the "biggie" out of Hollywood in the last year; a film at the opposite end of the spectrum to the Disneyesque Spielberg creation. Emotionally brutual, raw in its observation of the opportunism individuals will revert to when they realise it is the only means they have of stepping off the treadmill.

Zack Mayo (Richard Gere), product of a street-wise education honed in the Philippine village of Olongapoa, where he has spent most of his youth (following the suicide of his mother) with his father, a Chief Petty Officer in the US Navy, wants out of what he sees as a dead-end existence. For the sign marked "exit" read enrolment at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School, Stateside, to become an officer and jet pilot in the navy. Zack's father is convinced his son does not have the stuff of which officers are made, let alone the ability to survive the initial 13 weeks of gruelling physical, academic and psychological training that precedes six years of learning.

Sgt Foley (Louis Gossett Jr), the black drill instructor, shares Mayo Sr's doubts about Zack's ability to see it through. He has the task of finding out what social misfits such as Zack and his compadres have that makes them seriously believe they can be "officers and gentlemen". If they have an Achilles' heel Foley will find it. Others, too, are on the lookout for that same weakness which might suddenly bring to an end the aspirations of the would-be officers and gentlemen. These are the girls who work in the oppressive paper mill across the bay from the Naval Aviation school.

For them, escape means bedding and hopefully wedding a likely candidate for officer graduation. Foley is as keen to warn his brood of novices against the predatory nature of these "Puget Debs" as he is to whip their arses into shape through an unending routine of verbal harrassment. His success comes as much from weeding out the weak as in witnessing the emergence of officer material in others.

An outsider by nature, Zack is convinced he has both games beat — officer training, and getting the bedding *without* the wedding. Foley eventually trips him up on the former, while Paula (Debra Wigner), the paper mill deb, tries to convince herself (once she has fallen for Zack's brooding individuality) that the latter is within reach. Utilising the enterprise that comes with street survival, Zack preys on his classmates by selling them shined boots and belt buckles that enable them to pass Foley's inspection. Proving himself to have more "smarts" than Zack, Foley fouls his enterprise and hones in on him, to either break him or make him.

Working from an original screenplay by Douglas Day Stewart, director Taylor Hackford fashions a strangely old-fashioned tale out of permissive Eighties material. The language is as harsh as the drill Foley puts his recruits through. Zack, too, has an old-fashioned way about him. He knows that if he is going to amount to anything in this life it is only going to be through beating Foley — an eventuality that brews through the film's proceedings into one of those scenes that has an audience hungering for it. Sylvester Stallone has punched his way to the bank by peddling such old-fashioned trivia and enough of what he has succeeded at has rubbed off on to Hackford and Day Stewart to give *An Officer And A Gentleman* that golden touch where the manipulation of emotions are concerned. It comes as no surprise that Zack, like Rocky, steps from the ring a winner.

An Officer and a Gentleman . . . *renews faith in Hollywood*

Buried among the output of Australian films over the last year was an attempt at a contemporary comedy in the *Touch Of Class* mould. *The Best Of Friends,* starring Angela Punch McGregor and Grahame Blundell, played on the premise of friendship turning to sexual involvement and in turn ruining the friendship.

With more in common with the Aussie film than the title, **Best Friends** — the first coupling of Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn — brings the two stars together as a successful Hollywood screenwriting duo and live-in lovers of three years.

In between rewrites of their latest $10 million screen creation, Richard (Reynolds), feeling the vulnerability that comes with the 40s crisis, realises a need to marry Paula (Hawn), who, in her late 20s (one supposes), feels no such need. Why complicate or endanger a good thing? Nevertheless, she does weaken and the inevitable does happen. Returning home with her new spouse for *her* parents' 40th wedding anniversary, and then on to *his* parents home for no other reason than that it's on the way, the rot quickly creeps in. The well-married oldies reinforce in Paula's mind her worst fears. Marriage, in the long term, is not a pretty affair. By the time of their return to LA and the forced completion of their screenplay-in-production, the newly-weds are ready for the divorce court.

In the hands of Norman Jewison (director of *In The Heat Of The Night, Fiddler On The Roof*), the screenplay by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson — based on their own live-in-into-marriage relationship — comes off the printed page as sparks dimmed by the heavy layer of quaint old-fashionedness. The signposts are up pointing in the direction of relevancy and witty humor, some of it dependent on the sexual liberation espoused by Hawn's mother (Jessica Tandy), a woman deprived to the point of desperation in her autumn years while her husband (Barnard Hughes) molests the housekeepers. But, as is often the case, signposts can be misleading. Curtin and Levinson probably had their hearts in the right place when putting pen to paper, but in tackling a subject of contemporary importance — *does* marriage destroy relationships between men and women? — they might have made better currency out of using their own experience as a model, placing lesser mortals than this highly paid, glamorous couple at the core of it. As surely as day follows night, Hawn and Reynolds *have to* end up in each other's arms — if for no other obvious reason than for the sake of the film within the film.

Lesser mortals might not have such a noble cause to spur them back together, and realism might then have won out over the Hollywood walk-together-hand-in-hand-into-the-sunset finale as seen herein. — *Denis Whitburn*

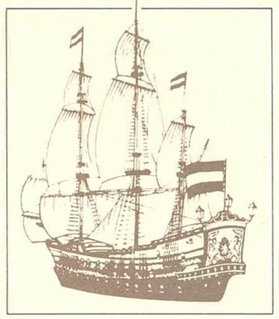
Best Friends . . . *lacking in spark and realism*

Author! Author! is the kind of film Neil Simon should be writing, but isn't. Put another way, it's a film with all the ingredients of a sentimental, boulevard comedy which manages to be spiky, funny and original instead. Pulling off this almost impossible balancing act between commerce and art, sentimentality and real feeling, is a veteran off-Broadway playwright, Israel Horovitz. Horovitz not only wrote a good script, he got it made into a film, an even more impressive achievement. Here he had some help. He just happens to be best mates with Al Pacino and it was obviously Pacino's willingness to play the leading role which got the project off the ground. ject off the ground.

Because the truth is *Author! Author!* isn't a film at all. It looks, feels, and above all sounds like, a play. Pacino plays Horovitz aka Ivan Travalian, a New York playwright whose dashing way of wearing his jackets with the collars turned up and a silk scarf lightly flung around his neck disguises the fact that he's down to his last Yves St Laurent. In short, he needs a Broadway hit, especially since his second marriage to French instructor Tuesday Weld has filled his house with five kids — four of hers, one of his, all from previous unions.

The rest of the film follows Travalian's struggle to mount his play and keep his second-hand, but very much wanted, family together, at the same time as he gets embroiled with a visiting Hollywood actress, Alice Detroit (Dyan Cannon). Yes, I know, five kids and Al Pacino sounds like schlock, the kind of dreadful nightmare you might get if you'd been scared by a Shirley Temple film when you were five. What you will see is how well *Author! Author!* is written, and its odd, jagged, at times rough-edged compromise between being a commercial vehicle and a work, if not of art, of Horovitz's heart. It's the very roughness that makes it succeed, plus Pacino's consummate charm and skill (in this case, that's the right way round to list those two qualities). Of course, everything is still a little too good to be true, as it is in Neil Simon films. Travalian may be broke but he looks like a million dollars and his house is a couple of millions' worth of real estate in the middle of Manhattan. Also, even judged as a plot device, the kind of play Travalian has written and which we catch snatches of in rehearsal doesn't sound as if it would go over on Manly Pier, let alone Broadway. *Author! Author!* is directed by the ultimate hack, Arthur Hiller, who brings nothing to it but, thank God, does nothing to interfere with it either. The words and Al Pacino speak for themselves, and the words are very good and Pacino is one of those actors whose craft fairly dazzles. — *Mike Bygrave*

TRAVEL



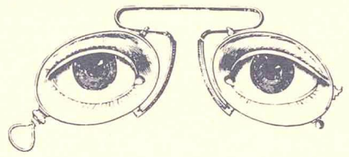
BALI HIGH PRICES

For its clientele of tourists with widely divergent tastes and economic circumstances, Bali plays it all perfectly — from a downgrade Indonesian version of Bondi Beach in mid-summer, right up to a sophisticated island resort. Something, as the brochures claim, for everyone — and particularly appropriate for the Aussie tourist who's short on time and dollars.

In Australia, the growing cheap/downmarket reputation of Bali probably owes a lot to the eager promotion of cheap package tours and group airfares. Although the island has many beautiful spots, visitors used to be channelled through two — and since December, three — main resort areas, all with ready-made images, the first two of which have remained unchanged for years.

Kuta Beach, on the western coastline of the tapering southern end of Bali, is very popular with Australian visitors. It is politely described in some guide-books and brochures as a place where "great surfing, no-frills accommodation, swinging bars and cheap restaurants make it a favorite with the budget-conscious young."

Sanur, almost directly opposite Kuta on the eastern coastline, has a more enviable



image; cleaner, quieter, infinitely more sophisticated. Guidebooks call it "a popular holiday playground with excellent hotels and restaurants."

The third resort, Nusa Dua, located further down the southern peninsula, was launched in December last year with the part-opening of Garuda Airways' new luxury hotel, Nusa Dua Beach Hotel. One glance at this superbly designed complex indicates the category of holiday-maker Nusa Dua is aimed at — the image is up-upmarket.

A common complaint of the holiday resort-goer is how different it all looks in reality, compared with what the brochures say. This could well be said for Kuta Beach — if you're not one of the "budget-conscious young". Not having read that particular description of Kuta, we found it all out the hard way, allowing ourselves to be coaxed into taking a package deal by a zealous travel agent who obviously had a very profitable relationship with Kuta Beach. It was a fun place, he said. Much better than Sanur Beach, which could get a little, well, dull at times.

Mistake number one was being lured by the convenience of letting someone else arrange it all. Mistake number two was being lured by the cost — compared with Sanur, Kuta was ridiculously cheap.

It didn't help matters that we arrived in Bali at one of the hottest times of year — December, just before the rainy season in late December to January/February. On arrival at the "beautiful, air-conditioned Balinese-style cottages situated by the beach under swaying palms", we discovered it wasn't really any of those things. Perhaps it was Balinese-style, but it certainly wasn't by the beach, the air-conditioning had "broken down" (a tragedy in the middle of a fierce Balinese summer), and the palms didn't sway at all.

Another drawback was its distance from the main shop/restaurant area of Kuta — a good 20-minute walk. In Bali the night is usually very dark, with the moon only making an occasional appearance. The Balinese are apparently very suspicious of the night, but we were assured by the hotel management that it was fine to walk at night down the lonely stretch of road to the shops. We later discovered from several more reliable locals that it's not, in fact, entirely safe for small groups — particularly of women — to walk around lonely parts of Bali at night.

But we weren't waiting around long enough to contemplate the possibility of being attacked or harassed; we left our Balinese-style accommodation — long since paid-up for a 14-night stay and entirely unredeemable — and hot-footed it over to Sanur, where there were several supposedly top-class hotels.

A mere glance at what Sanur had to offer was enough — the general feel of the place was cleaner, quieter and far more civilised than Kuta. Although we later found there is top-class bungalow style accommodation available in Bali (such as the Tanjung Sari at Sanur, and Pertamina Cottages at Kuta), we were by now in no mood to chance Balinese-style accommodation again.

Balinese temple . . . oasis in creeping commercialism

After checking out the two main international hotels — the Bali Beach Intercontinental and the Bali Hyatt — we chose the Hyatt, at $70 a night for two. It is a superbly designed hotel set amid lush gardens and fronting on to Sanur Beach — a clean, white stretch of sand kept blissfully free of ambitious Balinese hawkers by strict patrollings of the area. Kuta Beach, on the other hand, could also be beautiful if it wasn't infested with hoardes of Balinese salesmen, all trying desperately to flog everything from massages to dried turtles.

It could be argued that at an international hotel such as the Hyatt, with its 11 bars and restaurants, disco, shops and recreation facilities, you can live in such a self-sufficient world that you wouldn't know whether you were in Bali or not. But we saw just as much of Bali as we would have staying in a losmen (local-style accommodation), and sampled better food in the more upmarket restaurants around Sanur than any we tried in Kuta.

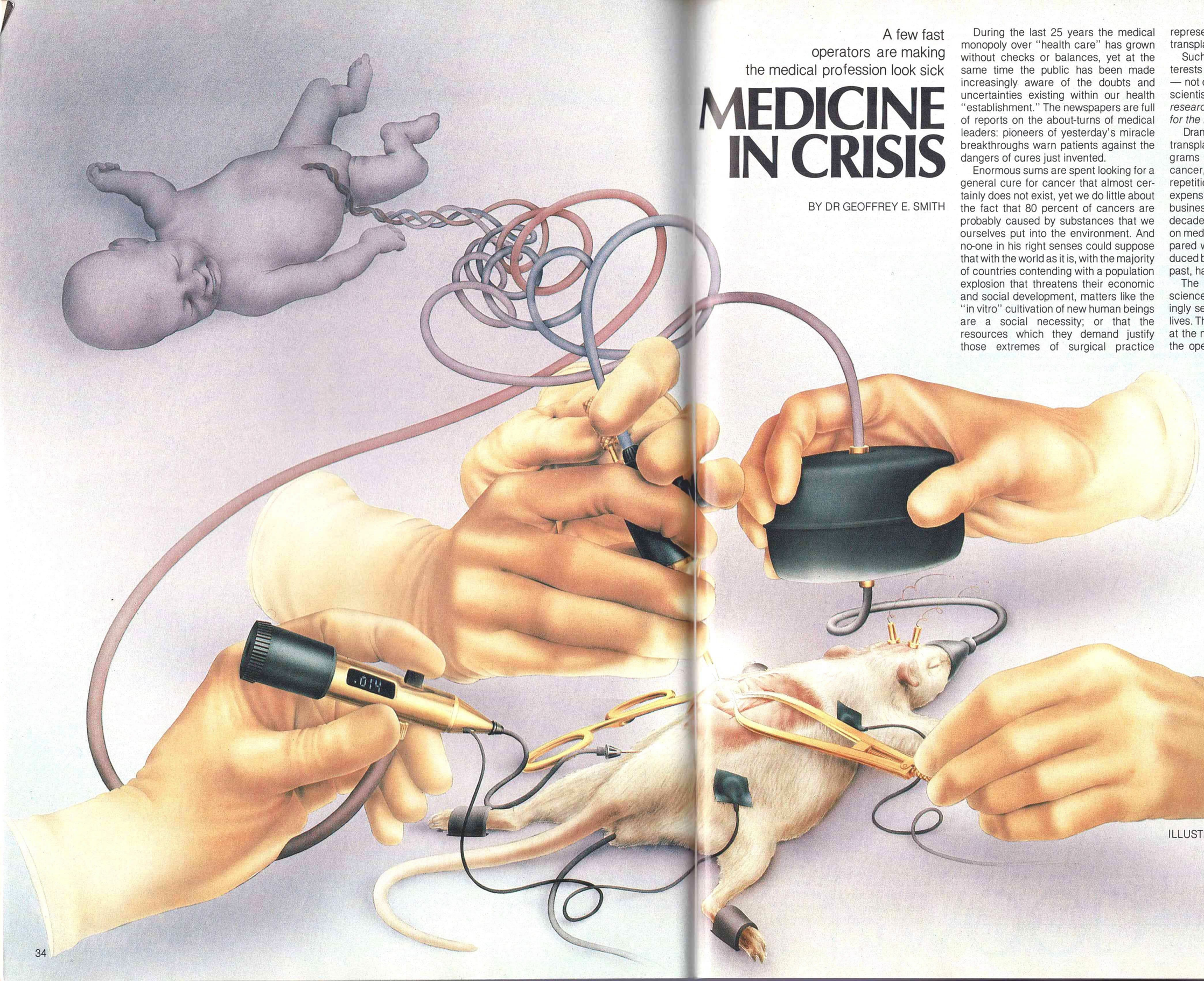
Curiously enough the best meal we had in Bali was at a tiny, cafe-style place in the middle of Denpasar — the noisy, dirty, crowded capital. It was unbelievably cheap and tasty, as well as being probably the only authentic example of homestyle Indonesian cuisine we ate on our holiday. The quality of the meal may have had something to do with the fact that a local friend took us there and ordered the food.

Sightseeing and shopping is very much a matter of personal taste in Bali. The temples, ritual dances and drama, and the art of the island are naturally based on its own primitive culture, but a very large commercial element has crept in during recent years. We were disappointed by many aspects of art and culture. Bali is apparently famous for its artists and craftsmen. There are various communities of silversmiths, woodcarvers, painters, sculptors and weavers. The best-known are in Ubud, Mas and Celuk, where you can scout around the galleries and shops.

However, it was the breath-taking scenery at places such as Tampaksiring, Bedugul and Ulawatu that impressed me far more than anything man-made. Some of the most enjoyable times we had in Bali were when we hired a driver (at very little cost in Australian terms), took a picnic lunch and stopped off at places that caught our interest. The traditional tourist attractions such as Kintamani Volcano, Tanah Lot, ritual dances and the Monkey Forest at Mengwi were, for us, far too crowded with Balinese sellers and tourists with cameras. An overnight visit to the lesser-known furthest regions of Bali, such as Lovina Beach (far north) and Banyuwedang hot springs (north-west) seems a much better way to relax.

The cheap, cheap image of Bali many Australians have is unfortunate. It has a lot going for it — if it's done the right way. The best advice is if you take a package tour from an agent, check it out thoroughly, particularly the standard of accommodation. If you like your creature comforts, the more you pay, the happier you'll be. — *G. Roberts*

Group air fare, ex-Sydney on Garuda Indonesian Airways, starts at about $500 return. Individual return from about $800 to $900 (peak season). Accommodation at the Bali Hyatt, the Nusa Dua Beach Hotel and the Bali Beach Intercontinental starts at $50 per night single and $70 double. Discounts for businessmen, groups, conventions and extended stays.



A few fast operators are making the medical profession look sick

MEDICINE IN CRISIS

BY DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

During the last 25 years the medical monopoly over "health care" has grown without checks or balances, yet at the same time the public has been made increasingly aware of the doubts and uncertainties existing within our health "establishment." The newspapers are full of reports on the about-turns of medical leaders: pioneers of yesterday's miracle breakthroughs warn patients against the dangers of cures just invented.

Enormous sums are spent looking for a general cure for cancer that almost certainly does not exist, yet we do little about the fact that 80 percent of cancers are probably caused by substances that we ourselves put into the environment. And no-one in his right senses could suppose that with the world as it is, with the majority of countries contending with a population explosion that threatens their economic and social development, matters like the "in vitro" cultivation of new human beings are a social necessity; or that the resources which they demand justify those extremes of surgical practice represented by techniques such as heart transplantation.

Such developments are the vested interests of medical or scientific enthusiasts — not of the people at large, nor of social scientists, nor of governments. *Medical research as we understand it today should for the most part be halted.*

Dramatic surgery involving heart transplants, the enormously costly programs devoted to finding "cures" for cancer, and the usually wasteful and repetitious research into new drugs are all expensive distractions from the real business of medicine. During the last two decades massive sums have been spent on medical research, yet the results, compared with the truly great advances produced by far more modest programs in the past, have been trivial.

The vast majority of people regard science and technology as an increasingly serious threat to the quality of their lives. They feel themselves powerless and at the mercy of a few, as if they were on the operating table in the hands, not of

ILLUSTRATION MARK SALWOWSKI

MEDICINE

healers, but of irresponsible playboys driven by curiosity.

Man is not a motor car — he is more than a collection of parts. In fact, the more we learn about the parts, the more questions we find. The notion, cherished by the popular press, that modern medicine is very near to understanding what Man is all about is completely false. We know a little more about the plumbing and the wiring, but that's all. This leaves a vast area that is badly taught, poorly understood and often ignored.

The greatest need in medicine today is not for organ transplants or for the other marvels of the latest medical technology, but for a far wider availability of the research carried out 25 or even 50 years ago, and a return to the traditional medical ethic of *individual* care and attention. Today, we spend far more effort on acquiring new and often useless knowledge than on using what we already have in a realistic and humanitarian manner.

Medicine has become an industry in which formal research plays an integral part. Medical researchers have considerable influence within the profession and consume vast amounts of time and money, whilst their colleagues in preventive medicine receive little of either.

The new and often awe-inspiring medical technology, together with its glib publicists in the medical establishment, have created the impression that contemporary medicine is highly effective. However, improvements in life expectancy in the 20th Century have been due to better preventive techniques, improved surgical procedures and greater availability of drug therapy — which were *all* made possible by the efforts and successes of men and women who worked *before most of us were born.*

Where are the triumphs of medical research achieved during these last 25 years? After all, there has been an enormous increase in the amount of money and effort poured into medical research and never before have there been so many people directly involved in health care programs.

Astonishingly, there has been almost no improvement in life expectancy for the young or the old. A recent World Health Organisation study has shown, in fact, that in a number of industrialised countries the life expectancy of people over the age of 60 has actually started to fall, and infant mortality rates are rising in many developed countries.

Hospitals are continuing to grow and waiting lists are increasing all the time. The amount of sick leave taken by working men and women rises each year; mental illnesses are getting more common every time statistics are brought up to date; the incidence of heart disease is on the increase; there is a massive increase in the amount of pollutant-inspired illness; 80 percent of modern cancers are thought to be caused by man-made chemicals of one sort or another; and the number of health professionals needed to cope with all the sick is increasing rapidly.

The preceding facts strongly suggest that recent medical research has had relatively little effect on overall mortality rates or upon the quality of life at any time in the last three decades. In addition, it can be argued that some medical research has actually detracted from the quality of life, caused serious ethical problems, and used funds which could have been better directed elsewhere.

Many developed countries have reached a point of over-medication which is harmful to health. In these countries if a patient is suffering from two illnesses, there is a very fair chance that one of them was caused by treatment for the other!

Not surprisingly, many eminent observers both inside and outside the medical profession have begun to question medical priorities and, in particular, the value and relevance of work done by modern medical researchers.

In 1974, the Director-General of WHO, at the 28th World Health Assembly, stated:

> "Conventional medical wisdom is being propagated as the only wisdom to growing numbers of people throughout the world, through both professional education and the mass information media. The issues at stake are not the scientific accuracy and technical proficiency of the methods used or those who use them, but the relevance of these scientific and technical endeavors to the solution of the critical health problems facing so many countries. Is it wise to devote so much effort to what are often only trivial advances in technical knowledge, rather than to widening the range and increasing the number of beneficiaries through the practical application of what is already known?"

Many scientists would argue that medical research will not in future produce such important information as it has in the past. In a book called *Genes, Dreams and Realities,* published in 1971, Sir MacFarlane Burnett (who received the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1960) pointed out: "The contribution of laboratory science to medicine has virtually come to an end. Almost none of the modern basic research in the medical sciences has any direct or indirect bearing on the prevention of disease or on the improvement of medical care."

Sir MacFarlane also made the point that although the amount of scientific research being done is now enormous, the value of modern research is often small: "The new discovery, when it comes, usually has an

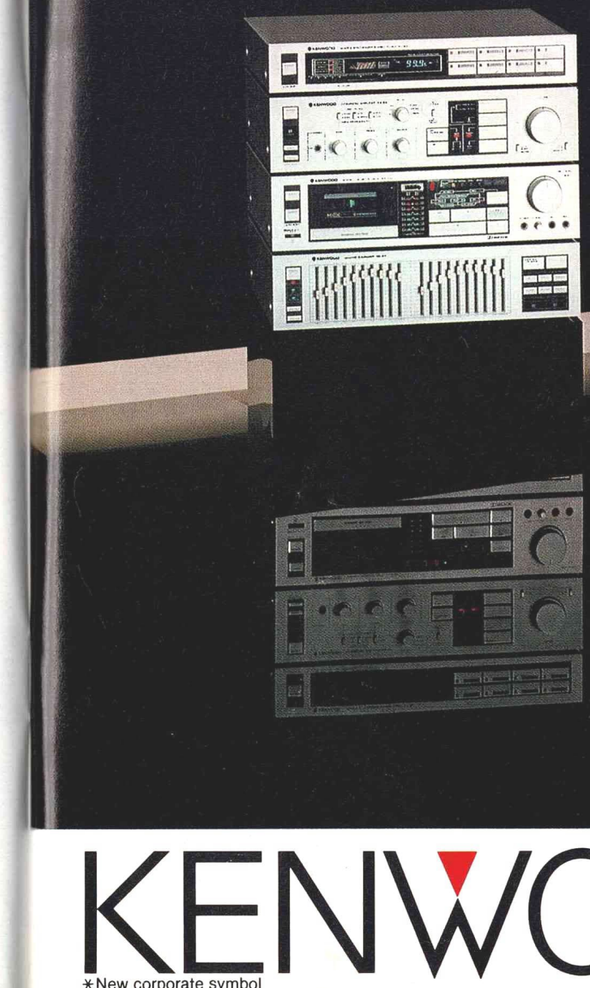
System of your dreams

XL SERIES

You're probably not the only one you know who's thought of getting a really good hi-fi system.

And then been turned off by the sheer complexity of it all.

Now we make you an offer. Choose a group of these elite hi-fi components to precisely match your needs and budget. And create the stereo system of your dreams!



KENWOOD

*New corporate symbol

For information write to PH-SECTION,
TRIO-KENWOOD CORPORATION
Shionogi Shibuya Building, 17-5, 2-chome,
Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan
TRIO-KENWOOD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN N.S.W.)
4E Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066,
Australia. Tel: 428-1455

air of triviality for anyone not actually working in the field in which it has been made."

Even the staff of some medical journals already have doubts about the validity of much of the work they publish. *World Medicine* noted in 1975: "For sheer volume of obscure triviality, the uncoordinated output of the cancer research laboratories takes some beating." The writer of the editorial pointed out that "research is endowed with an aura of divinity. And we have become unconsciously the prisoners of the mentality that created it." He argued that we should abandon many of our research projects and select with great care those deserving of further study.

However, many journalists and authors continue to imply that medical researchers are rather special people fired by special enthusiasms, immune from the usual human frailties. The truth is that they are no different from any other group of people. They have their ambitions, fears and weaknesses, and these things influence the direction and quality of their research. James D. Watson, a Nobel Laureate for his work on clarifying the structure of DNA, has written: "In contrast to the popular conception supported by newspapers and mothers of scientists, a goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull, but also just stupid."

Unfortunately, it is essential for a young doctor to do some apparently original research if he is to become a success in his profession; the ambitious medical man must publish a paper or two, and preferably more. And it is not only for career reasons that doctors do medical research. Much of it is done for money and many doctors earn considerable sums by carrying out research programs as well as their own clinical work.

Despite repeated rulings from most ethical bodies that researchers should not be paid for such work, since this turns them into potentially biased employees of the people paying for the research, many are offered substantial sums to test "new" drugs. To promote Valium, Hoffman-LaRoche spent $200 million in 10 years and commissioned 200 doctors each year to produce scientific articles about the drug's properties.

Since about 45,000 new cases of cancer occur each year in Australia and about 32,000 people die annually from some form of the disease, and since that figure represents about 20 percent of all deaths in the Commonwealth, it is not surprising that the branch of medical research which attracts most money, publicity and glamor is cancer research.

Medical researchers involved in publicly or charitably financed cancer research programs persist in looking for the "miracle cure", and there are a number of favored areas. Some workers believe in immunotherapy, others in radiotherapy, and yet others in chemotherapy. But the survival rates for the most common types of cancer — those which make up 90 percent of cases — have remained virtually unchanged over the last 25 years. This simple and demonstrable fact has somehow been clouded by absurdly optimistic announcements from the American Cancer Society and its Australian counterpart — statements which are reminiscent of General Westmoreland's brave proclamations from Vietnam.

The total annual expenditure on cancer research throughout the world now tops $2000 million. And by no means all doctors or lay observers are convinced that this massive expenditure is being well spent. In 1975, Daniel Greenberg used figures from the US National Cancer Institute to question the efficacy of cancer research and treatment. He pointed out that from 1940 to 1949 the five-year survival rate for patients with lung cancer was four percent and had only risen to nine percent between 1965 and 1970. The five-year survival rate for patients with cancer of the colon had not improved at all since the 1950s, and the one-year survival rate for cancer of the colon seemed to be falling. Cancer of the cervix carried a 59 percent survival rate in the years 1950-59 but the survival rate was 56 percent in the years 1965-69.

Nor do the British statistics suggest that much progress has been made in the battle against cancer. In the age-group 65 to 74, the cancer death rate per 100,000 males was 1053 in 1950 and 1336 in 1973. Cancer of the lung and breast are more common now in men and women in the age-group 45-64 than they were in 1950. Death rates for this disease have risen significantly.

On the other hand, one of the most important breakthroughs in cancer research in recent years was made not by researchers in expensive institutes, but by a British surgeon practising in Uganda named Denis Burkitt. His first research grant from government funds totalled 15 pounds and his second — 150 pounds from the Medical Research Council — was spent on an old jeep. By logical, patient study Burkitt managed to map the occurrence of a tumor common to children in that part of the world. He matched the map he had prepared with other factors and eventually showed that this particular type of cancer was probably caused by a virus. In time he learned how to cure the tumor.

So, this very significant discovery was made not by a professional researcher but by an observant and dedicated doctor happy to continue his studies in his own time and at his own expense. Far too many doctors these days are unwilling to begin any research program unless they are first financed by an official agency or pharmaceutical company.

The terrible tragedy afflicting cancer research is that while hundreds of millions of dollars are spent in the search for the elusive "cure", we have learnt a great deal about how cancer could be *prevented* if only we had the determination to apply this knowledge.

The introduction of synthetic chemicals into such things as pesticides, agricultural preparations, food additives and cosmetics means that millions of people are exposed to harmful cancer-causing substances. According to the International Agency for Research on Cancer, which is part of the World Health Organisation, 80 percent of all cancers are environmentally induced. The director of the US National Cancer Institute has publicly stated he believes the figure is nearer 90 percent; and Dr David Baltimore, a Nobel Prize Winner for Medicine, is reported to have claimed that the increase in cancer in our society closely reflects the environmental changes of the last half-century.

If we took the advice offered by these experts, we could cut down cancer rates dramatically. But the majority of those involved in medical research have little understanding of the real needs of the community at large, and are primarily concerned with their own glorification.

As a rule, research workers tackle only problems they want to tackle, or are paid to tackle. They ignore problems which may already have practical solutions. They search for answers we do not need to problems which do not matter, while answers we have to problems which do matter remain gathering dust in the libraries.

Additionally, many people have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. Hundreds of thousands of researchers earn a good living from the research industry, while thousands of doctors make their way in the medical profession with the aid of research programs they have initiated. Medical research is supported by the medical establishment because research increases the demand for doctors and for medical aid in general. The more information we have and do not use, the greater the need for doctors.

Companies and industries which use unsafe manufacturing techniques, produce dangerous products or pollute the atmosphere would all suffer if preventive procedures were perfected and made effective. But "health" care is one of the biggest and fastest-growing industries; any dramatic change in emphasis would cause much disruption and arouse considerable protest.

Perhaps the fundamental problem is that professional and public expectations

A CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE

Does the medical profession cause more illness than it cures? Before dismissing the question as absurd, consider that the topic is being discussed with increasing frequency at medical conferences, and reports on damage caused by "cures" for sickness take up more and more space in the medical journals. Many doctors now believe that the health professions must be prepared to undertake an unprecedented house-cleaning campaign, or risk losing much of their credibility.

Only a generation ago, the doctor was generally seen as a benevolent white-coated father figure; today, many regard him as a shrewd businessman — cold as a computer, and more concerned with accumulating material wealth than with the welfare of his patients. The new mood of wariness among the public has caused medical associations and pharmaceutical companies to triple their expenses on public relations; and limitations to professional health care are a rapidly growing political issue as the costs for medical treatment continue to rise.

A crisis of confidence in medicine has arrived.

In his thought-provoking book *Medical Nemesis,* Ivan Illich clearly demonstrates how "modern medicine" impacts on society at three levels:

- there are the harmful side-effects on individual patients caused by prescribed remedies, individual physicians or hospital treatments;
- present-day medical practice actually encourages sickness by persuading people to become avid consumers of medicines;
- the patient today is firmly in the grip of contemporary medicine which often seeks to undermine and destroy the potential of individuals to deal with their own weaknesses in a personal, autonomous way.

The reluctance of doctors to assess their techniques properly not only results in an enormous waste of time and money, it also puts patients at risk. Every 24 to 36 hours, between 50 percent and 80 percent of adults in Australia, the US and the UK swallow a prescribed chemical. Since a large proportion are given or take the wrong dose, or an outdated or contaminated dose, millions are poisoning themselves.

The US Food and Drug Administration estimates that one in every seven hospital beds in America is now occupied by a patient who is under treatment for toxic reactions caused by drugs prescribed by doctors; and it was reliably estimated in 1971 that 30,000 Americans die every year from adverse drug reactions. Often, of course, drugs can be life-saving. Patients with pneumonia, for example, would die without antibiotics. But too often drugs are prescribed unnecessarily.

Drugs that can cure serious illnesses are always powerful, and powerful drugs can always cause damage. In a recent survey published in the *British Medical Journal,* a Professor Girdwood found that during a period of seven and a half years, oral contraceptives killed 332 women, phenylbutazone killed 217 people, chlorpromazine killed 102 people, steroids killed 94 people, tranquillisers caused 257 deaths, analgesics and cough medicines caused 592 deaths and antibacterials caused 166 deaths.

These figures relate only to drugs prescribed by general practitioners working in England, and even then they probably only indicate the tip of the iceberg. Many doctors now believe that when a patient deteriorates in hospital, the first thing to be considered is whether he is suffering from an adverse or toxic reaction to a prescribed drug.

Inevitably, some patients in hospital or under treatment at home will suffer adverse effects, but it is equally certain that many of these patients need not have taken the drug at all. A study at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore showed that hospital in-patients received an average of 15 different drugs; the minimum number of drugs taken by any one patient was six, and the most was 32. It is not unreasonable to assume that a large number of these prescriptions need not have been written, because in one clinic which had previously averaged 175 prescriptions per week, that number was reduced by careful doctors to 10 a week.

It is not only drugs which can cause problems for patients. Medicine is now such a sophisticated business that even a patient going into hospital for a fairly routine operation will be subjected to a battery of investigations. The rarer and more complicated the condition, the more numerous the tests — despite the fact that many of them serve little purpose. Teaching hospitals and most major hospitals are dominated by research workers. Examples of dangerous tests done by these people in large hospitals include liver biopsies, kidney biopsies and cardiac catheterisation. Sometimes the tests provide useful results, but often they provide no significant information at all.

And there is a mortality rate associated with all these procedures, which are in any case often painful.

Unfortunately, doctor-inflicted pain and infirmity have always been a part of medical practice. Callousness, negligence and sheer incompetence are age-old forms of malpractice, but what was formerly recognised as a moral fault is now rationalised into occasional breakdown of equipment and operators. In the modern technologically complex hospital, negligence becomes "random human error" or "system malfunction", callousness becomes "scientific detachment" or "clinical objectivity"; incompetence becomes "a lack of specialised and up to date equipment." The mechanisation of diagnosis and therapy has changed malpractice from an ethical into a technical problem.

Less than 20 cents out of every dollar paid in malpractice insurance goes to compensate the victims; the rest is paid to lawyers and medical experts. Recently, the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare calculated that seven percent of all patients suffer compensatable injuries while hospitalised. Very few, however, do anything about it.

Illnesses of the sort discussed above, which result from any form of medical intervention including both diagnosis and treatment are collectively termed "iatrogenic" diseases. Estimates of the incidence of iatrogenesis in Australia vary according to the definition of "illness". Dr Julian Gold is the head of the National Health Surveillance Unit of the Commonwealth Institute of Health; his job as a medical epidemiologist is to collate information on the total health environment. Dr Gold's belief is that if we include cases where the side-effects of a drug are considered to outweigh the severity of the original condition, and if we also include infections contracted by patients during their stays in hospital, then *up to 40 percent* of all patients in Australia may actually be victims of iatrogenic diseases.

Increasing numbers of people are apprehensive about doctors, hospitals and the drug industry. The lack of effectiveness of costly and high-risk medicine is now widely discussed, and doctors themselves are beginning to look askance at what doctors do. Patients are now frequently told that they have been damaged by previous medication — and patients are beginning to listen. A growing number of movements and organisations are starting to demand reform. Before it is too late, the medical profession must lend an ear to the age-old dictum: *Physician, heal thyself!*

MEDICINE

have been raised to great heights; as a consequence, public demands are enormous and as yet the profession and the public have not learnt to discriminate between useful and useless research work and medical care programs. Most doctors accept the myth that medical research still has much to offer, while the public's attitude has been fostered by both the medical profession and by science and medical writers only too keen to provide their readers with dramatic and startling news. Scepticism, which was an essential attribute of researchers half a century ago, has been replaced by an unreasonable and overwhelming faith that medical research will eventually produce *all* the answers.

Progress, we are told, is inevitable. But what is progress? Fifty thousand infants die every day throughout the Third World from malnutrition and relatively simple infectious diseases; at the same time, in the medical cathedrals of the West, a privileged handful of carefully selected cases "enjoy" enormously costly and marginally effective complex surgical procedures.

Broadly speaking, the practice of medicine can be divided into three categories:

First, there is the traditional type of medicine as practised by the GP on his home visits and in his surgery, looking after the acutely and chronically sick. General practice relies on the personal relationship between the doctor and his patient, rather than on medical technology. This type of medical care is fairly costly, but it is the most important branch of medicine as far as most patients are concerned. Current expenditure on research in this area is *minimal.*

Second, there is the type of medical research and practice which aims at providing temporary solutions to individual problems, usually in a hospital or a clinic. This type of medicine is illustrated by the artificial dialysis machine and the heart transplant. These are expensive technological research projects which are only marginally effective.

Third, and probably the most productive type of medicine, is that which helps improve the quality and quantity of life for people as a whole, rather than for individuals. This branch of medicine and research includes the use of and search for vaccination materials, the provision of health education programs, the setting up of effective screening procedures, and the design and management of public measures.

Most of the money which is available for health care and medical research is spent on programs which fall into the *second* category. We have reached the point where those who are in need of unusual and complex heart surgery, or who suffer from some rare and exotic disease, receive priority; while the aged, the worn-out, the chronically sick, the psychologically ill, the poor, the uninteresting, the useless, the unfashionably ill, and the worker in an unhealthy environment all receive little or no attention.

The Director-General of the World Health Organisation stated in 1975: "Vast technological resources are deployed to cope with a small number of sophisticated diseases, while the prevention of disease and promotion of health definitely take second place."

For the cost of a single open-heart operation we could probably save 100 men from contracting pollutant-associated chronic bronchitis.

On economic, social and humanitarian grounds it is better to spend money on preventive medicine than on any other aspect of medical research or high-powered hospital medicine. We have, over the last few years, spent billions of dollars searching for a "cure" for cancer; if we had spent the same amount of money on programs designed to cut down the incidence of cancer, there is no doubt at all that a large number — probably half — of the people who now have cancer would not have contracted the disease. All we needed to do was to protect ourselves against those chemicals that induce cancers.

Society provides the funds and other resources for research. It is quite entitled to specify the general direction in which that research should move. The time has arrived for the medical profession to come down from its pedestal and accept that it might not have all the answers — that it might need such direction. A new humility and open-mindedness is needed among medical researchers. They must accept that "modern medicine" is not the sole repository of knowledge when it comes to health matters. ○—

ANALGESIC ABUSE

It isn't Tooheys or Fourex or Carlton Draught; nor is it cocaine, heroin or even marijuana. The great Australian addiction is painkillers: we consume them in far greater quantities than any other people. As a result, Australians have the highest rate of kidney failure in the world.

"Analgesic nephropathy" is the medical term for kidney failure caused by analgesic abuse. The condition is not at all common in Europe or North America, yet in this country it is a major public health problem. Analgesic abuse, defined as "two doses per day over a period of 10 years, or total consumption of more than two kilograms over any period", is now estimated to be 50 times more prevalent in Australia than in comparable Western countries. According to a recent Sydney Hospital study, analgesic abuse accounts for 18 percent of all cases of terminal kidney failure. And for every patient who has reached the terminal stage, there are another 10 with non-irreversible kidney damage caused by this peculiar fondness for painkillers.

The latest figures on the overall extent of the problem are contained in two papers: the 1978 Healy Report on *Patterns of Drug Use in Australia 1970-77;* and the 1977 Report of the Senate Standing Committee on Social Welfare entitled *Drug Problems in Australia — An Intoxicated Society*? These reports indicate that in 1976 as many as one in five cases of kidney failure were due to analgesic abuse, as compared with 11 percent in 1969 — an increase of almost 100 percent over a seven-year period. The number of terminal kidney failure patients currently surviving on kidney dialysis machines in Australia hospitals is 750; in other words, 150 of these people have arrived at that condition via analgesic abuse. The bill for each of these patients is more than $1 million per year. Those who have not yet reached the irreversible stage of kidney damage would therefore number around 1500.

Australians often consume large amounts of analgesics for reasons other than their pain-killing properties — particularly in the belief that they will be calmer, have more zest, sleep better, or generally experience feelings of well-being. The habit is five to six times more common in women than in men, and the most prolific powder and pill-poppers are middle-aged married women with large families and low incomes. For many of these people, the well-known "cup of tea and a powder" syndrome has taken its toll.

Commonly, analgesic preparations contain aspirin, phenacetin or its relatives, and caffeine. It is not clear which is the culprit, or whether it is the combination of drugs which does the the damage. A number of authorities believe phenacetin to be the most toxic of the analgesics as far as the kidneys are concerned. It was an ingredient of many of the older types of "combination pain-killers". Paracetemol, a relative of phenacetin, is now regarded as a useful and safe analgesic when taken on a short-term basis and at the recommended doses. Nonetheless, because it can cause kidney damage in overdoses there is concern as to its safety when consumed over a long period.

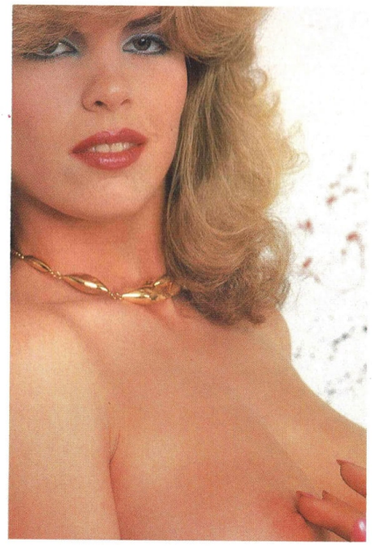
"I believe we've discovered the world's first mouthwash advertisement."

1983 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP
CARLA ADAMS

You have to admit she's getting better, so much better all the time . . . and if you saw gorgeous Carla Adams when she wowed *Penthouse* readers across Australia as the August '82 Pet of the Month you wouldn't have believed it possible, but Carla's soft pink perfection is moving into the realms of the divine. We proudly announce that this Adelaide angel is the 1983 Pet of the Year Runner-Up.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

It was a close thing, but that's nothing new for this racy lady. Carla loves a tight finish: her greatest passions are fast cars, fast horses, downhill racing and fast living. One of her chief ambitions is to become a racing car driver.



18-year-old Carla was born in Germany and her childhood was spent travelling Europe and the US before her parents settled in South Australia. That diverse upbringing has given this intelligent young woman an open and enquiring mind and a fluent command of three languages.

As runner-up, Carla wins an array of glamor prizes detailed in last month's *Australian Penthouse*. Our Leo lady is currently plotting the hectic course her life will take this year and she's throwing herself into it, full speed ahead. ♌

It is ironic that we know so little about Brezhnev's successor, Yuri Andropov, because he already knows a lot about the West

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND VLADIMIR SAKHAROV

COMRADE ★ YURI

Nothing too much out of the ordinary happens on the streets of Moscow, so Muscovites were somewhat surprised one bright, sunny August day in 1970 when they noticed something very curious going on.

It happened in front of the grotesque building that towers over Smolenskaya Square, a really ugly monument to Stalinist architecture that houses the Soviet Union's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From under the arcade of the Smolenskaya railway station and along Arbat Street, groups of men appeared in custom-made British suits, expensive Western-made sports jackets, and similar bourgeois attire. They strode solemnly toward the great building on Smolenskaya trailed by the faint scent of Soir de Paris, Chanel, and other expensive odors, and passed through the heavy brass-framed doors of the ministry building, showing a red pass to the guards.

For the "Ivans" and "Mischkas" (Russian slang for ordinary Soviet citizens) watching nearby, this regal procession was a distinct oddity, an almost surrealistic contrast to what ordinarily transpires on the streets of Moscow. For the average Muscovite, for whom British tailoring and other such bourgeois pleasures were unheard of, it was a day to savor the August warmth, queueing in the ubiquitous lines to buy a cooling glass of yellowish drink called "kvas" (a brew that is something of a cross between urine and beer), sold from a barrel on wheels.

Curiosity is a trait not encouraged among ordinary Soviet citizens, so none of them wondered aloud why those men so expensively dressed were spending their summer afternoon trooping into the ministry. For Soviet citizens, there was to be no answer; no newspaper account, no television broadcast, no radio news program telling the details of what happened at the ministry that afternoon. Some may have guessed that what was happening seemed, on the surface at least, to be simply a private funeral for a recently deceased high official of some sort.

But there was much more going on that afternoon than met the eye, for in that gathering of the Soviet Union's chosen elite — high party officials, ranking intelligence officers, and foreign ministry executives — stood the man who, 12 years after that day, was destined to be the next ruler of the Soviet Union.

His name was Yuri Andropov. He stood confidently in the dimness of the huge marble hall inside the ministry, where the interior resembles an ancient Greek temple. He chatted quietly with his comrades-in-grief, waiting for his turn to assume the honor guard stand at the lavish, brightly lit casket in the centre of the hall. To those outside the closed world of the Soviet elite, Andropov was then a total mystery. Only one picture of him had been published in the West — an official photograph that showed a pudgy, dour-looking man whose deadly expression seemed to match the reputation of the organisation he then headed: the dreaded KGB, Russia's secret police-intelligence agency.

To his fellow members in the ruling elite, however, Andropov was a different man than his official portrait suggested: he was

ILLUSTRATION BY ROB WILSON

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

OTTO KUUSINEN: Finnish-born Communist whom Stalin tried, unsuccessfully, to install as leader of Finland in 1940. Later, was sponsor of Yuri Andropov's early career in the Soviet bureaucracy.

SERGEI VINOGRADOV: Until his death in 1970, a key leader in the Soviet intelligence and foreign policy apparatus. Recruited Kim Philby, and later boosted Andropov's career.

HAROLD R. (KIM) PHILBY: Ranked as the most successful intelligence "mole" in history. Was a high-ranking officer of British intelligence while a secret agent of the KGB. Defected to Moscow in 1963, and became an important advisor to Andropov at the KGB.

ALEKSANDR PANYUSHKIN: Close personal friend and important benefactor of Andropov. Former ambassador to the United States, was once Philby's case officer and later served in important Kremlin assignments until his death in 1975.

GEORGI ARBATOV: Head of the Kremlin's Institute for the Study of the USA and Canada, a think-tank, which advises Soviet leadership on how to deal with the West. Key advisor to Andropov.

COMRADE YURI

a witty conversationalist, an intellectual, a raconteur, a sophisticated operator with a good command of English (rare among Soviet leaders), and a devotee of Western culture. Dressed in an expensive Western-style suit, he appeared for all the world that day like a prosperous American businessman, smoothly drumming up new business.

But Yuri Andropov, then 56 years old, was about as far from being a Western businessman as you can get. He was in fact at that point considered one of the brightest stars in the Soviet leadership firmament, a man whose brilliant record on behalf of the Soviet state, although unknown outside the Kremlin, had marked him as a man to be watched, a man destined for great power. And a man to be feared: his job as head of the KGB was further enhanced by another position he held at the time — membership on the ruling Politburo. Moreover, there was the matter of his close friendship with Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, no small political capital in a society where connections count for a lot. Indeed, as a number of perceptive members of the elite must have guessed at the time, Yuri Andropov was only a heartbeat away from succeeding Brezhnev as first among equals in the Soviet Union. Which is to say, the Boss.

Given his penchant for humor, it is possible that Andropov may have derived some pleasure at the sight of American Kremlinologists, who have ignored him for so long and then much later, tended to discount his chances for supreme leadership once Brezhnev died. The Kremlinologists, whose ignorance of what makes the Soviet Union tick is appalling, never spotted Andropov's steady rise to power, and once he achieved that status, refused to believe it. And because of their ignorance, they failed to spot the clues indicating that Andropov's rise to power has for some time been inevitable.

The significance of Andropov was missed because Kremlinologists insist on judging Soviet events and personalities through the prism of their own Western political experiences. They sift the clues of public writings and speeches, trying to divine the unmistakable trends. But there were hardly any for Andropov, who has worked quietly for almost all of his life behind the scenes.

Nevertheless, enough is known to furnish important clues, provided you know where to look. The search is important, for it is wise to take a good look at this man who will have a great deal to say about our futures. Who is he? How did he rise to power? What does it mean?

We have frozen that moment on a hot summer day in Moscow 12 years ago, for no other event seems to crystallise the forces and influences that have shaped Yuri Andropov.

First, consider the subject of the private funeral service — Sergei Alexandrovich Vinogradov. Although not well known in the West, he was actually one of the most powerful men in the Soviet Union. Deputy Foreign Minister, member of the KGB collegium, lieutenant general of the KGB, liaison with the Central Committee's International Department, Soviet ambassador to Turkey, ambassador to Egypt and confidant of Gamal Nasser, Sergei Vinogradov had, since his first intelligence assignment to Austria in 1932, served in key diplomatic and intelligence posts at home and abroad. By the time of his death, he was considered by Kremlin insiders to be a member of the most powerful troika in Soviet foreign policy.

One of the other two members of that troika was Yuri Andropov. It is here that the manner in which the Soviet system really operates comes into play. The Soviet power elite is in fact an old boychik network, with a complicated series of friendships and sponsor-protege relationships that determine who gets ahead (and who doesn't). The Vinogradov-Andropov relationship was a classic example; with a powerful friend like Vinogradov, Andropov moved inexorably through the ranks of the Soviet bureaucracy.

Which brings us to the third member of the powerful troika, a man who was standing near Andropov that day in the ministry. He was Aleksandr Panyushkin — another powerful Kremlin insider, very much a cipher to the outside world. Formerly ambassador to the United States and in 1970 chief of the foreign cadres department of the Communist Party's Central Committee, Panyushkin that day (along with Andropov) stood at the very pinnacle of the Soviet establishment. (Panyushkin was to die five years after Vinogradov's funeral.)

And so the power relationship can be set quite clearly at the very moment of the Vinogradov funeral in 1970: there was Panyushkin, a close friend and colleague of Vinogradov, whose protege was Andropov, who in turn was a close friend of Panyushkin, who was also a close friend of Vinogradov . . . and so on. What it meant in practical terms was that before Vinogradov's death, the three members of this troika collectively held more operational power in their hands than virtually the entire Politburo, because it was through these three men that such things as all appointments for ambassadorships and the KGB were made, meaning they occupied the very nerve centre of the Soviet government.

But there was a fourth man in this troika, a man who has played a key role not only in the rise to power of Andropov but also in the success of the other two men. His name: Harold R. (Kim) Philby, the famed British mole for Soviet intelligence who defected to Moscow in 1963. For those paying close attention to power relationships among the Soviet elite, the day of Vinogradov's funeral was significant, for standing quietly beside one of the marble columns in the great hall of the foreign ministry was Philby. His presence said a great deal about the growing power of Yuri Andropov.

> Kim Philby played a vital role in the rise to power not only of Yuri Andropov, but also of Andropov's fellow troika members

At first glance, this seems odd. For all anybody in the West knew, Philby after his defection had gone into some form of quiet retirement in Moscow, living comfortably, no doubt, on a pension provided by a grateful Soviet government. (It would be difficult to measure the Soviets' gratitude: during a 20-year career in British intelligence, Philby, a committed but secret Communist, gave the Soviet Union virtually every secret that crossed his desk, including all that he knew when he served as liaison between British intelligence and the CIA. He remains the prototypical and most successful intelligence mole in history).

The fact that Philby was even *there* was a remarkable event. Westerners are not normally invited to such private occasions for the elite. And it seems strange that a retired KGB intelligence agent would appear at such a function.

Except that, contrary to what was believed in the West, Philby was no retired intelligence agent. In fact from the moment he arrived in Moscow he became an important member of the KGB's inner circle, and eventually wound up as the central figure in the buildup of that agency into what is considered to be the world's most formidable intelligence organisation. In the process, Philby played a vital role in the rise to power not only of Yuri Andropov, but also of Andropov's fellow troika members.

This remarkable development, unknown in the West, began in 1933 when Philby, then a British rebel fascinated with the dynamics of the Soviet system, came under the spell of a young and brilliant Soviet intelligence agent looking for recruitment targets. The Russian was Sergei Vinogradov, and he became a close personal friend of Philby — "soul mates", as the Russians call it. They met again in 1947. By then, Philby had become a KGB agent, providing Moscow with an unparalleled source of intelligence, and the second extensive encounter with his friend Vinogradov, this time in Turkey, had developed into an agent-handler relationship. Vinogradov, a specialist on Middle East affairs, valued Philby's advice on what the Russians should do in the Arabian peninsula (Philby's father had been a renowned Arabist).

Later, when Philby was stationed in the United States, he developed an equally close relationship with his "control" in that country — Aleksandr Panyushkin. The Russian was more than a case officer and friend to Philby; he eagerly sought Philby's advice on how to deal with Americans. And Philby's advice, stemming from a shrewd and sophisticated knowledge of how the American system really works, formed a vital part in later KGB operations against the USA.

Following Philby's defection to the Soviet Union, he renewed his close friendship with Vinogradov (by then a powerful member of the Soviet elite) and became a consultant to the KGB. The job title fails to convey the Englishman's importance, for it was Philby who played a significant role in transforming the KGB into a super-efficient entity. Prior to Philby's arrival, the KGB was by reputation little more than a collection of clumsy thugs. That reputation included the KGB's overseas and domestic operations. Domestically, the KGB — successor to the notorious NKVD and MGB of Stalin's time — was loathed and feared by the Russian people, many of whom remembered the arrests, deportations and deaths of millions during Stalin's time. Internationally, the KGB — which is uniquely responsible both for domestic security and overseas intelligence operations — also had problems, especially after the death of Stalin. Soviet leadership, concerned that the secret police would again acquire the power of a state within a state, clipped the KGB's wings. So secret police chief Laventri Beria was executed and the KGB underwent a downgrading. In the process the agency, wracked by purges and by the openly distrustful attitude of Nikita Khrushchev, found that its

COMRADE YURI

intelligence product began to suffer. In truth, the KGB was slipping badly.

The three men most responsible for Philby's role in transforming the KGB were Vinogradov, Panyushkin, and Andropov. It is important to understand how heroic a figure Philby became in KGB mythology. He was very nearly regarded as godlike — the epitome of everything a modern KGB intelligence officer should be: cunning, very dedicated, highly intelligent, and polished. It was the latter quality that Philby was most responsible for instilling; KGB officers soon began to wear expensive Western clothes, display polished manners, and conduct themselves as representatives of the Soviet Union: the best Moscow could offer.

Which is precisely the point. In effect, Philby began to transform the KGB into an imitation of the intelligence organisation that he — and many Russian officials — regarded as the ideal: the British intelligence outfit, with its cool, correct agent in his Saville Row suit, out there defending the empire (and seeking to expand it, whenever possible). And while Philby's theories were transforming the KGB, they were also having their effect on the troika of men most resonsible for the success of Philby in the first place: Panyushkin, Vinogradov, and Andropov. All three men became Westernised by their experience with Philby; it was a process that was not only cultural but something deeper as well — involving an attraction for certain Western ideological values. This is not to say that Andropov and his most intimate circle of advisers were suddenly converted by their contacts with Philby. But it does suggest that Andropov, especially, underwent a process that transformed a talented *apparatchik* into a sophisticated pragmatist fully aware of the strengths — and weaknesses — of a system that is officially represented as his regime's implacable enemy. This transformation may have the most significant consequences, not only for the future of the Soviet Union, but for the relationship between the two superpowers.

As far back as 1962 — some years before he became head of the KGB — Andropov bet heavily on the potential of a thaw in US-Soviet relations. One important indication of his farsightedness occurred in 1962. At that time Andropov's son, Igor, was 17 and had just been admitted to the Institute on International Relations, the Soviet Union's most prestigious diplomatic and intelligence training school. The school, whose entrance requirements are very stiff — only the elite of the elite qualify — is based on country specialisation, an important reform in the training of Soviet cadres that was instituted by the post-Stalin generation of Andropov-like pragmatists to increase the sophistication and skill of Soviet diplomatic and intelligence representatives abroad. The school features groups immersing themselves totally in the language, politics, culture, and economics of specific areas, such as France, Latin America and the Middle East.

At the time, the American group at the institute was the smallest and the toughest to enter. Igor Andropov was admitted to the group, not because of his superior academic credentials — he had expressed a preference for the Latin American or Middle East group, whose graduates at that time had greater career potential — but because his father insisted on it. The reason, simply, was that Yuri Andropov had foreseen the emergence of detente and expanding relations with the US 10 years before they actually happened.

Igor, by the way, graduated from the institute in 1968 and immediately went to work for a close friend of Andropov, a man named Georgi Arabtov, head of the Soviet Union's Institute for the Study of the USA and Canada. This assignment provided an important clue to Andropov's thinking, as we shall see later.

> Andropov's own ideas and lifestyle stand as something of a monument to the very influences that the KGB is supposed to eradicate

By this time, Andropov had come a long way from the day when, as the son of a poor railroad worker, he began the slow climb up the Soviet heirarchy. Born in 1914, Andropov worked as a telegraph operator and film projectionist, then attended college. His initial party job, in the Komsomol (Young Communist League, the Soviet Communist Party's youth arm), brought him into contact with the first of several men who shaped his career: Otto Kuusinen, a Finnish-born Communist. Kuusinen was an interesting figure in Soviet politics and it is worth examining some of his history and noting its effect on his young protege, Yuri Andropov.

Kuusinen was Communist Party boss in the Karelo-Finnish republic, the area just east of present-day Finland. This area has always been of some strategic importance to the Soviet Union, since it straddles Russian ports to the north and Leningrad to the south. Kuusinen was the man Stalin tried, unsuccessfully, to install as Communist leader of Finland during the war with Finland in 1940.

But Kuusinen's importance in Soviet history goes beyond that event; he was actually a significant reformist figure within the Soviet hierarchy. In 1934 he had argued with Stalin, insisting that there must be a "popular front" against Hitler, a strategy only belatedly (and successfully) adopted by Moscow. After the war, under the pseudonym of N. Baltiisky, he wrote articles favorable to European socialists, and even elliptically suggested in one article that Poland ought to be an independent state allied with the Soviet Union. These were heretical positions to Stalinist orthodoxy, but after the death of Stalin, Kuusinen emerged from the official shadows to become an important advisor to the Kremlin. By 1957, thanks to favorable notice by Khrushchev, Kuusinen was named a secretary in the all-powerful Central Committee and a full member of the Presidium.

These were impressive coat-tails, and Kuusinen's favorite protege, Andropov — already regarded as a shrewd up-and-comer — rode them. Indeed, Andropov punched all the right tickets: he was not only a protege of a man important in the leadership, but had also spent the war years in a key military post, organising guerrillas behind German lines. (A good record during what the Russians prefer to call the Great Patriotic War is a critical prerequisite for anyone aspirlng to leadership in the Soviet Union.)

The importance of Kuusinen was that he represented the chief force for reformist, non-dogmatic thinking in the Kremlin after the death of Stalin. One of his most significant acts was to appoint a group of "consultants" to advise him on policy. Kuusinen's choices were revealing: to head the group, he picked Fedor Burlatsky, then only 30 years old. Burlatsky, one of the leadership's leading intellectuals, was also one of its most prominent gadflies. He had been strongly in favor of democratisation in Soviet life and also sought to loosen the shackles of Stalinism from the Soviet media. Burlatsky's push to soften the rigid Soviet ideological straitjacket, especially during the years 1954 to 1957, coincided with Andropov's rapid rise in the Soviet elite, mostly in the foreign policy establishment.

The key event during that rise was Andropov's appointment as ambassador to Hungary, beginning in 1953. Considering the events of the time, notably the restiveness in the Soviet Union's eastern satellites, the ambassadorship to Hungary represented one of the Kremlin's most sensitive foreign policy posts. Andropov's role during the 1956 suppression by Soviet troops of the Hungarian uprising is not known with precision, but there is no doubt he had an important say in the decision-making process that finally moved Moscow to crack down. However, there is no doubt that Andropov remained the Kremlin's top expert on Hungary when he returned to Moscow in 1957 to take the important post of head of the Socialist Countries Department of the Central Committee. And in that position, Andropov no doubt had a great deal to say about the wide-ranging reforms, mostly economic, that were later carried out in Hungary and which have now made Hungary something of an anomaly among the Eastern European satellites: a relatively prosperous and stable state whose mix of state and private economies represents anathema to Marxist doctrinaires.

But the point is that it works. The Soviet Union has a stable ally on its western border, seemingly free of the political convulsions that wrack Poland to the north, and surely was the clinching argument in the debate over how to handle the nations of the eastern bloc — an argument that has preoccupied the Politburo for years.

The Hungarian episode offers one vital clue to Andropov's thinking. Another is the kind of people with whom he has allied, or with whom he has worked. Interestingly, all seem to fit into the general category of modern Soviet pragmatism, especially in foreign affairs.

For example, after the death of Andropov's first important mentor, Kuusinen, the group of consultants who worked for him were divided into two parts. One group went to the International Department of the Central Committee, and the second went to Andropov's Socialist Countries Department. The head of that particular group, Burlatsky, was replaced by another man picked by Andropov: Georgi Arbatov. The choice is interesting because since 1954 Arbatov had been openly advocating detente with the United States. Andropov could not have been unaware of Arbatov's political predispositions when he was selected to be the chief advisor on what were (and still are) the most critical foreign policy issues facing the Soviet Union. Moreover, the group of advisors chosen by Andropov also included Alexander Bovin (now an *Izvestia* columnist), and Oleg Bogomolov, head of an institute that studies the sensitive question of Eastern European economic reforms. Both men were known as reformist intellectuals. (When Andropov took over the KGB in 1967, Arbatov became Director of the Institute of the USA and Canada, a Soviet think-tank that analyses American policies and advises the Central Committee on Moscow-Washington relations. It is believed to have strong KGB connections.)

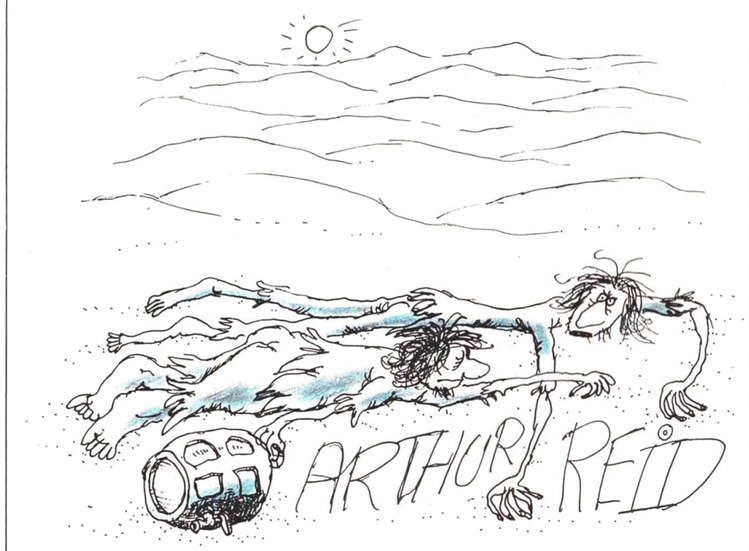
None of these people, however, could have established Andropov's star so strongly in the Soviet leadership firmament, especially after the death of Kuusinen. The real breakthrough came when Andropov wound up under the wing of an even more important connection in Moscow, Panyushkin. It is difficult to find a Western equivalent to a man like Panyushkin; he was everything. He worked on the Central Committee, the KGB, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and as ambassador to the United States, and had a long list of other jobs, not to mention his role as handler of Kim Philby.

Panyushkin's decision to make the middle-aged Andropov his personal protege may seem a curious choice, but it was composed of two factors. One was Panyushkin's desire to associate with sophisticated men of the world, the kind of people he was used to dealing with in the capitals of the West. These sort of people were in precious supply in post-Stalinist Russia, for the deadening effects of the Stalin years took a long time to wear off. Andropov, the product of Soviet diplomatic training, was and is smooth, intelligent and sophisticated. He is also cultured, and the combination seemed to appeal to Panyushkin.

Their close personal relationship included a shared love for gypsy music, which runs deep in the Russian psyche. It is a passionate, throbbing, unbearably sad kind of music that tears apart the soul; a typical song might be about a mother whose son has left her and who is now on her deathbed, pleading to see him for the last time. It is the sort of thing that Russians like to sit around and listen to while they get drunk on vodka, weeping as they listen to the stories of unrequited love and terribly sad deaths.

Interestingly, the greatest artist in that genre, Peter Leshchenko, was officially a "non-person" in the Soviet Union because he had emigrated to the West following the revolution of 1917. Nevertheless, the records of this great Russian balladeer were eagerly snatched up by Soviet officials working or visiting abroad. In the early 1950s, such recordings were one of the most valued possessions in the Soviet Union. People like Andropov and Panyushkin owned Leshchenko records, of course, but the typical Russian citizen didn't dare have such things lying around (even if he could somehow get them), for owning a recording of a performance by a "non-person" could mean severe trouble with the authorities.

With the sponsorship of Panyushkin and the high marks he earned for his work in Hungary, Andropov clearly was a man to watch. That was confirmed when Panyushkin, whose powers included decisions on the most important high-level appointments, chose Andropov as diplomatic trouble-shooter with a special mission to deal on the Central Committee's behalf with Yugoslavia during the early 1960s. Andropov's mission amounted to shuttle diplomacy; armed with the rank of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, he dealt with the troublesome Tito



"When the hell will your home brew be ready for drinking?"

COMRADE YURI

in trying to restore shattered Yugoslav-Soviet relations. Andropov's marked skills in public relations and diplomacy were on display, and Tito wound up liking Andropov, ending a long period of enmity between the two countries.

Andropov's success in calming troubled waters earned him high marks, particularly from the man who was writing the efficiency reports on men of Andropov's rank — Panyushkin himself. Besides his admiration for Andropov's skill, Panyushkin's affection for Andropov extended in another direction: they shared a common interest in foreign cultures and an admiration for certain Western values. The importance of this sort of professional-personal link in the Soviet elite cannot be exaggerated, for it is the power that fuels the entire leadership. For that reason, it is important to watch those links for clues to determining who has reached (or is about to reach) the top rungs. In Andropov's case, there was one unmistakable event signifying that he had "arrived". In 1960, he moved into the same apartment building occupied by Panyushkin and other luminaries of the Soviet elite, including Leonid Brezhnev. The striking thing about Andropov's apartment is that there is hardly a single Russian-manufactured item in it. Virtually everything is Western-made, and bears a strong resemblance to the digs of a typical Western businessman. It represents a very strange contradiction: the living quarters of one of the Soviet Union's top leaders appears to have been lifted whole from a Western apartment building, almost as though its owner lives in two different worlds.

The contradiction is even more striking considering Andropov's next major step up in the Soviet hierarchy following his diplomatic service — taking over the KGB. The KGB, whose work force of 50,000 people includes a vast network of agents, combines both internal security and overseas intelligence functions in one agency. To the average Russian, its domestic duties are the most obvious, since the KGB employs thousands of part-time informers (contemptuously called *stukachi,* or "squealers", by most Russians), who monitor internal dissent. The system is backed up by a huge mail and telephone surveillance operation. All of this is designed to enforce the KGB's mission of ensuring strict orthodoxy. The mission includes defence against so-called corrupt Western influences, which run the gamut from music to clothes to political ideas. Ironically, Andropov's own ideas and lifestyle stand as something of a monument to the very influences that the KGB is supposed to eradicate.

The contradiction might be lost on Andropov, who, like all other members of the Soviet hierarchy, operates on the principle that there are two standards in the Soviet Union — one for the leadership, the other for everybody else. This double standard was the least of the leadership's problems in the Sixties, for the fact is that the KGB had fallen on some very hard times in the years after Stalin's death. It was extensively purged of Beria influences following the rise to power of Khrushchev, who in 1958 got rid of KGB head Ivan Serov and replaced him with Aleksandr N. Shelepin, then head of the Young Communist League. The appointment of a non-professional to head a professional organisation was the first in a series designed to stamp party control over the secret police empire and ensure that it would never again become a power structure to rival the party, as was the case under Beria.

In the process, however, the KGB began to be torn apart, and by 1965 it was clear that something would have to be done. The KGB needed direction, an infusion of new ideas, and most importantly, talented leadership. In short, it needed a new director and a good one. The job fell to Yuri Andropov, and it was in that job that the son of a railroad worker made his mark, establishing himself as the preeminent equal among equals.

What did Andropov do? As noted earlier, he and his mentor Panyushkin had established a close relationship with Kim Philby, the British mole. In 1963, immediately upon his arrival in Moscow, Philby was taken in hand by a group of Central Committee luminaries, including Andropov. The group first set up Philby as deputy director of a newly-formed news agency called APN, basically a propaganda outfit. Philby's job was to devise new and more effective ways to deal with the United States and Western Europe in propaganda. Two years later, Andropov was formally handed the job of getting the KGB straightened out, and one of his first moves was to bring in Philby as one of his chief advisors. Simply, Andropov used Philby to tell him how the KGB should look and operate, especially in Western Europe and the United States, its two key target areas.

Andropov took Philby's ideas and wound up transforming an organisation with a frightful reputation into an omnipotent, omniscient, well-oiled machine, at least in terms of its public image among Russians. Andropov knocked the rough edges off the KGB, and in less than three years built its image into something like that enjoyed by the American FBI in the years before Watergate.

One important innovation in this transformation was Andropov's masterful use of the Soviet media to put a gloss on the KGB's image. Beginning in the late Sixties, Soviet movies and television began to feature spy stories — all involving the men of the KGB, of course. In a series of dramatised documentaries called *Shield and Sword,* Soviet television presented the stories of such famed Soviet agents as Dr Richard Sorge (who worked in Japan before Pearl Harbor and discovered that the Japanese had decided not to attack the Soviet Union) and Colonel Rudolf Abel (a top Soviet agent in the United States who was caught but later exchanged for U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers). Philby himself published a book of memoirs under KGB supervision.

"No, you can't be on the team!
Girls can't catch, throw, run, or fart like boys!"

The public relations campaign was a startling development, for any public discussion in the Soviet Union about the activities of its intelligence organs had long been considered unthinkable. (Equally startling was the issue by the Soviet Union of a postage stamp honoring Sorge.) The campaign to legitimise the KGB was a brilliant success: spy dramas were the most popular shows at the movies and on television, and they carried an important political message.

It was, simply, that the KGB was in the forefront of the hard battle against imperialism, that it had emerged from the dark Stalinist days and had now become the leading force in the fight against the crafty "imperialist forces" (for which read the United States and its Western allies). However cunning the enemy was, the KGB was even more cunning; they were (and still are) portrayed as highly sophisticated boxers, able to outwit the enemy because not only were they mentally superior, but more importantly they were ideologically and politically loyal to the Soviet state.

Actually, Andropov first became seriously involved with KGB matters in 1965, two years before his official appointment. He was among a group of high-ranking people of the Central Committee, including Brezhnev himself, who were taking a long look at the performance of not only the KGB but also the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and military intelligence (known as GRU). They did not like what they saw: things were in disarray, especially in China, which had become a sworn enemy of Moscow, and Africa, where Egypt had turned into a disaster for the Soviets. In effect the leaders discovered that they would have to overhaul the whole system, especially the KGB, to confront the realities of a changing world.

Unnoticed outside the small circle of the Soviet elite, major changes began to take place. The most important was that the Soviet Institute of International Relations, the training school for the cream of the new Soviet elite, began to be transformed into a cadre school for the KGB, with the majority of its students earmarked for intelligence work. This was a significant step, for the school was set up to give the best and brightest of the Soviet Union an entree into the rarefied world of Soviet diplomacy. Prior to this change, it was not considered a smart career move for the chosen elite to work for the KGB. There had been too many upheavals there and in that atmosphere of uncertainty, the organisation did not present an attractive future.

Andropov's reforms changed all that, to the point where the KGB became a highly desirable career goal. Obviously, the old days were over, the upheavals stopped, and where training in espionage tradecraft had once been paramount, now the emphasis was on languages, appearance, education, sophistication, and in-depth knowledge of various countries. Andropov was, in effect, making over the KGB in his own image.

For those in the KGB, Andropov appeared to be a welcome breath of fresh air. First, there was the dramatic improvement in training: where once a KGB man had been judged strictly on his ability as an agent — how well he could handle a microdot, for example — now he was being polished to be a sophisticated representative of the Soviet state, in many ways more a public relations man than an agent. Domestically, there was also a big change, especially in the way the average Russian came into contact with the KGB. To be sure, there was still the ubiquitous informer system, but the KGB domestic operations became more of a nuisance than a menace. (The exceptions, of course, were the dissidents, who have felt the weight of a strong KGB crackdown. For them, the KGB is an implacable foe.)

> Andropov's apartment, with its American stereo and its many Western books, is a testament to the paradox of the new Soviet leader

The Russian people were only vaguely aware of the power of Andropov. Many Russians somehow got the idea (perhaps fostered by Andropov) that he was a party man, even one of the intelligentsia, who happened to head up the KGB. The general perception of him was not as a secret policeman, but a sophisticated, intelligent man, a nice guy who is a golden boy of the Soviet elite; good old Comrade Andropov. Within the KGB itself, Andropov has become quite respected. One reason is that he has made it certain that KGB people are treated much better than anybody else — comparisons with Western economics are difficult, but a good standard is to remember that a KGB officer makes about three times what a Russian brain surgeon would earn, and perhaps five times an engineer's salary. And then there are the perks — KGB people can get free apartments, cars, priority for tickets to sporting and cultural events, and so on.

By 1977, when the KGB hierarchy gathered to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of the Soviet state, Andropov could congratulate himself on having achieved everything his party's mandate had expected of him: he had transformed the KGB into not only the world's largest intelligence organisation, but in the opinion of many, the world's best. The upheavals had been halted, the Soviet Union had almost reached the pinnacle of its power and influence in the world, and the future, if not free of potential problems, at least looked promising.

The same cannot be said today. Andropov will need all his skills to try to straighten out the mess he has inherited. The Soviet economy is tottering, plagued by mismanagement, corruption and waste. In foreign policy, Moscow is now living with the consequences of Brezhnev's adventurism in Afghanistan and Africa, not to mention the continuing problems of Cuba, Poland and China.

The people of the Western democracies, whose future depends to a great extent on who Andropov is and what he is all about, are now presented with the difficulty of dealing with a man who seems to have operated invisibly all these years. It is ironic that we understand so little about him, because he already knows a lot about us.

His Moscow apartment, with its American stereo equipment, its extensive jazz collection (Glenn Miller seems to be the most popular artist) and its many Western books, is a testament to the paradox of the new Soviet leader. Nobody, except for a very small circle of friends, has heard him discuss Western culture or shared his fascination with all things American.

Our so-called professional Kremlinologists say that these things are not so important . . . that it's not significant for us to realise that while Yuri Andropov is thinking about the issues of war and peace, he might also be listening to the jazz rhythms of Moonlight Serenade.

But, as usual, these professionals are wrong . . . and their lack of understanding (especially when combined with the current American administration's hawkish approach to the Soviet Union) may have tragic results. They — and all of us — must realise, very quickly, that the rise of this seemingly paradoxical figure, a man who straddles both of our cultures, an admirer of the society whose politics he purports to loathe, means that the world has already changed in ways more dramatic than we know.

BY MIKE KENT PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIMON CRITCHLEY

COLD STEEL

A blade is a man's best friend

In the offices of the Australian importers of Puma knives in the inner Sydney suburb of Chippendale, a small room has been set aside for the display of some of the world's finest blades. This softly lit, wood-panelled room is a shrine to cold steel. Taking pride of place in an immaculate, felt-lined glass display case is one of the most superb, and the single most valuable, blade in Australia — 10cm of handcrafted, quality stainless steel, inlaid with gold and set in an ornate ivory handle featuring a carved boar on one side and a running stag on the other. The knife, created to commemorate more than 12 centuries of involvement in the cutler's art by Puma's manufacturers, the Frankenberg family, is valued at well over $1000. It is a functional tool, a work of art, and for the majority of men who have purchased one of the limited edition of 734, a valuable investment.

The collection and custom production of knives like this one is a booming activity in many parts of the world, particularly in the United States, where hundreds of thousands of eager collectors patronise skilled craftsmen who know how to shape a few dollars worth of steel into a work of art. In knife collecting circles, names like Loveless, Moran and Randall are revered like Picasso's. Like some works of art, a quality blade's value can appreciate so fast that it proves to be a better investment than traditional stocks and bonds.

But in Australia, custom knife making and collecting is still an infant activity . . . restricted by the vast size of the continent and its limited population: two factors which haven't inhibited a small but dedicated band of local knife enthusiasts.

These collectors and craftsmen are attracted by the same mystique which has made a man's knife one of his most treasured possessions ever since the first caveman found how useful the sharp edge on a fragment of broken flint could be. From the caveman to the spaceman . . . modern man has not found a substitute for this ancient tool. A Case knife was included in the survival kits of all astronauts on NASA flights after 1965, when one was carried by Major Virgil Grissom and Navy Commander John Young. A glimmering, high-quality blade possesses a certain magic . . . it seems to have a life of its own. In Samurai legends, the knife that has tasted blood remembers, and thirsts for more.

There is something both sinister and reassuring about the simplicity and reliability of cold steel. Early American adventurers used the big Bowie knife as an axe, a club, a throwing knife and a regular fighting and game knife, and they retained their fondness for the blade even

COLD STEEL

after Colonel Colt's creation put an end to the need for a man to carve up his enemy at close quarters. They coined the saying: "A Bowie never misfires."

US servicemen carried that motto with them to Vietnam. Despite the technological sophistication of weaponry in Vietnam, the knife still played a vital role in some infantrymen's arms. Take the knife belonging to Captain George Ingram of the 94th Medical Detachment, for example. Ingram helped to design the Randall Model 18 attack-survival knife. It's 7½-inch blade had a sawtooth edge on top of the blade and a one-inch tubular stainless steel handle, fitted with a waterproof cap. The captain displayed remarkable ingenuity, turning this simple tool into a survival kit. After receiving the knife in the war zone he wrote: "I have wrapped the knife handle with one layer of nylon monofilament — to be used as fishing line — and will tuck a couple of hooks in the handle. At sea or in the jungle you can usually catch fish and eat them if you have the gear.

"Over that I have a small guitar string, which I propose to use in making snares for small animals. Fine music wire or black twine would be better, but we are limited by the availability of raw materials out here. Over the guitar string and monofilament goes a wrapping of surgical tape to keep the fine stuff from unravelling. On top of the tape I wrapped two regulation leather bootlaces of black rawhide (although alternate black and brown would make a nicer design) and used the ends to make a wrist thong — essential if you find yourself out on the water. This furnished a good handle and can also be unravelled for use if needed.

"The handle accommodates 12 water purification tablets, 10 dexedrine tablets and 10 one-half grain codeine pills with ease. These will enable a man to survive in the jungle for several days, ease the pain of injuries and — with the dexedrine — summon reserve energy for combat, escape and evasion, swimming water barriers etc.

"The water purification tablets will each handle one canteen full of swamp water and make it potable."

While Ingram valued the knife as a tool and a weapon, the collector appreciates the purity of form of sculptured steel. "The intrinsic beauty of the knife as an art form was what first motivated me to start collecting them," says Sydney doctor Robert Harrison, whose collection of more than 400 knives is valued at about $20,000. Harrison, whose best blades are kept in a bank vault for safety, has ordered most of his finest pieces from the USA or purchased special collectors' items from local importers of European brands like Puma. But he also has a few blades produced by the handful of Australian custom knife makers.

Most countries have a knife related to their culture and history. The Bowie knife is as American as apple pie. The Filipinos have developed the long, slim bolo knife for sugar cane and jungle work . . . there are endless examples of ethnic blades. Name a country and you can bet that it manufactures knives, be it China, Sweden, Switzerland, Brazil, Britain or Hong Kong: any country, that is, except Australia. This country imports all its knives — last year more than 474,800 general purpose blades and more than 670,800 pocket and folding knives, from a 50-cent Chinese jcb for your key ring to a high quality $200 Puma knife.

Knives are a multi-million dollar business. The knife's attraction as a valuable, portable, useful and usually beautiful object has made pilfering a major problem for local importers. However,

> The cases of knives were lined with tin to stop pilfering. But one had been opened. Inside it was a lot of dried blood and a finger

according to Sandy Angus, a director of Sheldon and Hammond (Australia's biggest knife importers), the knives have a built-in deterrent for those who want to steal them. "We have received sealed boxes of knives from Spain which, when opened, were found to be full of rocks," says Angus. "Once we got three cases of Joseph Rogers knives from England. The cases were lined with tin and welded to stop pilfering. But on arrival it was found they had been tampered with. One case had been opened. Inside it was a lot of dried blood and a finger. Those particular shipments have not been hit since."

While Australia imports more than a million knives every year, the handful of local custom producers engaged in mankind's oldest craft would not make more than 1000 knives annually. George Lee Sye, considered to be Australia's premier custom cutler, makes about 60 knives a year. Based until recently in Cairns, Lee Sye has worked with one of the top US exponents of the art, Bob Loveless, and has earned a reputation which allows him to charge up to $400 for some collectors' pieces. 47-year-old Lee Sye, a gunsmith by trade, has been making knives for more than a decade.

"I've always been a knife fanatic," he says, "ever since I was a boy and an American paratrooper gave me a knife." Lee Sye spent more than eight years refining the design of his most popular knife, the medium skinner, a four-inch drop point blade with what he describes as a power grip handle. It is a sleek and beautiful implement. "It looks pretty and it works pretty," says George, "and it is the biggest-selling custom knife in the Southern Hemisphere."

Why is a person willing to pay more than $100 for a custom knife, when he could probably find a perfectly useful mass-produced blade in a local sports store for half the price? That's like asking why someone is willing to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for an original Van Gogh when he could easily purchase a $5 print. Custom knives are unique and beautiful objects, and they are natural collectibles as a result of their intrinsic value.

"My blades are all hollow ground and made absolutely entirely by hand," says Lee Sye. "I begin with a bar of steel as it comes from the mill and form this into a blade of the desired shape. I heat treat, fit handle components, make sheaths and do everything personally. My aim is to influence other Australians into doing work in the field of cutlery of such a high standard that the making and collecting of knives becomes a recognised art form in this country," he concludes.

Lee Sye's inspiration comes from the United States, where there are more than 200 knife collecting clubs and hundreds of specialist craftsmen. As recently as 20 years ago, there were not more than 12 men in the USA who were making knives by hand. Knives are now a red-hot commodity, bought and sold like precious metal in what the Americans are calling "The Golden Age of Knifemaking."

Is the American blue chip blade boom reflected in Australia? Apparently not. Australia does not have one full-time custom knife maker. Every local cutler takes on work to support what is for the majority just a hobby. Lee Sye says that if he could find a market for 200 knives a year he could afford to work full-time, but at present there are just not enough Australian enthusiasts to support him.

Russ Gillard, another experienced knife maker who is based in Orange, agrees that there is not a big enough market for custom blades. Gillard, 36, is a sheet metal worker who made his first knife from an old hacksaw blade. Now he makes his highly attractive hunting knives from 440C steel imported from the USA. "Knives have always intrigued me," says Gillard. "A good knife should be like an extension of your hand. I have always appreciated

Continued on page 66

"How was I?"

KNIVES FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T NEED KNIVES

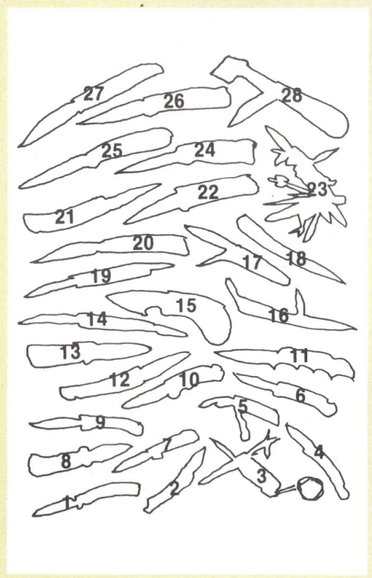
Who needs a knife? Everyone. You never know when your pocket knife is going to come in handy, whether it be to slice an apple, clean a pipe or fingernails, open an envelope or cut string. Some people have found their pocket knives more than just useful, like the man holidaying in Hong Kong who found himself locked inside his hotel room on a Sunday afternoon, long after the majority of staff had gone home. There was no telephone in the room, he was unable to alert anyone to his predicament from the sixth storey window, and he couldn't raise a soul with some loud and desperate knocking on the door. Just as he was beginning to resign himself to the fact that he was trapped inside until the next morning, he pulled out his pocket knife, found its screwdriver blade fitted the screws on the door handle, and was out to dinner a few minutes later.

The pocket knife purchaser is faced with a bewildering array of blades. At the top of the range are the quality German and American brands: the Gerbers, the Pumas and the Bucks. Some of the Japanese imitations are often only marginally less sharp and durable than their higher-priced counterparts and are generally quite adequate for the average urbanite.

The latest trend in pocket knives is towards a locking mechanism with a single blade — resulting in a safe, functional unit. What do you look for in a good pocket knife? First, the spring should be straight, and there should be no gaps between the handle and the inlay and the metal body of the knife. The blade, when closed, should be perfectly centred. There should be no "headache" — knifemakers' terminology for side-to-side movement of the blade. To test its fit, you can hold the blade with one hand and the handle with the other, then wiggle the blade laterally and check for movement. The blade should also "walk" — open smoothly — and "talk" — lock into position with a solid click — cleanly.

Blades are generally made with either high carbon or stainless steel. Carbon steel is relatively easy to work with, holds a good edge and can be sharpened easily. It makes a first-rate knife except for the fact that it will stain and rust, even with proper care. So for cosmetic reasons, these days many manufacturers are using stainless steel, despite the purists' claim that it is more brittle and harder to sharpen. The majority of knives on these pages are of stainless steel. The Schrade brand is one exception. The choice is yours when it comes to blades — carbon or chromium steel.

Herein is a selection of pocket knives — large and small, cheap and pricey, available from sports stores around the country.



Knives from Mick Smith's Sports Store, Sydney.

1 Buck 506 White Knight slimline drop point lock blade, stainless steel bolsters; $49.15
2 Schrade Uncle Henry carbon steel blade, nickel silver bolsters; $26
3 Kershaw 6500 key chain knife, blade plus folding scissors and nail file; $23.50
4 Kershaw Chum 2002 stainless steel blade, rosewood inlay handle; $15.80
5 Kershaw 5800L nail file bottle opener screwdriver; $22.40
6 Puma Gentleman hollow ground folding lock blade, jacaranda wood handle, brass bolsters; $59
7 Gerber Silver Knight 200A drop point lock blade, abalone shell handle; $37
8 Puma Four Star drop point stainless steel blade, jacaranda wood scales; $68
9 Puma nylon handle, clip point stainless steel blade; $38
10 Puma all stainless steel flat pocket knife; $68
11 Kershaw 1040 folding field knife, buffalo bone handle; $44.90
12 Buck 501 Esquire locking blade; $53
13 Gerber Paul 2PW drop point blade, patented axial locking mechanism; $104
14 Puma Junior two clip point blades, jacaranda wood scales, nickel silver bolsters; $58
15 Explorer Big Paw pistol grip Derringer, nickel silver bolsters; $20
16 Buck 703 three blade pocket knife; $40.50
17 Puma Pony two blades, staghorn scales; $73
18 Shrade Uncle Henry; $32.60
19 Puma Bantam two clip point blades, stainless steel, staghorn scales; $73
20 Shelham Silver Moose rosewood handle, brass bolsters, stainless steel clip point blade; $26
21 Excalibur 3277 packa wood handle drop point blade, nickel silver bolsters; $26
22 Gerber 7108 bolt action folder with ivory-colored Rylite handle; $49.50
23 Wenger Swiss Army knife — world's smallest tool kit; $50
24 Western 9533 stainless steel clip point blade with lock; $32
25 and **26** Western collectors' edition, 2000 sets produced, stainless steel blades; $194
27 Shrade Oldtimer staglon handle locking clip point, carbon steel blade; $32
28 Novelty knife — cherry tree chopper, with cherry wood handle, nickel silver bolsters; $20

COLD STEEL

Continued from page 62

their functional aspect. A knife is a compact, functional object with a purpose."

Gillard makes about 20 knives a year, putting more than 20 hours of work into each blade, and charging only about $100 for an average knife with a densified wood handle and brass bolsters. Many of his customers keep coming back with suggestions for improvements for their particular blades, so he finds he is fine tuning his designs for the needs of individuals and Australian conditions. Most of our game, with the exception of deer, is particularly thin-skinned, and Gillard's blades are designed with that in mind, allowing the hunter to work on game with his knife in an inverted position. The thumb rest is underneath the blade, which allows the hunter to make running cuts in his quarry's hide.

"I'd like to be making about 70 knives a year," says Gillard, "but unfortunately the custom knife boom in the United States has not carried over here. I think Americans have become a little tired of mass-produced things and have developed an appreciation of handcrafted objects, while Australians are still attracted to manufactured goods."

While Gillard and Lee Sye are probably two of the country's best known cutlers, there are others making quality knives: the Hertzfeld brothers and John Stapleton in Adelaide, Neil Johnston and Peter Brown in Sydney. Brown, a meticulous craftsman, works out of a shed in his backyard in Ryde making a variety of blades, from fishing and hunting knives to the big blade pictured on page 60, a hollow ground, double-edged fighting knife with ivory micarta handle and brass guard. Brown discovered the craft of knifemaking when he went bow hunting in south-west Queensland with an acquaintance who had a knife which he had made himself. "It never occurred to me that you could make your own, but when I saw that one, I thought I'd have a go."

Like Gillard, Brown imports 440C steel from the US, as well as the imitation ivory micarta used for handles, although he also uses ebony, mulga and densified wood for the scales. Australian cutlers are limited to a certain extent by the materials available to them. In the US some makers have moved on to space age steel — 154 CM, which was developed for use in jet engines. The people who use it say it is better than either the carbon or stainless types. Then there is Damascus steel, which is generally considered to be in a class of its own. Produced by painstakingly combining high and low carbon steel, Damascus makes an extraordinary-looking blade which will take an edge and hold it better than any material known.

While some regard cold steel as a work of art, for others it is a weapon: the most accessible lethal and legal weapon in the Western world. While the anti-gun lobby expresses rage at the high fatality rate of firearms, the fact is that knives maim and kill more people than guns do. More often than not the weapon is a normally innocuous household utensil — a breadknife in the hands of an enraged and vindictive housewife, or a carving knife, whipped out of the drawer on impulse and gripped in a drunken husband's white-knuckled fist. No murderer in the history of modern man has created such a sense of revulsion as Jack The Ripper. The knife is an object of primal terror. The sight of a sharpened blade can send a shudder down your spine, like the sensation you feel when you stumble across a snake.

The frequency of the use of knives as weapons is revealed in Australian police statistics. In NSW in 1981, police arrested

> The knife is an object of primal terror. The sight of a sharpened blade can send a shudder down your spine

44 people for murder with a sharp implement, as opposed to 41 arrests for murder with firearms during the same period. There were twice as many arrests for assault by either knifing, stabbing or slashing as there were for assaults with firearms in the same year. Police arrested 450 people for assault with knives in NSW in 1981.

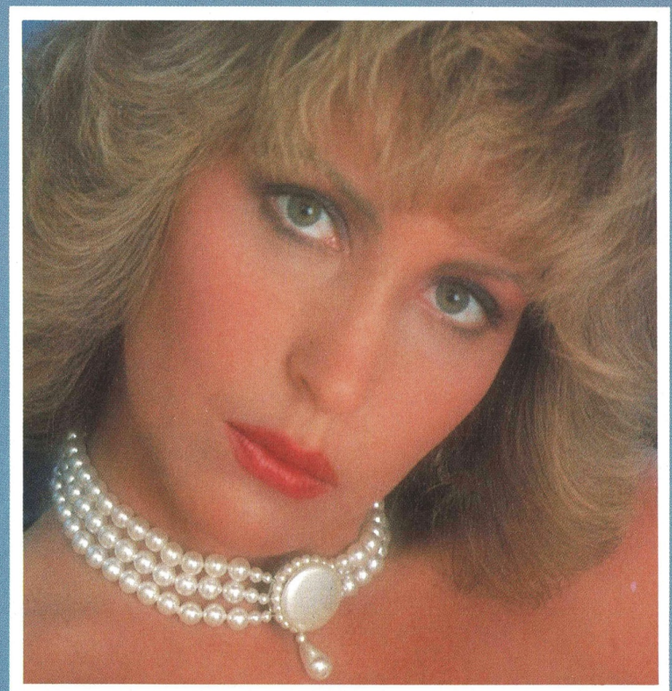
Both police and customs departments have restrictions on certain types of blades in an attempt to curtail the use of knives as weapons, but they are fairly futile gestures. Most of the regulations concern the prohibition of concealed blades. The Federal Customs Bureau prohibits the importation of daggers — defined as sharp pointed implements with either a flat blade with a cutting edge on both sides, or a thin pointed needle-like blade. Some manufacturers get around the restriction on double-edged blades by adding serrations to one side, which makes the blade a legal import but a more deadly weapon. Customs also prohibits the importation of flick knives — folding knives whose blade springs open when a button is pressed.

State police departments also prohibit flick knives and a variety of other sharp implements. The NSW Police do not allow possession of walking sticks or canes with a concealed blade, riding crops with a stiletto in their stem or belt buckles which have a hidden blade. Despite these restrictions, knives are still common concealed weapons, and a number of thin, single-bladed lock folding knives on the market appear to have been designed specifically to slip between a victim's ribs. One importer of this particular style of blade was reticent about the precise numbers imported every year, but said the figure was something like dozens of thousands.

What does it feel like to be on the receiving end of a sliver of sharpened steel? Every time he looks down and sees the scars on his gut, Bob Cooper flashes back to the moment he felt a knife slice through his flesh and into his intestines. These days Bob is a sedate family man, a motor mechanic in his late twenties. But when he was too young to know better, like a lot of kids in Sydney's outer western suburbs Cooper succumbed to peer group pressure and tested his macho mettle in spontaneous street fights with rival adolescents from a nearby suburb. Bob takes up his story.

"The drug scene was happening in those days, and there were a lot of rip-offs and a lot of guys looking for revenge. We used to hang around at the local pub, and then at the leisure centre at the shops afterwards. I was on my way back to the leisure centre after the pub closed one night to meet a girl called Linda. I was driving fast and I was full of suds. A cop car checked my erratic driving style as I was going through an intersection; I was lucky enough to lose him, and as soon as I was out of sight, I ditched the car and started running. After I was sure the police had gone, I started walking through the back streets towards the leisure centre. Then a dark-colored Torana drove past me and a couple of guys in the back yelled abuse at me. I was pretty drunk, and I replied. They stopped, two of them jumped out and one of them took a swing at me. I tried to grab him, but before I knew what was happening the other guy pulled a knife and stabbed me in the stomach.

"I was in a state of shock. He pulled the blade out and slashed it across my stomach a couple of times. Then they both started laughing and took off. The whole thing only took about 40 seconds. I didn't feel anything for a few minutes. Luckily it wasn't far to the leisure centre. When I got there I looked down and saw I was covered with blood. I panicked and collapsed. I thought I was going to die. The doctor said I was extremely lucky. If the knife had gone in any deeper, there would have been severe complications. My advice to anyone who has a knife pulled on them is — run." ○

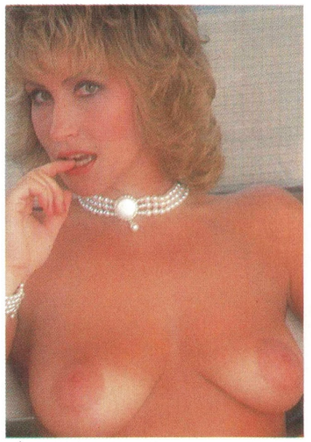


SHAH

HOT PROPERTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

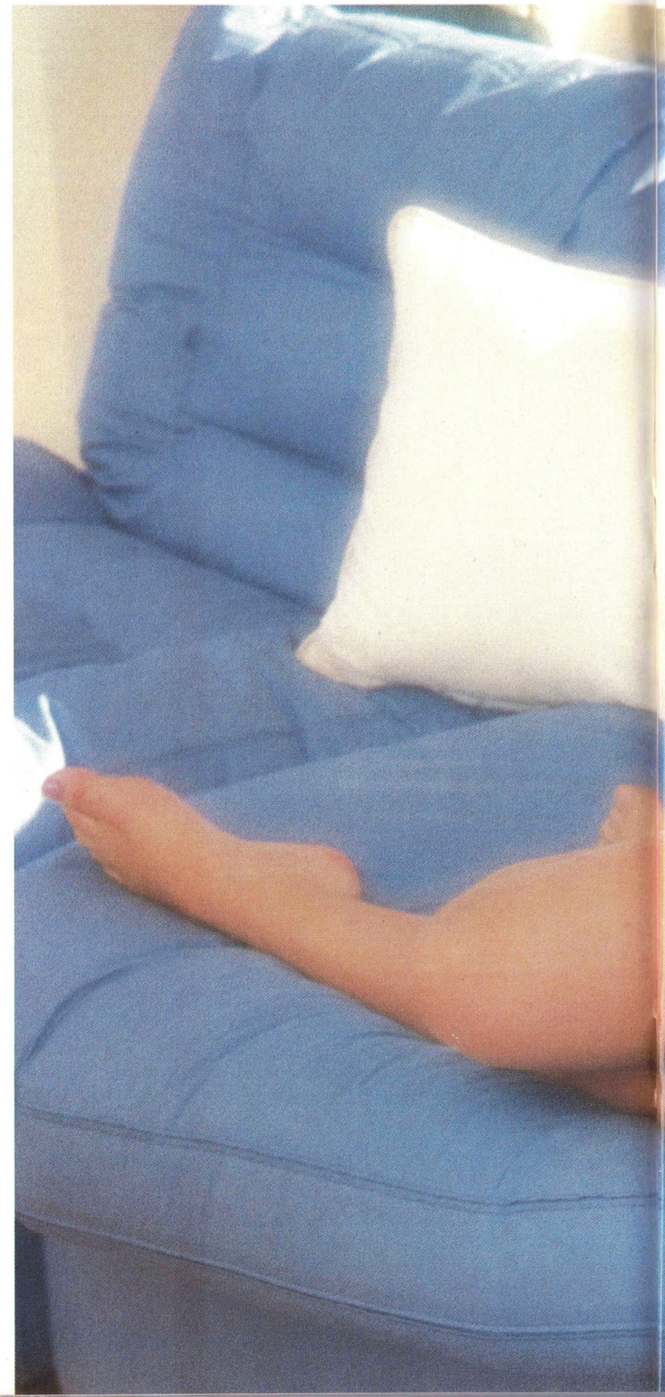
It's a sad fact that many small businesses have been going broke in recent times, but our Pet of the Month Shah McCarthy is confident that if the bottom ever falls out of her line of work, a hell of a lot of people will stand up and cheer. Petite Shah models bikinis and lingerie in Brisbane and that bottom, indeed the whole of her shapely 34-24-33 figure, ensures that ladies' frillies remain a hot property in the Sunshine State.



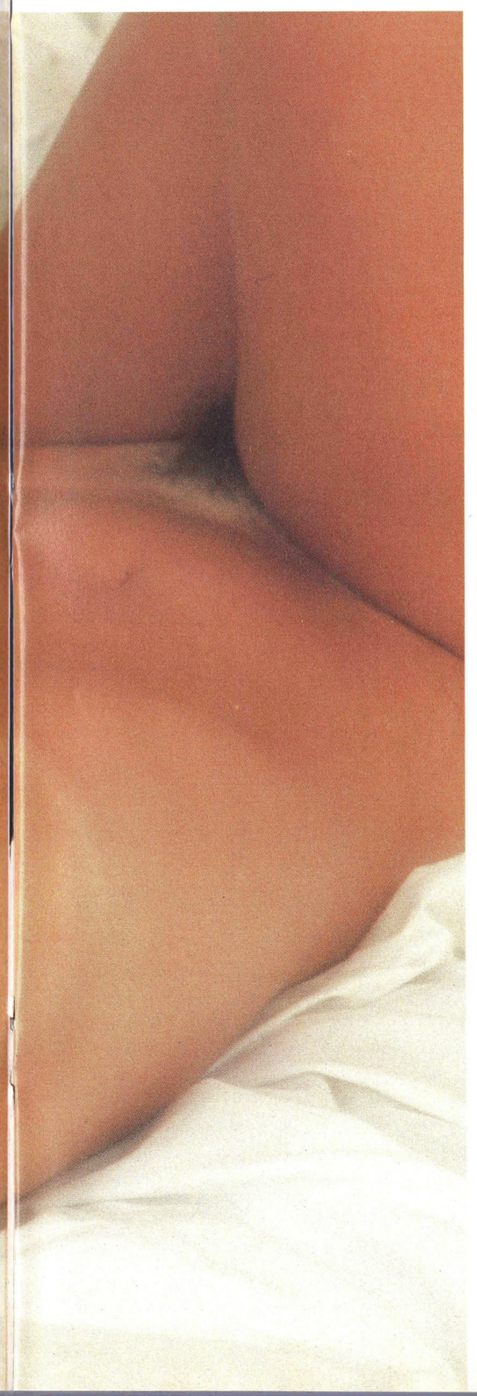
Shah doesn't just model these sexy garments, she organises the whole parade shebang. That includes choosing the articles to be worn by herself and several other models, choreographing dance steps, selecting music and also taking booking calls from the venues clamoring for Shah's chic travelling circus.

"It's hard work but it's also a lot of fun," she says. "Sexy underwear and nightwear are so important in making a woman feel and look her best. Many women won't buy glamorous nightwear because they reckon they'll have to take it off in bed anyway, but men love women in erotic lingerie and I know it feels great to be pampered in something really gorgeous."

Shah was born 24 years ago in Malaysia, the daughter of a military family. She grew up in Brisbane and that's where she plans to stay. "Queensland's home. I love its pace, its people and most of all its sunshine," she says. An animal lover, Shah shares her Brisbane home with her two dogs, Rajah and Duke.



When it comes to inviting men into her life, Shah applies her tried-and-true Triple S formula. "The man for me should be spunky, sincere and successful," she explains. "And if you think that's a tall order, wait for my favorite sexual fantasy — I'm swimming naked in crystal waters with Tim Finn of Split Enz to the right of me and Mel Gibson to the left. Talk about the valley of the dolls — I don't know which way to turn but on."



MISS SHAH McCARTHY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

3500 deliberately-lit fires were reported to police last year. An estimated $900 million was paid out in insurance. The arson "industry" is running hot

THE FIRE BUG

BY DAVID HALPIN

There's an old truism that crime can be seen as a rational response to poverty; and in Australia today, with the depression moving us faster towards poverty than politicians can submit travelling allowance claims, more and more people are turning to the hottest crime of all — arson.

It's a practice with powerful appeal to the amateur and professional alike. For the amateur, it offers the easy way into criminal enterprise with no training period required — as opposed to, say, safe-cracking, or the many other criminal skills usually learned from old hands in the state's prisons. For the professional, it dangles the most enticing bait for any crime — little chance of being caught. And for both, arson promises the ultimate bonus — large profits extracted from those faceless and unpopular corporations, the insurance companies.

With the Ned Kelly syndrome still burning deep within the Australian psyche — with big business, governments, and police seen as The Enemies of the People, and little moral censure attaching to the ordinary Aussie who takes them on — arson is still considered in many areas to be rather like selling some marijuana to your mates. Technically it's illegal, but it's not the sort of crime which would turn you off having a beer with the perpetrator, unless perhaps someone was killed or injured in the blaze or the job was being carried out for the "heavies" of organised crime. The fact is that arson has now become one of the major growth areas in Australian crime, costing the big insurance companies an estimated $200 million to $900 million a year, depending on whose figures you accept in an industry which, believe it or not still knows very little about the crime which is consuming insurance company profits faster than flames roaring through a "torched" building.

Arson has an appealing simplicity for the businessman watching his company go out backwards: pay an extra premium, run down the stock, hire a professional "torch", take a brief holiday while the job is done, and come back for the payout cheque from the insurance company. While in some cases it is still literally as easy as that, gradual changes are occurring which do increase

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TANDY ROWLEY

FIRE BUG

the risk, or make the payout much harder to extract from the insurance company's computer.

The first thing which strikes an inquirer into the Australian arson scene is the lack of response by the bodies who suffer most — the big insurance companies. Only now, after decades of complacency, are they looking to new technology to help them beat the "torches" and their numerous clients. Only now are they trying to create a data bank to winkle out the bad risks in the business — the names which, amazingly, crop up in a wide range of insurance claims, and yet are allowed year after year to insure their property for a relatively paltry premium before burning it down and collecting the payout.

One major Sydney insurance investigator tells of a man who claimed for the *same* fire with three different companies — and was paid out by all of them. None of the firms had any way of cross-checking the claim with its rival companies, yet such a seemingly simple precaution would have saved them hundreds of thousands.

In fact the more one looks into the booming arson industry — and make no mistake, it's an industry, prospering despite the deepening depression — the more one gets the impression that for decades a parade of not-too-bright criminals have been digging regularly into a bottomless honey pot, a great reservoir of easy cash regularly topped up by higher and higher premiums levied by the companies on the honest blokes like you and me who never make a claim from one year's end to the next.

If anyone doubts that arson isn't the best criminal rort now going, let them consider the Australian statistics. Last year there were 3500 deliberately lit fires reported to police; of the 160 people charged with lighting those fires, only 83 were convicted; there was an overall clear-up rate of *eight* percent.

In summer, brigades attend at least one deliberately-lit school fire each fortnight

And it's clear that "clearing up" doesn't necessarily mean charging anybody (let alone convicting them), but just knowing who did it. Typically, the arson investigation collapses when part-way through their inquiries police discover that the insurance company has paid out — almost a presumption of innocence by the firm that writes the cheques, but more likely a desire to write off the problem because of the effort and expense involved in convicting the perpetrator. The arsonist may get a light sentence anyway, and of course a lot of potential clients may be put off if an insurance company receives continuous publicity by fighting its claims in court. Many would-be insurers want to deal with a company which doesn't appear hesitant about forking out if the worst happens.

Information on arson is scarce and often unreliable. For example, some people tell you it only costs Australia $200 million a year, yet experienced investigators laugh at that figure and say it's more like $900 million — or that nobody really knows. The available figures do show arson's recent dramatic rise. The Insurance Council of Australia says that in NSW in 1975, 5.08 people per 100,000 were affected by arson. By 1981 the figure had risen to 20.82 people per 100,000. That's a massive 4000 percent jump in anyone's language.

And arson is certainly bigger than one of the most lucrative areas for organised crime — the NSW registered club scene. Although the clubs are annually "skimmed" of scores of millions of dollars by poker machine cheats, crooked staff and organised crime figures in management, their pay-out is way below the millions to be made with less risk in organising and setting fires for profit. On top of the mountain of money which pours into the pockets of arsonists, there's another factor — the number of people who die inside burning buildings which have been torched for profit. Most professionals try to ensure that a building is empty before they light the blaze which eventually consumes it, but they can't always be sure — and a life or lives is lost along with lots of money from the insurance company.

More than 20 people have died in deliberately lit fires in NSW during the past year, although a few of those were not set for profit but to get at the people inside their homes.

Other curious facts emerge during any inquiry into arson. In NSW, there was *no* police Arson Squad until November 1981, with successive governments side-stepping neatly whenever insurance companies pointed to the lack of investigative facilities. Now there is an eight-man Arson CIB Squad under Det-Sgt Mick O'Brien; clearly a case of gross understaffing, which leaves only a handful of men to investigate the fastest growing crime of the last three decades, taking into account days off and sick leave.

This reluctance by politicians and police to tackle the problem properly is of great concern to Mr Max Pallavicini of the insurance industry's relatively new Standing Committee on Arson in NSW. He is gravely concerned that arson is rocketing out of control, and says it is the community which has to pay, because huge losses from arson claims force the companies to create a rising spiral of premiums.

Although Mr Pallavicini welcomes the new Arson Squad and says they are doing their best, he would like to see established a national fire standards reporting system, which records and analyses each suspicious fire — a system now operating in the United States. He claims the Federal Government's razor gang blocked attempts last year to bring about such a system in Australia. It seems incredible that government cutbacks prevented the establishment of the very basis of any effective anti-arson program, because meaningful statistics and records are the obvious foundation.

According to Mr Pallavicini, the next requirement after basic statistics and records is a series of efficient and mobile arson squads. In 1980, he says, there were 1073 suspicious fires in NSW with no arson squad at all; this year in NSW the figure was probably 2000, with only those eight detectives to probe the blazes. He also points out that the average arson case takes longer to investigate than a murder.

Apart from the eight full-time detectives on his team, Det-Sgt O'Brien can also call on five temporary police for assistance, and he's trying to instruct other general duties detectives to be more aware of the possibility of arson when they attend fires. He agrees that arson is extremely hard to investigate because of lack of evidence. Often his men are called in days after the fire brigade has extinguished the fire, and any clues are hard to find.

O'Brien can also call on the services of the CIB Scientific Squad, but private investigators working for the major insurance companies claim their equipment is primitive in relation to some of the sophisticated methods now used to start fires.

A prominent Sydney investigator has

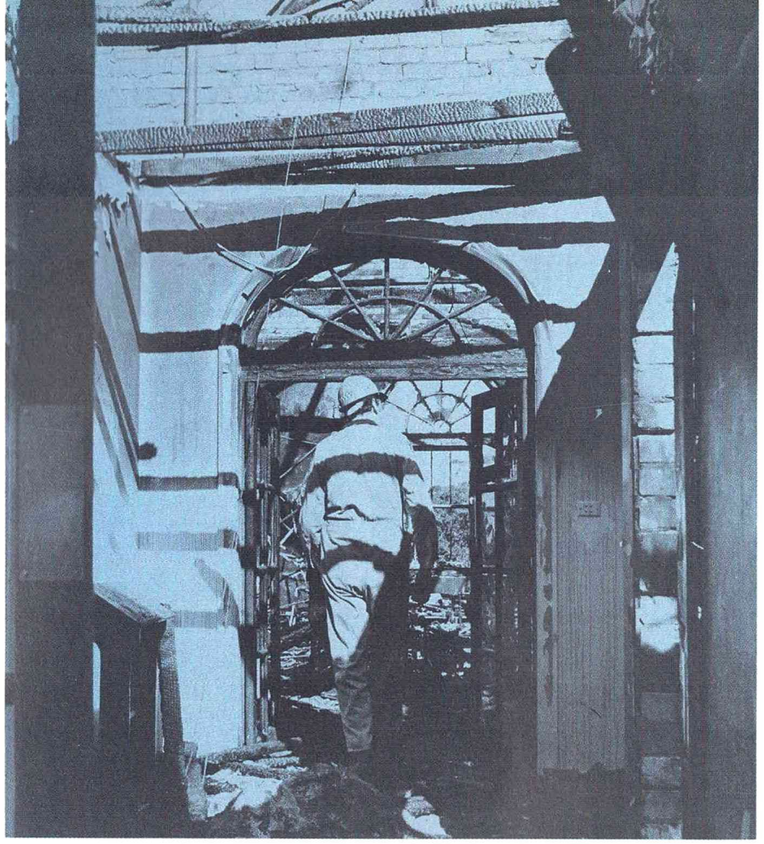
The Man of The Match

BY WILLIAM ROYAL

A professional torch can be found in just about any Australian hotel. Either the guy who sells the warm TV sets or the SP bookie or the card players will almost certainly know someone who will burn a house, car, warehouse or shop for a share of the insurance claim.

Penthouse found a torch in a hotel simply by asking and being patient for a week. John is 28 and looks like a fairly well-heeled surfer — the type of bloke you'd expect to own a healthy business and spend a lot of time on the beach. He doesn't regard his arson jobs as a livelihood and was more than happy to talk about what he sees as "profitable fun", once he was convinced his identity would not be disclosed.

Penthouse: How old were you when you did your first professional "job"?
John: I was about 22. I'd been knocking off bikes and cars here and there and a guy at the pub asked me to steal his car, for the insurance. It wasn't worth anything to me for parts, so I took it out to Kurnell and threw a bit of petrol inside it, and up it went.
Penthouse: Are all your jobs insurance jobs? Do you do any for fun?
John: Nearly all of them are for insurance. I don't want to hurt anyone, or burn some poor bastard's car just for a laugh.
Penthouse: What sort of people hire you to do jobs for them?
John: All sorts. Young birds who can't afford payments, blokes who've bought a dud car, shopkeepers going broke . . . They're mostly really straight.
Penthouse: They don't see themselves as criminals?
John: No, not one of them.
Penthouse: What about you?
John: I suppose some of them think I'm a heavy, but most would think of me as just a bloke doing a favor that's going to help them out a real lot. I'm not a crim like the blokes who work for the car rings or do jobs for the big boys around the Cross. Jesus, the insurance companies rip everyone off — insurance is just legalised gambling with the house covering the odds so heavily, they're the real crims. No-one thinks getting something back from an insurance company is a crime.
Penthouse: Have you ever thought the police might see it differently if they caught you?
John: There's not much chance of that. I've had a few chases when I've been on a hot bike, and once in a car, but you can always outrun cops. Not many of them are good drivers and they haven't got a chance if you know the area and have got a place lined up to get rid of a car.
Penthouse: How are you paid?
John: Depends on the job. A car for a mate would be 10 percent of the insurance claim, after the job's done. For the riskier ones like shops and warehouses, 25 percent — half in advance, half when the job's done.
Penthouse: What was the biggest job you've done, and how much did you get for it?
John: It was a warehouse. I won't give you the address . . . I got 15 grand for it.
Penthouse: How did you do it?
John: Well, I don't want to give you all the details; could be a bit iffy. But houses, warehouses and shops always have something inflammable laying around, whether it's acrylic fabric, petrol or kero. Cigarettes and an ashtray and you're in business. I've used just petrol and a match a few times, and a heater and curtains in a couple of houses. Cars are the most fun. I knock off the car, park it somewhere safe for a week, like near a big block of flats in the western suburbs where no-one notices another Holden, and that gives it time to get off the top of the police list. Then I'll just pick it up one night, take it somewhere pretty quiet and burn it. Cars go up great. I nearly got done by a VW once; they go off like TNT.
Penthouse: Do you stay and watch?
John: Oh yeah, always . . . sometimes from a fair way away, but usually a crowd gathers and you're pretty right in a crowd.
Penthouse: You're sure you're not a pyromaniac? Do you get a sexual thrill out of it?
John: Oh, piss off. It's fun, a few laughs. There's danger and excitement in it, for sure, but I don't stand around wanking over it. Jesus, I get a lot of money for it as well as getting at those grey-suited bastards.
Penthouse: Do you ever work with someone?
John: Only for alibis. I might go to a pub with a few mates or some birds near where a job is, and then duck out, do it and get back and say: "Shit, you ought to see this car burning down the road," and we'll all go out and have a look. It's different every time, but it's easy enough to arrange.
Penthouse: Will you ever retire?
John: If I'm ever caught that'll be the end of it. Although I reckon if I am, I won't go to jail. I've got a clean record and they wouldn't put me away first time for conning an insurance company.



Combing a gutted building for clues . . . arson is harder to investigate than murder

FIRE BUG

virtually despaired of the expertise available to the police, and now uses a team of private scientists with the most modern gear.

"Just to illustrate," he says, "a few weeks ago we had a suspicious fire in an Eastern Subúrbs mansion. I believe the person involved had the fire set by a 'torch' because he desperately needed a lot of money as a down-payment on the huge sums of money he owed to some very heavy bookmakers around this town. He hit the insurance company for several hundred thousand, including incredible amounts for his wife's dresses and bikinis. When the company got suspicious they checked with the fire brigade and the local police, who told them the fire was caused by an electrical fault, a burnt out component in a TV set.

"They called me in after a few days, and I had the scientific boys check it out. They proved it was impossible for the TV set to have caused it. Using the latest gear, they showed the presence of hydrocarbons, indicating that a petrol-based material had been used to start the fire.

"For years the fire brigades have been putting fires down to electrical faults, but the scientific people tell me it's almost impossible for an electrical fault to start a fire, particularly in TV sets, because they're now designed so that the fuse burns out quickly and the power is cut off. In fact, one scientist got a blowtorch and trained it on a wooden joist to prove to me that it wouldn't catch alight, but would just char and go black — so how does a fire in a TV set, even if it happens, set fire to surrounding material?

"I use the same scientific people for all my investigations now. With them I have a good chance of finding out how the fire started. I'm afraid fire brigades are very good at putting out fires, but they aren't good at discovering what caused them."

In this case, after the investigator showed the scientific report to the local detectives and the Arson Squad, police moved quickly to confirm what the investigator had found out. The insurance company refused to pay out the enormous claim, challenging the claimant to take civil action, where the onus would be on him to prove he had nothing to do with the fire being set deliberately. The man was later charged for a number of offences, including fraud.

The move by the insurance company to challenge the claim is a relatively new tactic, increasingly employed over the past three years and becoming more successful in beating the arson cheats. The investigator says it is much easier to prove in a civil court the probability that the claimant was involved in setting the fire, than to prove in a criminal trial beyond doubt the claimant's guilt.

This stiffer resistance by the insurance companies may be unsettling to the small businessman who "torches" his own premises, but it's not an insuperable obstacle for the professional teams. They set it up so that even the best investigators find it difficult to show that the insurer had anything to do with the blaze.

Typically, agents for the torches — people working in insurance companies, banks, or real estate firms — pick out a prospective client and approach him. The conversation probably goes something like this: "Look, I've noticed from my position that you aren't doing too well these days — why don't we arrange a convenient fire for you?"

If the potential client agrees, the torch surveys the job, after making sure the client knows that commission will be 20 percent off the top of the insurance claim, with a deposit before the job is done.

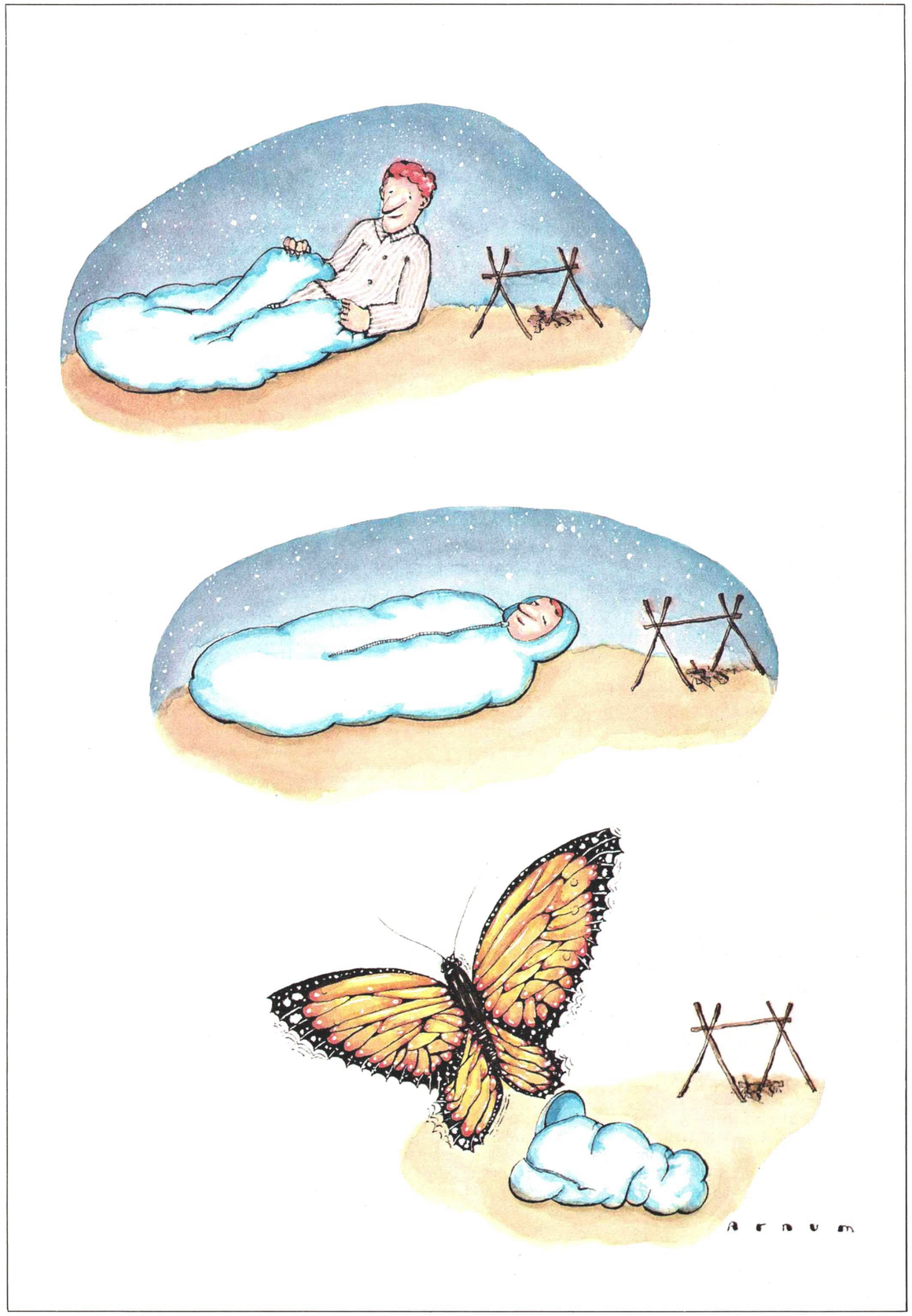
On the appointed day, the client is told to fly interstate on business, or set up a cast-iron alibi in case an investigation does take place. The torch has a variety of ways to set off the blaze. If it's a large modern building he'll use magnesium to ensure enough heat to get the fire well established; if it's something smaller, like a house or small business premises, a fuse into some combustible material normally found on the premises is usually enough.

Sometimes various chemical combinations are used to start the blaze, although many professionals use old tricks such as pointing an electric radiator at a pile of inflammable material, turning it on and leaving. Others, more sophisticated, set a time switch or even leave a device which turns itself on by a telephone call, giving the torch the same foolproof alibi he has extended to the client. Some torches are now using radio signals to switch on incendiary devices.

Many old favorites are still used, although newer scientific detection methods increase the risks. For example, a long-time favorite is the paint tin of petrol sitting in a saucepan of boiling water on the stove. When the water boils, the petrol vapor flows over the rim of the paint tin and on to the gas or the element, and "whoof": someone is well on the way to making a dollar almost as fast as "Mr Millions", the famous Sydney counterfeiter of a decade ago who churned out some great bodgie banknotes.

The real problem facing police, investigators and the insurance companies is that arson is so *easy* even though it must be added that this article is not designed to encourage the firebug element or the petty crim who wants to change his Modus Operandi.

Modern furniture in homes, equipment in businesses, and all the normal accoutrements in a building are an open invitation to arson because today's average



FIRE BUG

house or shop — with the notable exception of large office buildings — burns with a blazing ferocity within minutes of the arsonist touching off a fire. As Sydney has recently seen in the Kings Cross area with a spate of deaths in dangerous old boarding houses and private hotels, it's a miracle more buildings don't go up in flames even by accident, let alone by design.

On the other hand, some attempts to defraud the insurance companies wind up as examples of black comedy. One investigator recalls how two Lebanese brothers running a small business making religious statues decided to increase their profits by having the stock destroyed. First of all, they tried to push a cow through the front door of the converted house so the beast would become the proverbial bull in a china shop, but the plan went awry when the bovine bulldozer wouldn't fit through the door.

They then decided to fire the building, firstly with a radiator aimed at the carpet, but the next-door neighbor noticed the smoke and called the fire brigade, which arrived before much damage was done. Then they splashed petrol over the walls and curtains to speed up the process, but again the fire brigade was too quick.

Finally, on the third attempt, they burned down the statue factory. But the insurance company called in the private scientists, who discovered hydrocarbons and refused to pay out the $50,000 claimed for the ruined statues.

The brothers persisted, and after three years the case went to a private arbitrator. He upheld the insurance company's right not to pay out on suspicious circumstances. The brothers lost the claim, their premium and their legal costs, but unlike other offenders who'd tried to pull off a $50,000 robbery — for that's exactly what it was — no police action was taken against them.

Later, they tried to take a number of insurance companies for workers' compo claims, burnt-out houses with mink coats inside, and shops which happened to be carrying piles of new expensive stock when destroyed by fire. But even though they lost the first case, the force of the law didn't descend upon them.

Investigators have a dangerous task when they look into some of the arson cases organised by the "heavies" of Australian organised crime. Most say they have had "contracts" put out on them when torches have learned that a fire involving a major claim is under investigation.

"We take notice when we hear of the contracts," says one leading Sydney investigator. "After all, we can cost a torch a lot of money, and as we are often also the witness in a big case, it would make sense to get rid of us." He says he knows of no prominent investigators who've been murdered in the course of their inquiries, but naturally he can't speak for the scores of "investigators" who continually offer their services at cut-rate prices to the big insurance companies. It's quite possible that some of these people have been "sent off", as the crims say, or at least warned off cases.

Some of Sydney's biggest organised crime names crop up repeatedly in discussions with police and arson investigators. Recently a series of fires swept through gay bars in Sydney's Oxford St, and police believe two of Sydney's "Mr Big Enoughs" had fallen out over who should control the profits.

Investigators say the most successful torches operate in the ethnic communities, where language problems make inquiries unrewarding. "Many people arrive in Australia, buy a business in an ethnic area — say in the inner suburbs of Sydney or Melbourne — and then when it fails to produce a heavy profit, they are easy targets for the torch's agents," according to investigators. "There's usually a lot of agents in the ethnic communities who circulate like vultures, seeing who's going bad. Just look at the huge number of fires recently in the Sydney suburbs of Redfern and Newtown, where one street full of small businessmen became so notorious that insurance companies wouldn't insure them, even at ridiculous premiums.

"When we go to make inquiries, the person who's made the claim just says he can't speak English, and you can imagine the time-consuming process of investigating with an interpreter. The same thing applies with documents. If we ask for some tax returns to prove he has shifted the amount of stock he's claimed for, he just says the books went up in the blaze. That's why it's such an attractive crime for amateurs and professionals alike.

"Look at cars — insurance companies don't even bother to check them out; it's not worth the cost. The companies are sitting ducks for somebody who insures a boat or car for more than it's worth, then has a friend or a professional set it alight.

"There's virtually no risk, You can organise such a deal in any public bar in Sydney."

This is probably why the insurance companies are concentrating on trying to cut down the arsons in buildings. They realise the fight is hopeless in the car and boat area.

One ray of hope for the industry is the Federal Government's proposed crime commission to investigate organised crime on a nation-wide basis. Because so much arson is linked to the organised crime leaders, this offers some chance of at least collating and cross-indexing arson intelligence — the first step in any modern approach to organised crime.

Jane Evans, chairman of the Insurance Resource Commission on Arson, says reliable intelligence is critical to any progress against arson.

"In the arson war, collecting information is half the operation. In the past the insurance industry has adopted a defeatist attitude to arson losses," she comments. Evans suggests that a Federal Crime Commission should include in its terms of reference arson as one of the major areas of organised crime.

Also, according to Evans, legislation must be introduced to allow full exchange of information on arson investigations. New laws should also be passed to allow companies to use civil proceedings to sue for damages and legal costs where they take on suspected arsonists.

"There should be universal procedures for estimating the cost of damage in arson cases," she says. Reassessment of the current concept of indemnity, and the "moral hazard" it creates, should also be attempted. Another suggestion is for a detailed insurance proposal form to allow better identification of arson warning signs. The stakes in the battle against arson are enormous — one in every four property fires in Australia is deliberately lit. However, because of the usual severity of such fires, they cause 50 percent of the property loss in money terms. It has been estimated that 50 percent of arson is fraud, about 40 percent is vandalism — mostly by children and involving schools and similar targets — and the remaining 10 percent occurs for a variety of reasons, such as pyromania, revenge, and concealing crime by burning stolen property.

And there's even the odd sexual angle; some pyromaniacs get a kick out of lighting fires. Many are caught at the scene, getting their rocks off.

An overview of the arson problem makes one wonder why an insurance company would insure anything against fire — but they still do, even though premiums are soaring. Clearly there must still be a dollar in it — for the insurance companies as well as the torches.

> One in four property fires in Australia is deliberately lit. But because of the severity of such fires, they cause 50 percent of property loss in money terms

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

If you've ever envied the photographers who shoot the *Penthouse* centrefolds, or thought you could do a better job, then this is your chance to show us your style — and win a limited edition gold-plated Polaroid SX70 camera — in the *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition.

Just send us a revealing snap of your favorite lady taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise (we'd prefer color), fill in the form on this page, and let our judges decide whether your entry will win the monthly prize of the new Polaroid. We'll be publishing one reader's photo and giving away a camera each month for the duration of the competition.

To prove the quality and diverse abilities of the Polaroid we put together four of Australia's leading photographers, Greg Barrett, Chris Dickson, Warwick Gibson and Bob Watson, the four 1983 Penthouse Pet Of The Year finalists, and the new Polaroid SLR 680. The results on the following pages show that instant photography has come of age, thanks to factors like the SLR 680's autofocus and articulating strobe system.

The only brief our photographers were given was to let their imaginations run wild. They were assisted by make-up artist Chris King and hairdresser Korel. Accessories and jewellery are from Corocraft and Mooditalia, and shoes from Raymond Castles. You'll have to agree that the results are stunning. Do you think you can do better? We've shown you our girls, now it's your turn to show us yours.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to:
Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer:_____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject:_____

Address of subject: _____

Telephone number of subject: _____

I ..... of .....
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse.* I am 18 years old or over.

Signed ..... Date ..... Witness .....

Marilyn

Greg Barrett

Chris Dickson

Warwick Gibson

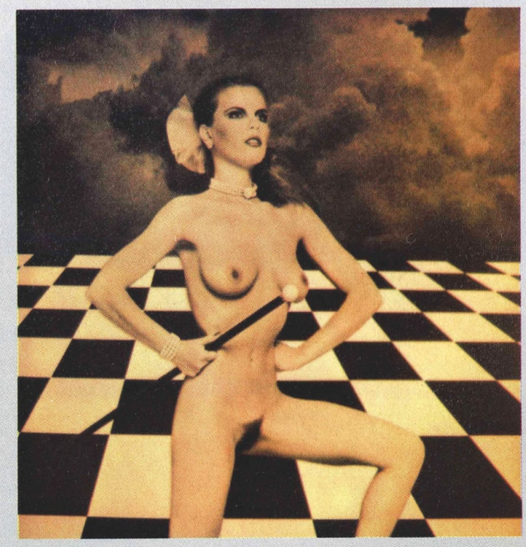
Bob Watson

Carla

Greg Barrett

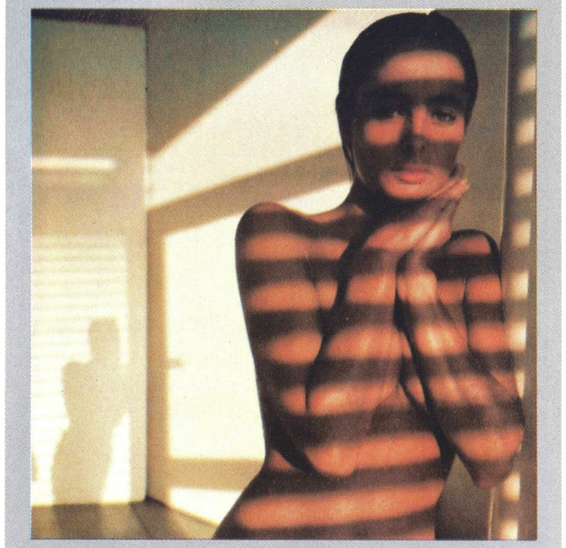
Chris Dickson

Warwick Gibson



Bob Watson

Donna Lea



Greg Barrett

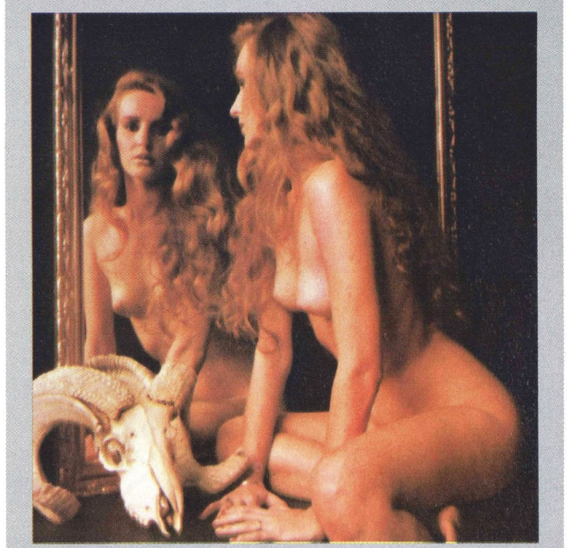
Chris Dickson

Warwick Gibson

Bob Watson

Amanda

Greg Barrett



Chris Dickson

Warwick Gibson

Bob Watson

The devil makes them do it

Supernatural acts

BY IAN SWALLOW

The beautiful young girl tosses in her sleep. She shifts uncomfortably and the bedclothes slip down, exposing her pale, firm young breasts. The tall man standing in the shadows now moves over to the bedside. The moonlight softens the girl's body. Her nipples are erect. He kneels by her, gently strokes her flowing dark hair, and bends his head toward those delicious young breasts.

Then . . . oh dear. He bites her neck.

Yes, it's the classic horror film encounter between an evil vampire and a charming maiden. Hollywood has long recognised the link between sex and the supernatural. Film-makers have traditionally included in their casts at least one alluring wench to be defiled by Frankenstein, Dracula, or the Werewolf, and there have even been outbreaks of vampirism in dormitories full of lesbians (in *The Vampire Lovers*). And who could forget that moment in Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* when a beautiful woman steps out of a bathtub, begins to embrace Jack Nicholson and suddenly turns into the rotting corpse of a long-deceased hag?

Hollywood has only scratched the link between sex and the supernatural. That link is incontrovertible and stretches way back in history. But why does it exist? Why is sexual intercourse — and sometimes masturbation — such an integral part of the occult?

The English authority on magic, David Conway, feels that "by its very nature, sex is the closest we can get to imitating, however imperfectly, the creative power of God." The poet Robert Graves felt that many young men were using an unconscious form of sorcery in seducing young girls. Writer and researcher Colin Wilson explains: "Sex can arouse a degree of will power and intensity that can seldom be found in any other department of civilised life."

All of this helps to explain why witches, warlocks, magicians and Satanists throughout the ages have used sex in their rituals — or sometimes used their rituals in sex. Many occultists firmly believe that sex itself releases its own form of power which can be used in magic to reinforce or charge the power invoked by the magician.

A look at the supernatural throughout the ages reveals that whenever witches, vampires or devils assembled, sex was invariably one of the high spots of the night. And some of our modern sexual superstitions and old wives' tales can easily be traced to ancient tales of sorcery. The ancient Hebrews, for example, believed that nocturnal emissions and masturbation were evil — not because they resulted in blindness or hairy palms but because they attracted the malevolent goddess Lilith. [According to the myth, Lilith was Adam's first mate, having been created before Eve. She was rejected by Adam because of her demands for equal rights (she even wanted the superior position when they were making love), and so she fled to live with a horde of demons. Lilith spent her days coupling with these evil creatures and at night she flew over the land looking for semen which she would use to create more demons.]

Outside of mythology, just about all the early occult practices were closely connected with the early religions. Modern forms of magic, Satanism and witchcraft are largely off-shoots of ancient religions or the ancient religious alternatives.

Our European forebears conveniently combined their occult practices with their religions and daily lives. The religious leader of the very ancient community — the *shaman* or high priest or witch doctor — was a key figure. He controlled (or pretended to control) those forces outside the immediate ken of his people. He was the one who told them how to placate the gods of rain and sun so that their crops would grow. The most simple and obvious way was by imitation or imitative magic — to make the crops fertile, you made love in the field where they had been planted. The potency of your love-making was supposed to transfer itself to the earth and the seeds.

As societies grew more sophisticated, the *shaman's* power and influence increased and his simple forms of imitative magic became complex rituals. To ensure a good healthy harvest it was no longer

ILLUSTRATION BY BRENDAN McCARTHY

enough to just take a willing wench out into the hay fields for a bit of open-air humping. Now the ritual had to be carried out at exactly the right time of year and at a particular time of day. Possibly mindful of their own enjoyment, many of the local *shamans* insisted they were the only people who could lead the fertility rite properly. In doing so they reinforced their position as the spiritual leaders of their communities, and at the same time developed one of the world's longest-running sexual fascinations — that which surrounds virginity.

Virginity is universally prized and the traditionally deep feelings it inspires can be traced back to these early rituals. The rites were always imitative or symbolic and it was the general rule that before any prayers or sacrifices could be made to a god, there had to be a cleansing or purifying ceremony. And so the virgin, the untouched pure and innocent maiden, became an integral part of ancient religion and magic.

Naturally, black magic uses the reverse principle: to attract the unclean and evil spirit, the sorcerer has to defile a virgin.

The religions of the ancient Greeks, Romans and Hindus all required a form of prostitution to take place in the temples. Virgins, on the eve of their marriage (or sometimes before taking up a role as a temple priestess), artificially surrendered their maidenhood. It was the ultimate gift to the gods. Hindu girls used to be deflowered on a phallus-shaped stone kept in certain temples. Roman brides were required to squat on the lap of a statue of the god Mutunus Tutunus.

In other parts of the world, even until quite recently, the deflowering was carried out by priests, kings, and lords of the manor — anyone, that is, who had sufficient authority to control the ceremony and the special powers that were supposedly released.

Some forms of temple prostitution became very famous and profitable. In ancient Egypt the divine daughter of Cheops is said to have earned enough from religious prostitution to build one of the largest pyramids. Many temples, of course, jealously guarded their virgins, protecting them from any sort of defilement in the belief that failure to do so would anger the gods. The Vestal Virgins in Rome were guarded very strictly and if any of them broke the vow of chastity, she was whipped and then walled up in a tomb. Centuries later, the Roman church insisted that its clergy take a vow of celibacy.

At about the same time, the Britons and Europeans were revelling in all sorts of sexual abandonment in the rituals of what is often called "The Old Religion". Some authorities regard the Old Religion as the basis of modern witchcraft.

We tend to think of Europe as Christian territory, but there is a lot of evidence to suggest that the Old Religion, with its unabashed attitude toward sex and fertility, didn't die out when the Roman church moved in. Phalluses and phallic shapes have been found in several medieval church altars throughout the United Kingdom and Europe. And there's an abundance of remarkable carvings lying scattered around those places of worship. Looming over the old Chalk church in Kent is a carving of a cheerful little fellow about to practise fellatio on himself. Decorating Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris there's a carving of a woman about to render the same service to a horned demon. Throughout Britain and Ireland there are numerous carvings of a female figure (usually with her genitalia very much in evidence) called *Shiela-na-Gig,* or the Great Mother. Similar artifacts provide evidence of a powerful bond between sexual activity and religion throughout the world.

> Anyone who practised "black magic", in just about every country, was also believed to indulge in homosexuality, necrophilia or bestiality — or combinations thereof

There's an equally close correspondence between the attitudes of most early tribes toward sexual deviation. Anyone who practised "black magic" in ancient times, in just about any country, was also believed to indulge in homosexuality, necrophilia or bestiality — or combinations thereof.

That belief persisted well into the Middle Ages, when witches were routinely accused of having intercourse with the devil and with animals, normally via a variety of orifices. It was, of course, a pretty tough life being a witch in those days. Thousands were executed in gruesome rituals which followed days of relentless torture. It wasn't enough to simply admit to being a witch. They had to give copious details (the more salacious the better) and then they were tortured again to reveal the names of their comrades. One very successful witch hunter of the period found that if a witch had "any privy mark under her armpits, under her hair, under her lip, on her buttock or in her private parts it is a presumption sufficient for a judge to proceed to give sentence of death upon her."

Some of these witch hunters and judges were vigilant in the extreme. In 1599 a French woman called Antide Collas was burned because of a malformation in her private parts. According to the judge, she'd obviously had relations with the devil.

The British witch Isobel Gowdie confessed in 1622 to a number of bizarre sexual experiences with the devil, whom she described as a "big, black, rich man, very cold . . . he is abler for us than any man can be." She went on to describe his enormous private parts. To obtain these confessions, the hardworking inquisitors had to use some very un-Christian forms of persuasion, including a form of water torture, thumbscrews and a method called "squassation", which resulted in nearly every major bone in the victim's body being broken or disjointed.

It was this sort of atmosphere that spawned the notorious devils of Loudon (depicted in Ken Russell's film *The Devils*). The story began as a plot by the enemies of Father Urbain Grandier, a confessor at the Ursuline convent of Loudun. He was accused of bewitching the convent sisters, and to prove the point several of the nuns feigned convulsions, rolling about on the ground while accusing him of numerous indecencies. It was a great moment in show business and thousands flocked to see the antics of the sisters. Their evidence and some pertinent documents were palpably fake, but Father Grandier was subsequently tortured and denied the grace of strangulation before being put to death by flames. After that, events took an odd turn. There was no longer any need for the nuns to continue feigning possession by the devil — yet their symptoms grew worse.

Thanks to Aldous Huxley (who wrote the original *Devils Of Loudon*) and Ken Russell, who produced the film, the Loudun nuns have won a dramatic if undeserved page in the history books. But Loudun was only one of 27 European convents in which this strange hysteria broke out at about the same time.

It wasn't just in Europe that women were giving themselves to the devil. A persistent legend originating from the Ozark region of the USA tells how women who wished to attain "the power" would go to the local burial plot at midnight, and after stripping naked would have intercourse with the devil's representative, shouting incantations all the while to attract the attention of Satan. The process was repeated three nights running, after which the woman would develop her magical powers.

The alchemists of Europe were specialist magicians. The ultimate tax dodgers, they believed that by using magic (and sex) they could transfer lead into gold. An 18th Century alchemist in the Austrian army paid the men under his command for their semen, which he used in his experiments. His method was discovered when the regimental surgeon was called in to treat soldiers, who had all reduced themselves to a state of weakness.

Modern-day psychiatrists have, of course, classified some of the more outrageous stunts perpetrated by the early purveyors of black magic. They have identified a sexual perversion known as haematophilia, in which the sufferer becomes totally fixated on flowing blood. Historians suggest that several of history's more infamous characters were in fact haematophiliacs — including the real-life Bluebeard, Gilles de Rais.

De Rais was a French marshal who had fought with Joan of Arc and then retired to practice witchcraft and alchemy on his estate. In 1440 the local constabulary began their investigations and he was later hanged for the murder of more than 140 children.

Gilles de Rais was one of the good guys compared with the beautiful Countess Elizabeth of Bathory. Elizabeth was a member of one of the wealthiest and most illustrious families in 16th Century Europe. Her cousin was the Prime Minister of Hungary, another close relative was a cardinal, and her uncle was the King of Poland. To be fair, she also had an uncle who practised witchraft, a brother who achieved fame (even in those days) as a lecher, and a favorite aunt who was a lesbian.

Elizabeth, after a few lesbian flirtations with her servants, began to dabble in the occult and after her husband died in 1600 she developed a pathological fixation on blood — especially the blood of virgins, in which she used to bathe in order to preserve her youth. It all began after she had slapped a serving girl so hard her nose began to bleed, and Elizabeth thought the girl's blood looked younger and fresher than her own. The unfortunate girl's wrists were then slashed and a bath of warm virgin's blood was prepared for m'lady. During the next 10 years the countess' staff were kept busy scouring the countryside for young girls. They prepared hundreds of bloodbaths.

Elizabeth was eventually committed for trial. She was then walled up in her bedroom, with a tiny gap so that food, water and air could enter. The countess died after four years.

The most evocative of supernatural rituals is undoubtedly the "black mass". But obviously written records of such activities are hard to come by.

One of the most detailed accounts is of an event known as the Gibourg Mass, which took place in 17th Century Paris. The central character was Catherine Deshayes, later known as "La Voisin", a notorious abortionist, druggist and practitioner of the black arts. For the Gibourg mass she recruited a number of priests and clergy, because in this form of ritual a consecrated host is necessary. Deshayes also used her friendship with Levasseur, the Paris executioner, to obtain human fat which she made into the candles used during the black mass.

The chapel in which the mass was "celebrated" was hung in black; there were black candles and the altar was also draped in black. It was a requirement of the ritual that the woman, who was usually the client of the mass, should lie naked upon the altar, her sex exposed to the congregation. The priest stood between the woman's legs, wearing what seemed to be the tradional Catholic robes. The mass was partly traditional but essentially a parody of the Catholic ritual up to the moment of consecration, when a new-born infant was sacrificed.

"La Voisin" was arrested and tortured, but she never revealed the names of her associates and in 1680 she was burned alive. In Paris the black mass quickly lost the popularity it had especially enjoyed among the aristocracy, who were Deshayes' favored clients. Probably a combination of enthusiastic investigations by the police and growing cynicism about the amount of money "La Voisin" was collecting from her bizarre rituals caused the custom to die out. Before her execution, Deshayes confessed to having disposed of 2000 bodies; many were the result of her flourishing abortion trade.

> For Aleister Crowley, sex and drugs were a means of unleashing the powers possessed by the primitive supernatural entities around him

The origin of the black mass is debatable. A heretical sect called the Cathars were accused of unorthodox practices as early as the 11th Century. The Cathars gave the ordinary rituals of the church a twist, and it would only have been a short step to something resembling the black mass. Even earlier, in the 7th Century, the Church's Council of Toledo denounced the then popular "mass of the dead", in which the priest prayed, not for the soul of a dead person, but that a living person might die.

Whatever the source, the black mass has sprung up in a multitude of forms throughout history. The rules and ceremonies vary (from those requiring consecrated hosts to those requiring water from a well in which a child has been drowned). Modern versions are reported to include homosexual encounters.

In the repressed days of Queen Victoria's rule and during the early years of this century, certain mediums were discovered summoning spirits at their seances — spirits that were neither prudish nor moralistic. The great escapologist and stage magician Harry Houdini spent years investigating mediums in an attempt to contact his dead wife. He proved most of them fraudulent but he was often offered bribes to remain silent. It's reported that he once spent a seance with his hand inside the knickers of the medium.

But it was the real occultists, the serious magicians, who taught the frauds and the dabblers about the power and the magic of sex. Gurdjieff, the Russian occultist, was an extraordinary man. According to an American woman novelist who once sat next to him at a restaurant, he began to inhale and exhale in a peculiar way and she caught his eye. The novelist continued: "I suddenly felt as if I had been struck right through my sexual centre. It was beastly."

Like Gurdjieff, Aleister Crowley (or "The Beast" as he was known in the popular press) also possessed immense powers of sexual mesmerism. Crowley was born in 1875. He became the world's most notorious occultist and magician — possibly because he often seemed to revel in publicity and because he happened along at a time when newspapers were beginning to dwell upon the black arts.

In 1895 he found himself in Cambridge and there he wrote some vague, occasionally erotic verse of which he was immensely proud. His tutors did not share his enthusiasm and he left Cambridge to live in London, where he began to dabble in the occult. He joined one of the fashionable secret societies of the day, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. When he tried to force his own views upon the group, he was expelled. Crowley formed his own organisation — the notorious Astrum Argentium. For Crowley, sex and drugs were a means of unleashing the powers possessed by the primitive supernatural entities around him. His motto: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" is the best summation of this strange, dangerous and fascinating man.

One of his rituals was meant to produce "erotic-comatose lucidity", where the iniate achieved nirvana after becoming completed sexually exhausted. Two or more female assistants helped in the ritual. Brandy, cocaine, ether and "every device and artifice known to the courtesan" was to be employed.

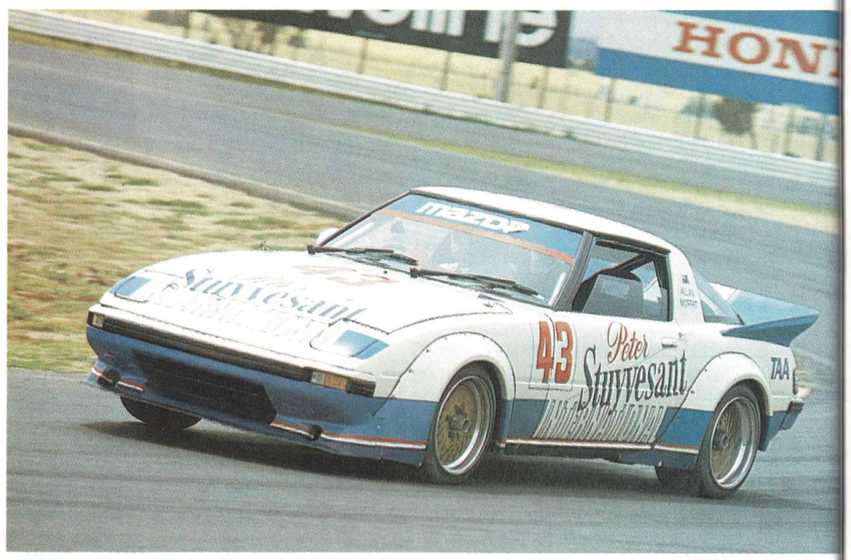
Crowley's fascination with the super-

Continued on page 160

1

MARLBORO HOLDEN DEALER TEAM COMMODORE SS

Engine Capacity: 5047cc
Weight: 1229.5kg
Claimed Power: 292kW
Claimed Torque: 488Nm



2

PETER STUYVESANT MAZDA RX-7 PERIPHERAL PORT

Engine Capacity: 2292cc
Weight: 949kg
Claimed Power: 194kW
Claimed Torque: No way!

3

NISSAN BLUEBIRD LX TURBO

Engine Capacity: 1770cc
Weight: 1070kg
Claimed Power: 216kW
Claimed Torque: 339Nm

☆

Penthouse drives the big three contenders
for the 1983 touring car championship — a V8, a rotary and a turbo

THE THREE MOST LIKELY

BY PETER McKAY PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAN SMITH & BILL FORSYTH

Tin-tops are the big turn-ons in Australian motor racing. "Bring on the tourers," scream Norm and Bruce and Blue — and Lorraine and Shirl, for that matter. For 10 months of the year, from February through to November, sedans sizzle on local race circuits.

Formula race cars — the open-wheelers — attract the afficionados; the tourers captivate the man (and woman) in the street. The annual James Hardie 1000 race at Bathurst is our Indy 500, our Monaco Grand Prix, our Le Mans . . .

The Australian fascination with touring cars is legendary. The Oz spectator demands racing machinery he can identify with. Strip away the gaudy paint jobs of today's touring cars and, outwardly at least, you've got the family hack that Mr and Mrs Suburbia slide under their Tiltadors. Holden Commodores, Ford Falcons, Mazda RX-7s, Nissan Bluebirds, the occasional Chevrolet Camaro, a lone Audi 5 plus 5, Alfa Romeo GTVs, BMWs . . .

Underneath that familiar outer skin it's all business. Forget any notion that touring cars are simply hotted-up street machines. The Bathurst breed is built to race, pure and simple. Purpose-designed and built to accelerate, turn corners and stop as efficiently as possible .

There's plenty swinging on the outcome, and most of it is to do with making cash registers sing.The catchcry among the vehicle manufacturers involved in motor racing is "Win Sunday and sell cars Monday". The teams outlay millions in pursuit of victory in the Hardie race at Bathurst. The 1000 is the plum,followed in importance by the touring car crown and the endurance championship. The battle rages across six states on 13 weekends. For the drivers, the lust for success stretches beyond considerations of self-esteem. Failure usually leads to the loss of the vital sponsorship lifeline.

The five Australian motor vehicle manufacturers adopt varying attitudes to motor racing. Toyota was involved until the end of 1981, when its driver Peter Williamson advised a complete withdrawal because of the lack of a competitive car.

Mitsubishi (nee Chrysler) used it's old Charger as a motor sporting tool a decade ago and then got right out. The signs are it might be easing itself back into the competition arena in '83. Ford was in racing in a major way in the early Seventies and later in the mid to late Seventies via it's dealer network with the Allan Moffat team. It now provides only a modicum of backdoor support to drivers like Dick Johnson.

The official word from Holden is that it isn't involved in motor racing. In reality,the General places great emphasis on motor sporting success. The Holden Dealer Team was set up in the early Seventies, backed by tobacco company Malboro and guided by a succession of engineering gurus — Harry Firth, John Sheppard and, more recently, touring car king Peter Brock. Until now the HDT has been Australia's best-known and most successful race operation. It has two Commodore SS models on strength, one raced by Brock the other by John Harvey.

Nissan isn't quite as coy as Holden when it comes to racing. After years of rallying successes, Nissan switched tack in 1981, hitting the racetracks with two turbocharged Bluebirds driven by ex-rally man George Fury and veteran Fred Gibson. The move came on the eve of the company's corporate identity change. Out with the Datsun name, in with Nissan. The Bluebirds appeared in plain white with blue and red stripes, bearing the one word . . . Nissan. The greater visibility and popularity of racing was an important factor in the decision to end the rally program and head for the track. Unlike the other big factory teams, Nissan pays it's own bills.

Mazda doesn't manufacture cars locally, but the Hiroshima-based giant has a worldwide motor racing policy. Allan Moffat, the one time Ford hero, is the flag waver in Australia, with a large operating budget from Peter Stuyvesant. Moffat runs two RX-7s, a left hand drive for anti-clockwise circuits like Bathurst, and a right-hand drive.

In case you haven't noticed, there's a revolution afoot in Australian touring car racing. Challengers are rising in the East to threaten the easy life of the all-conquering V8s. The V8 is the reigning champ of the local touring cars. The V8s have won the last 10 James Hardie 1000s. And 17 of the last 18 touring car titles.

"You can't beat cubic inches," was the old battle cry. No more. Last year proved the bent eights are not invincible. Peruse the motor sporting history books for '82. . . sure, Holden Commodore V8s blitzed Bathurst one, two, three. But Nissan's new-fangled Bluebird turbos silently snatched the Championship of Makes. And Mazda man Allan Moffat tasted success in the driver's category of the same series.

Maybe the V8s, currently best represented by the Commodores, still hold the balance of power. However in 1983 the biggest threat will come not from traditional rival Ford, but from the Japanese invaders.

The challengers are the rotary Mazdas and turbocharged Bluebirds. The New Wave. Light and nimble and using the latest technology to combat the muscle of the V8s.

The old champ started the year as favorite to hang on to his crown. The Commodore has eight meaty pistons pumping up and down in a massive V-shaped engine block. Power in Bathurst race trim . . . 392 horses or 292 kiloWatts.

The menacing Mazda utilises a Wankel engine design, a rotary with simple yet effective peripheral port modification which springboards the output to 260 horses or 194 kW.

A capacity of 1770 cc spread over four cylinders sounds distinctly unimpressive at first. But Nissan's Bluebird attains giant-killing status with a turbocharger aboard, elevating power to 290 horses or 216kw.

Mazda, Nissan and Holden — the three call on three different forms of motive force. Yet, incredibly, their lap times around most circuits are mere split seconds apart. They're The Three Most Likely in 1983.

One reason for the three-way photo finish is the weight limit applied to each model by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport, The Commodore SS must weigh in at better than 1229.5 kilograms, the Bluebird at 1025 kg and the Mazda at least 929 kg. The existing touring car

THE THREE

formula certainly places the Ford Falcon, Chevy Camaro and BMW 635CSi right behind the eight-ball. For 1983, they require concessions from CAMS to put these on terms with the others.

A few kilograms here or there can turn a race car from champ to chump. The CAMS weights are supposed to relate to the weights of similar road-going models. They're not intended to even out the performances of different brands, although a growing body of motor sporting opinion is agitating for just such a weight handicapping system. Just like the horse racing mob . . .

A racetrack comparison for *Penthouse* of the 1983 touring car contenders, whilst desirable, was highly ambitious given the priceless nature of the leading cars and the understandable reticence of teams to place their property in the hands of an outsider.

The other complication . . . we wanted The Best. A Commodore from the Holden Dealer Team, an RX-7 from Allan Moffat Racing and a Bluebird Turbo from the only source available, the Nissan Motor Company. No room for optimism there.

Fortune favors the brave. Three phone calls later and the touring car shootout was in place. The HDT's Peter Brock and John Harvey agreed to present Harvey's number 25 Commodore; Moffat volunteered his right hand drive Mazda and Nissan's motor racing boss Howard Marsden nominated the Bluebird usually raced by Fred Gibson. The hitch: only two of the cars were available for a Melboune assignment while one — the Bluebird — would have to wait for another day . . . in Sydney.

High Noon at 10am. Calder Raceway, Melbourne, on a cool summer's day. The HDT Commodore and AMR Mazda arrive at the appointed time. Surprise, surprise . . . there's no sign of Brock or Harvey or Moffat, no sign of the hitherto almost obligatory fussing driver to watch over his baby. Instead come two mechanics per car carrying a bare minimum of advice. Moffat forwards no instructions by proxy although his chief mechanic Mick Webb sends along advice to adhere to an 8500 engine rev limit. Brock and Harvey provide one unnecessary word of caution;"Don't bend it!"

The Mazda first. Sorry, says a watchful mechanic, no engine photos. Moffat isn't about to reveal to the world his latest under-bonnet experiment. A brief peek at the engine bay reveals one of the reasons for the Mazda's rumored strong cornering ability — the small, compact rotary squats close to the firewall, almost entirely located behind the front wheels for what is said to be close-to-perfect weight distribution. Moffat isn't saying, but fellow Mazda driver Barry Jones readily admits to 51-49 percent front to rear weight bias.

The RX-7's cabin is spartan, business-like. The carpet is gone and an asbestos pad shields the driver's left leg from the intense heat transmitted through the floor from the exhaust tail pipe. A proliferation of gauges adorn the dash and console area. There's water and oil temperature and a tachometer mounted prominently in front of the driver. Plenty of reading matter there for the man at the wheel to occupy himself with during a race. And, should the diff or gearbox temperatures stray into the danger zone, he can flick cooler switches to avert possible failure due to excess heat.

Okay. Time to go. The six-point harness is secured, straps hauled down tight on shoulders and around waist, but not so constricting at the crotch. Last-minute instructions . . . keep it below 8500 revs, come in if oil and water temperatures start

> Sorry, says a watchful mechanic, no engine photos. Moffat isn't about to reveal to the world his latest under-bonnet experiment

to soar. Oh, and careful with the brand-new clutch . . .

The RX-7 bursts into noisy life first go. No sign of temperament here. Clutch is light — road car light — and it's no surprise to learn later it's only a single plate. The engine spins effortlessly, like a good smooth rotary should.

But the Calder undulations have an unsettling effect on the Mazda suspension, unchanged from the stiff settings used at Adelaide International Raceway when Gregg Hansford last drove it. The steering is a touch vague, as is the case with the production RX-7, and the race-car doesn't turn into corners as well as it might.

The gearbox, in the familiar five-speed pattern, is a delight, with a light yet positive shift.

The peripheral-ported engine churns out ample power, but with little torque. I later request torque figures from Moffat, who responds by saying: "You're kidding — you've driven the car . . . it doesn't have any!" The rotary engine is a high revver. According to rumor, Moffat happily takes the needle to 11,000 rpm during a touring car championship race. Anything under 7000 rpm is utterly useless, so the eight and a half grand limit placed on this exercise doesn't allow full exploration of the Mazda's engine performance.

Braking is the racing Mazda's obvious forte. No wonder; it has brakes the size of its bigger rivals and is shod with 10-inch wide rubber. Remember, too, the RX-7 is 100 kilos lighter than the Bluebird and nearly 300 lighter than the Commodore.

I do maybe eight or nine laps and then pit to let the mechanics peruse the gauges and check over the car. I'm getting a buzz reminding myself that this is the very car Moffat and dual Le Mans winner Derek Bell hounded to third place at Bathurst in '81. And last year Moffat collared five consecutive pole positions and followed up with a handful of touring car title race victories in the little gem . . .

And how are my lap times? The stopwatch is omnipotent in motor racing. God. Drivers' reputations live or die by the humble chronograph. The timepiece is the ultimate test of car and competitor . . . for some. For this story prudence dictates stopwatches should be left behind. Given the opportunity to sample someone else's race car, the inevitable temptation is to compare lap times with those of the regular wheelsmith. It's usually a sobering experience, laced with the dangers of going too fast too quickly in unfamiliar equipment. The job at hand is to gather impressions of three borrowed race machines. Lap times would be interesting to record, but not at the risk of valuable equipment.

I move out again for another eight or 10, feeling more at ease in the Oriental wailer. Moffat's mechanic was right . . . it does feel much like a road RX-7 with plenty of grunt. The little car is civilised to drive without the prerequisite of being an Olympic weight-lifter to depress the clutch, operate the brake pedal, turn the wheel and shift gears. But it's twitchy to drive quickly . . . steering by the throttle is difficult and it won't slip comfortably into tail-out oversteer coming out of corners. Believe me when I say Allan Moffat is driving hard to stay competitive against some other brands. No wonder most of his moves are made in the braking area. For me, cruising around at seven-tenths pace, the Mazda is all fun, despite the perspiration filling my helmet, gloves and armpits. I blot my copybook on a down change and push the tell-tale needle on the tacho to 9400 rpm. Mick Webb won't be pleased. I head for the pits with an apology . . .

The Commodore is still in its James Hardie 1000 trim, not-so-fresh after its 1000 kilometre dash to third place followed by a day of tomfoolery at Holden's Lang Lang proving ground. After today it'll be pulled down for a complete rebuild of engine, gearbox and diff . . . which is probably how come driver Harvey didn't bother to nominate an engine rev limit. Seven grand would be safe; I settle for six.

The driver's office in the Commodore is about as ordinary as you get in a race car. The usual gauges are there, plus a huge oil pressure light that tells when you've probably blown an engine to kingdom come. A Peter Brock Momo steering wheel replaces the standard GM issue. It's numbered 25, the same as the numerals painted on the doors.

One twist of the ignition key and the 5.0-litre eight is alive. I push the lever into the first of four forward gears, give it plenty of revs to avoid stalling, and move jerkily away . . . If this is a tired car then it doesn't feel like it. The throttle response is incredible after the peaky, high-revving Mazda. The Commodore pulls smoothly and from as low as 3500 rpm, although it would never drop below 4500 during a race.

Steering is wonderfully precise and positive; the front tyres can be aimed at corner apexes with pinpoint accuracy. And if the front end is immaculately behaved then the rear is no delinquent either. Even on the old Bathurst rubber, the HDT Commodore feels nicely balanced, encouraging a spirit of adventure in the new boy at the wheel. A tickle on the accelerator will break loose the rear wheels and kick out the tail. But it's all so fuss-free and controllable. Bliss is oversteer in a HDT Commodore.

Calder is a bitch on brakes, and the Commodore is under-braked considering the car's considerable power and speed potential. It's not that it exhibits any bad habits; simply that it doesn't stop as efficiently as the Mazda. The pedal tends to droop towards the floor after prolonged, heavy use. That in itself doesn't inspire confidence. And it makes the old heel-and-toe routine difficult because the brake pedal can be perhaps eight centimetres below the level of the accelerator pedal. A contortionist with a size 12 boot may just about manage it . . .

So the Commodore gets the gong in the braking department. But, compared with the Mazda, it goes harder and corners easier. No see-sawing of the steering wheel; no Morse code on the loud pedal to keep it pointing right. Just aim and squeeze.

More glad tidings — Peter Brock says the Commodore V8 will have a track life extending to maybe 1985 or '86 before a high tech V6 takes its place. I hope he's right and that the big iron stays around for that long at least. None of the new-generation motors can match its amazing flexibility and wide power band.

A week after the Calder date we're at Oran Park Raceway, the heart of John Macarthur merino country on the outskirts of Sydney. Today, the wolf in sheep's clothing is the Nissan Bluebird LX Turbo.

Blazing the pioneering turbo trail was hard work at first for Nissan's band of toilers. Back in the bad old days of 1981, turbocharger units blew as regularly as the five o'clock whistle. But no-one really doubted that Nissan would ultimately get it right. That time came quicker than the most optimistic of predictions. The Bluebirds flew into 1982 with ever-improving speed and reliability; at Bathurst the turbos were, incredibly, 14 seconds faster than in 1981. And but for a blown turbocharger during the fight for pole position, a mere 1.8 litre four-cylinder would have bumped the V8s off the prime spot. Even so, the class-winning Bluebird confirmed the new-found durability of the turbo car, later going to Surfers Paradise for a further 500 kilometres of testing on the same engine.

Engine trouble is rare now. The bottom end, as the mechanics like to put it, is bullet-proof. It's the same engine block from the old Datsun 180B, mated with a cross-flow cylinder head plus fuel injection and the all-important turbo.

Freddie Gibson is putting the Bluebird through its paces, warming up engine, diff

and gearbox oil and casting his experienced engineer's eye over the battery of gauges to ensure all is well. He's driving hard, yet the sound from the fast-moving white car wouldn't raise eyebrows in a hospital car park. Softly, softly task force.

Gibson cheerily invites me to go solo immediately. Instead I cautiously opt for a couple of laps in the left-hand seat to observe Fred's braking and gear change points, and to check the adhesion.

Gibson gives me the guided tour of the cockpit. All the usual dials are there, along with a few additional gauges vital to the survival of the turbocharger. Most important is the exhaust temperature gauge . . . its digital readout should hover around 850-900 degrees Celsius. Anything over 1000 degrees is closely followed by an expensive turbo detonation. Such a disaster can usually be avoided provided the driver immediately adopts a lower rev ceiling. Heat is the enemy of turbo engines.

Plenty of broken turbochargers littered Nissan's Melbourne workshops before a desired blend of performance and durability was reached. Now, turbo boost is set at 1.5 bar for race conditions. For qualifying, Marsden's men dial up 1.7 bar . . . this means more horsepower, but with a corresponding greater strain on the turbocharger unit.

It was trial and error at first. Not now. The Bluebirds are on target for victory in the touring car title for 1983. Marsden, usually reluctant to make bold predictions, is adamant his turbo cars and drivers Gibson and George Fury can do it.

My immediate problem, though, is to climb into the driver's seat. The Bluebird isn't designed for a variety of drivers of differing sizes and shapes . . . the seat is fixed in place. What you see is what you get. I get a steering wheel too close to my chest by about 20 centimetres. Leg room isn't so bad, not for 10 or 15 laps anyhow.

Oran Park has more twists and turns than Calder. The Melbourne circuit doesn't really test out a car's handling like Oran Park does. The Bluebird answers the challenge well. It has bags of power with lashings of torque. And the legendary lag so often associated with turbocharged engines isn't a problem. The Bluebird pulls smoothly from ridiculously low revs, like in fifth gear at 60 km/h without a sign of lugging. But, realistically, the optimum performance comes between 5000 and 7000 rpm. Beyond seven is a waste of time.

The racing Bluebird is further removed from its road-going counterpart than is the case with the Mazda and Holden. It takes more familiarisation. There's the non–production close ratio five-speed gearbox with an odd shift pattern to grow accustomed to . . . first cog, and then across and up to second, hard and straight down to third, across and up again to fourth, and finally down to fifth.

In the short straight it is travelling bloody fast. Over 200 km/h, someone calculates. Then hard on the stoppers for the left hander. Brakes are only so-so. There's some discernable understeer entering the turn — Gibson's preference is for built-in understeer which enables him to nail the throttle earlier on the exist.

The fat and sticky slick tyres try hard but cannot handle the power surge when the accelerator is squeezed hard. Too much throttle sends the tail flicking out of line. And, unlike the Commodore, the Bluebird is a handful when the independently-sprung rear wheels break loose. It does not take kindly to an indelicate touch but rewards the tidy driver.

Move ahead in time to October this year. Bathurst time. My Fairy Godmother gives me the choice of the three cars to drive in the James Hardie 1000. Which one do I choose? Do I take the nimble Mazda with its proven reliability and eye-popping braking? Or the Bluebird because by October I know it should be the fastest car around Mount Panorama?

Nope. I select the Commodore SS. I'm not sure it can beat the others, but for me it's an easier car to drive fast.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BROMLEY

In colonial Papua, many things were forbidden. Sex between white government employees and native girls was one of them

COFFEE LESSONS

FICTION BY TREVOR SHEARSTON

Port Moresby, 1901. *No tropical paradise. The dry season sou-easter blows grit into hair, inkwells, butter, beds; the town runs out of water. In the wet the air is a hot sodden blanket filled with the drone of mosquitoes. The only link with the outside world is the sea; the steamer comes every six weeks with food, booze and mails.*

The colony is still British, though in name only; the money to run it — wages and a little over — is squeezed out of Queensland and NSW. The new Commonwealth is paper-shuffling the Bill required to create the Australian colony of Papua. No-one really wants the orphan, and the men who work there know it. Most senior officers in the government service are British, although of the 50 or so whites in town the majority are Australian. There is no love lost between the two groups — during the visit of a British official, a miner hauled down the Union Jack and wiped his arse with it.

John Rhys has arrived to be clerk to the Government Secretary, Ellison. His first sight of Boio is on the day of his arrival — she is one of the team of Motuan women working as wharf laborers, carrying cargo balanced on their haloes of hair. Since then, Rhys has discovered that he is something of a linguist; he has picked up Motu, the local language, in about four months. Perce Lanyon suspects that Rhys's motives for wanting to speak it have little to do with an interest in languages. More of an interest in skirts — a dangerous interest for a government officer who wants to remain one.

November

Lanyon had his *Herald* spread out on the rug on the living room floor with his knees on the corners to stop it rolling back into a tube. He was bent over it like a man deep in prayer. Rhys had his on the table, weighted with books. He was standing, propped on his elbows, chin cupped in his hands. The *Guthrie* had arrived in Port at eleven with mails. Rhys's mother never failed; there were always two tightly-furled rolls, one of *Heralds,* the other the *Moruya Weekly,* full of cattle sales and weddings.

Rhys's servant, Gau, came in the back door and stood waiting to be noticed. When he wasn't, he spoke.

"*Taubada.*"

Rhys looked around.

"A woman and two girls are here."

"What for?"

They spoke in Motu. Lanyon glanced up, looking past Gau's legs; there was nothing visible through the doorway but the kitchen wall, and he bent again to the newspaper.

"They have brought grass skirts."

"Already?" Rhys said, straightening up from the table.

Gau gave Lanyon a wary glance. "They were at the wharf."

From the novel *Sticks That Kill,* to be published by University of Queensland Press

COFFEE LESSONS

A hot loose surge in the pit of his stomach told Rhys who one of the girls was.

They were sitting on the path in the shadow of the tank. Gau had given the woman a mug of water, which she was slurping noisily. The girls were sharing another. The woman lowered the mug and greeted Rhys, her mouth scarlet with betelnut, then drained the mug and spat carefully over into the dead grass. She was almost purple with tattoos. The girls were sitting behind her. As soon as his eyes met hers the slim girl said, "Afternoon, *taubada*". The other girl elbowed her in the ribs and collapsed in silent giggles. The woman spun angrily, struck the giggler on the knee, and demanded of the other who she thought she was. But the girl ignored her and held Rhys's eyes calmly until he fumbled out a reply. The woman, in a huff, turned her back to Rhys and took three skirts, tied like fat sausages, from her string bag. She untied each carefully and fanned it out on the path, then spent some minutes rearranging the pleats to her satisfaction before inviting him, with a proud sweep of her hand, to inspect them. Ahuia had said she was the best in the village; Rhys didn't doubt it. He had mentioned wanting only one skirt, but choosing just one of these was going to be impossible.

He went through the motions of examining each one, running the reed strands through his fingers, turning over the waistband to study the stitching — so fine and even, he could almost hear his mother's amazed "Well strike me" — the closest to blasphemy she ever got — when she read that they had not been sewn on some sort of machine. Each time he looked up from the skirts to ask the woman about the dyeing, or what she used for needles, the girl was in the corner of his eye, her eyes on him, daring him to glance at her. She was still sitting cross-legged, but had arched her spine and was now leaning back casually on her hands, her small-nippled breasts perfect cones.

To disguise his rising nervousness he decided to play the clown. He snatched up the nearest skirt and wound it around his hips, then, holding it fastened with one hand, flounced to the kitchen door and back. The four Motuans gasped. Then Gau yipped with delight and the girls shrieked and pushed each other over. The woman was cackling and slapping her hands together.

Laughing, Rhys unwound the skirt and laid it again in front of the woman, then waited for the uproar to subside.

"I can't choose. They are all equally beautiful."

She closed her eyes and wrinkled her nose in disbelief.

"It's true," he continued. "Tell me, if you had to pick one for a special person to wear, which one would it be?"

"No, you are choosing, not I. I, too, like them equally."

"All right, I won't choose. I will buy the three."

"Wah! Who is this special person?"

"My mother."

"Ahh." Then her face creased with doubt. "She would wear such a skirt as we do?"

"If I give it to her," he said with great seriousness.

She caught her breath to laugh, then some movement behind Rhys made her stop and look past his shoulder. The girls, too, suddenly sat straight, faces blank. Without turning, Rhys knew that Perce Lanyon had come to the doorway.

"How many sticks were you thinking to ask me?"

The woman forgot Lanyon instantly and leaned towards him, frowning.

Well, what am I supposed to do? Flog it every night till it falls off? Or get so shickered I can't find it, like every other bastard? No thanks!

"*Taubada,* I'm sorry — I do not want tobacco."

'That's all right. What do you want?"

"Shillings."

"How many?"

"Two."

"For each?"

She nodded gravely.

Gau fetched the money.

When he and Rhys carried the skirts into the living room Lanyon was kneeling over his newspaper again.

"How do you like them, Perce?"

Lanyon didn't look up.

"Not bad."

"You can't see them through the top of your head."

"I saw them," he said, looking up slowly at Rhys. "Didn't I."

"I thought I was in your road."

Lanyon bent his head again to the *Herald* without answering.

"Gau," Rhys said in Motu, "get a shilling from my bed table and go down and buy your rice. Be back to peel the potatoes for dinner, all right?"

When the youth had gone Rhys pulled out a chair and sat down facing Lanyon.

"What's eating you?"

Lanyon closed the newspaper and folded it, then stood and placed it on the table.

"That, for a start."

"What?"

" 'Gau, go and fetch a shilling from my bed table,' " Lanyon mimicked in Motu. Then added in English, "He'll fetch more than that one day, sport."

"That's my look-out. What else?"

Lanyon stopped prowling the rug and folded his arms. He didn't look directly at Rhys, but at some point just above his head.

"You're getting into a bloody dicey little game there, you know. Or don't know."

"What game?"

"Oh come off it," Lanyon said, thrusting his angry face down at Rhys. "The young bit sitting out there just now. The one off the wharf that first day, isn't she?"

"What of it?"

Lanyon seized the chair from under the table and dropped it in front of Rhys, and then straddled it.

"We're gonna play bloody games too, are we? Or fucking games, I should say. Cause that's what we're talking about, isn't it?"

"I don't even know her name, let alone screwed her."

"Yet! But you're going to. Aren't you?"

"Well, what am I supposed to do? Flog it every night till it falls off? Or get so shickered I can't find it, like every other bastard in this town? No thanks!"

"Take your pick and get used to it," Lanyon said grimly.

"Not much choice for a non-boozer, is there?"

"Christ, you only been here — what is it? — five months. Wait'll you've been here that many years. Or as long as Ellison."

"Shit," Rhys muttered.

"Shit's right. At least you'd have something to grizzle about. What were you in Moruya, the town stallion or something?"

Rhys threw back his head and laughed. It didn't help. Lanyon sat, his jaw as tense as a set trap, until he had finished.

"No, Perce. You'd soon be knackered by someone's old man if you were. But I used to get some oats. Maybe if all the girls there walked round with nothing on top I'd have tried a bit harder too."

"My turn to laugh, is it?"

Rhys shrugged. He looked past Lanyon at the hills on the other side of the harbor, framed by the verandah doorway.

"I was beginning to think all those visits to the village were a bit fishy."

"Did you?" Rhys said. "What's fishy about wanting to speak the language properly instead of the garble that passes for Motu with most of you?" When I go down there I hardly stir off Ahuia's verandah."

"Don't have to, do you, when you've got them fronting up here bold as brass. How many times is that she's been here?"

When Rhys didn't answer immediately he said, "You're not going to tell me this is the first?"

"No. A couple of other times, with women selling pawpaws and stuff. Same as they come round to every other house in town — including yours."

Lanyon sighed and stood up. He walked to the verandah doorway and stood leaning against the jamb, staring out.

"You think I'm just being a nark, don't you?" he said softly, without turning.

"I don't know what you're being, Perce," Rhys said, echoing Lanyon's quietness. "I do know you haven't said anything very sensible so far. Just loudly."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you why I'm angry."

"I've got a few guesses."

"I'm listening."

"I don't think you'll want to hear some of them."

"Try me."

"You love Mrs Fletcher and can't touch her, for one."

He saw Lanyon stiffen as if a stone had struck him in the back. He decided not to say any more.

"Go on," Lanyon said. He was still staring through the doorway.

"I'd rather not, Perce."

"We'd better clear the air, boyo," Lanyon said, suddenly glaring at Rhys along his shoulder, "or it might be the last time we say *anything* to each other." He turned to the harbor again.

"All right. I think you fancy poking a few of the *kikenis* yourself — and haven't — so you're angry at me 'cause I've got the same idea and . . . and I'm maybe doing something about it." He paused. "You've probably got reasons of your own why you haven't."

"Yeah."

The tone meant: Fair enough on that, what else have you got to say?

"And I think you're annoyed I got this house on my own." He waited for a comment from Lanyon, but none was forthcoming. "That's all."

Lanyon remained leaning against the jamb, still, except for a thumbnail rubbing the skin on the inside of his left elbow. It was difficult to do more than squint at him because of the glare of the sun beginning to slant under the verandah eaves in its afternoon slide toward the hills. So he squinted, waiting. He knew Lanyon's temper. Part of clearing the air might involve a punch or two.

"Quite a mind-reader, aren't you?" Lanyon said without warning.

"You asked me, I told you."

Lanyon spun himself around on the jamb.

"Yeah, well you're so good at reading minds you don't see what's right in front of your bloody eyes." He was across the room in three strides and straddling the chair again. "I like your ugly dial in the office. I like walking round watering with you." He swept a hand towards the pile of newspapers in the corner behind the table. "I like sitting on your floor reading them. You're not bloody invisible, you know. Apart from tickling the ivories, you might find yourself earning a few extra quid interpreting for the court before long. I wasn't supposed to tell you, but I want you to savvy there's more than my eyes on you. I don't like the Pom bastards, boyo, but I've never said they're stupid. Fabian's got a nose for it 'cause he's interested himself. More than just interested, if the word's anything. But you're not him. What's a few pokes worth? Your job? That's the stakes you're playing with. And if you're caught you'll be arseholed out of here so fast your head'll still be spinning when you hit Cooktown."

The words had tumbled out of him, as if he had rehearsed it all and had to get it all said quickly so that Rhys might somehow be blinded by the speed of the words to the emotion behind them. Especially the loneliness.

"I don't like living in a cage, Perce."

"Shit!" Lanyon snapped, flicking his head down as if the word were a sneeze. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"One reason I came to this place was to be free. To grow up a bit. You don't do either without taking a few risks."

"Who do you bloody think you are? Some . . . apprentice knight on horseback? You're a clerk, boyo — in a place no-one gives two hoots about! You'll be free, all right. John Rhys, ex-clerk."

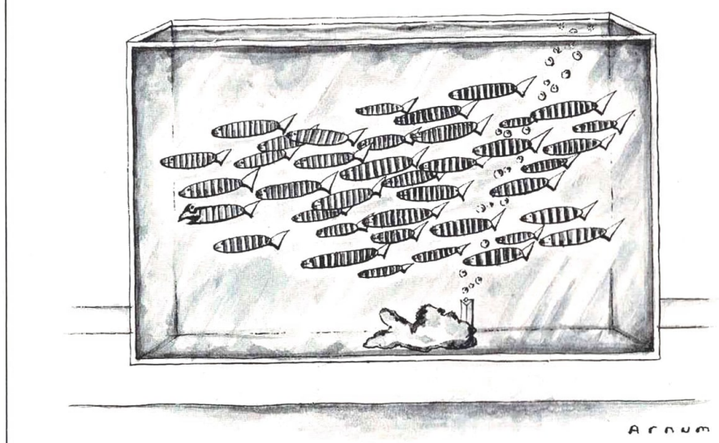
"There's worse things."

"My oath! Snigging *malila* logs down to Galley Reach, or busting your guts on some pennyweights claim on the Yodda. Not what you meant. Adventure eh, boyo? Try eating it." He leaned towards Rhys and said earnestly, "Right now's prime time in this service for us, John. The Poms won't be here forever. They're only caretakers already. It's ours, mate. You've got the brains to take your pick of the perch in this place. Use them now, for Christ's sake."

"I thought we were talking about something lower than my brains."

Lanyon slapped the back of his chair and swung himself up and off it. The room was too small for him, and in two angry strides he fetched up against Rhys's packing case book shelves. He slid his fingers under a toppled book and with a flick of his wrist, flapped it upright against its neighbor as if the base of the book were hinged, muttering as he did so, "What's the bloody point of talking to you?"

"Shit, Perce, don't you start running my life for me too! I had enough of that from my father!" His voice was rising, and he checked himself. "I could've had a nice safe climb up the ladder back home if that's what I'd wanted, without coming all this way." He realised he was answering only Lanyon's words, not the emotions behind them. "I like being with you too. I'd



"We break out at 0900 hours — pass it on."

COFFEE LESSONS

have thought that was pretty obvious. They'd have been five bloody lonely months if we hadn't hit it off so well. But we're different people. You've got your ambitions — fine. They don't have to be mine too, though."

The sound of feet on the gravel outside silenced Rhys. The kitchen door opened, and the scrape of the axe being lifted from the concrete floor came sharply into the living room. Then the door was pulled shut.

"You staying for dinner? I'm having a try at stewing some clam."

"No."

"If it turns out all right I'll send some down."

Without smiling Lanyon said, "Suppose you'll be on oysters next."

"You don't give up, do you?"

Lanyon shook his head. Then he began looking around for his hat.

"Here, take this with you," Rhys said, picking up the folded *Herald.*

December

Rhys was in his corrugated iron kitchen. The warm smell of baking bread clashed with the stink of singed flying ants blanketting the table around the lantern. Several moths battered at the glass, their fluttering shadows sometimes covering a page completely until Rhys reached across without lifting his eyes from the book and brushed them gently aside. He was deep in an argument over "wipes" between Sikes and the Jew. He had carried both chairs out from the living room and was sitting on one, his back to the table, with his feet on the other. Even with the door wide open the air in the iron box was utterly still. He glistened with sweat. An old singlet for opening the oven door lay across his lap; before turning each page he felt for the cloth and wiped his fingers. He was deliberately sitting in front of the stove — without getting up he could swing his left leg off the chair and push the sticks further into the firebox as they burned. He didn't need to put any more in. The bread was nearly done.

He was startled out of the book by a soft knocking on the wall of the bungalow. He got up as silently as the chair would allow and slipped the singlet into the book before closing it and placing it on the table. As he tiptoed to the door he glanced to see that the axe was in its usual spot against the wall.

There was no-one near the rectangle of weak light spilling out across the path and the steps up into the bungalow. The light served only to blind him when he looked down the path towards the tank at the corner of the bungalow where the knock seemed to have come from.

"Who is it?" he asked in Motu.

He thought he could see a figure crouched beside one of the bungalow piles. He stepped down off the kitchen step into the shadow beside the wall, one hand resting lightly on the corrugated iron for leverage if he needed it suddenly. The figure stood with a rustle.

"Good night, *taubada.*"

She came close enough for him to make her out.

"Boio!"

"You know my name, uh?"

"I've heard it." He peered into the darkness behind her, then back at the girl. "What . . . what are you doing here?"

"He said you wanted to talk with me. He said you are making bread and you will be staying alone in your house."

"He? Who is 'he'?"

"Gau."

Again Rhys peered past her into the darkness, but she cut his search short.

"He is not here. Just me."

Rhys shook his head in amazement. "How did you come here? Walk?"

She nodded.

"On your own?"

"Yes."

He shook his head again and muttered, "Christ."

"You think it's a long way?"

"No. But it's dark. Aren't you afraid of *vata-vata*?"

"Only a little. I am a Church member."

"Yes, I know." He paused. "And there is really no-one with you?"

"Yes. Just me."

He had a dozen more questions crowding the tip of his tongue, but already his astonishment was giving way to a niggling shame at subjecting the girl to a cross-examination. He said uncertainly, "You must be thirsty, then. Come in the kitchen. The bread is nearly finished."

He stood aside and motioned her to come past him. She didn't move.

"What's the matter?"

"I think I would like to stay out here."

He tried to keep the relief out of his voice. "If you want. There's some coffee on the stove. Would you like some?"

"I haven't tried it before."

"Good." For the first time since putting down his book he felt calm enough to smile. "So I can give you a surprise, uh?"

He hooked out the small iron plate and sat the pot snugly into the circle over the flame. There was no need to check the bread but he did so to give his hands something to do. He had to tell himself, aloud, that the girl *really* was out there . . . he had *really* spoken to her . . . he wasn't dreaming . . . before his mind would agree to go past that fact to what he should do about it. There was too much he didn't know, too many risks. It wasn't how he had planned it at all. Shit, what are you talking about, you didn't *have* any bloody plan. Anyway, no point working out how you *should* have organised this — she's *here,* right outside the door waiting for a mug of coffee. He sat down, then stood, and snatched the singlet from where he had slung it over his shoulder and pulled the oven door open again. He slid one of the trays out. The top was just browning. Close enough. He turned the loaf out on to the rack on the table and dropped the empty tin on the hob with a clatter, then took out the other one. He couldn't leave her standing out there forever. He threw a tea towel over the bread and busied himself with the mugs, tipping milk and sugar into both. The coffee pot was emitting deep belches. The sound told him it wasn't hot enough for his taste, but he knew he would barely taste it anyway.

He grabbed the handle with the singlet and poured, then dumped the pot beside the tins. He wasn't sure what to do with the lantern — he wanted to blow it out so that anyone thinking of taking a wander up from town would look and see the bungalow in darkness. But he didn't wish to alarm the girl. He didn't know what she'd think if the light suddenly went out. He left it burning and prayed that no-one — especially Perce — would feel like tackling the breakneck track up from the road this late at night.

The girl was sitting on the patch of dead lawn beside the path. When he handed her the mug he realised for the first time that her hair had been freshly oiled with coconut. It was a smell he enjoyed very much and he wondered at the panic he must have been in not to have noticed it.

She thanked him and waited for him to take a sip of his before beginning to slurp her own, loudly and slowly.

"Good?" he asked for something to say.

"Mm. Like tea."

"Yes, a bit." He listened to her drink for a while, then said, "Tell me, do your parents or brothers or someone . . . do they know you've come here . . . to town . . . my house?"

She lowered the mug.

"My name — Boio. You know what it means, *'boio'?*"

"Yes."

"It's me. No mother, no father."

"Then in whose house do you live?"

"The woman who makes these." She touched her skirt. "She is my mother's sister. I can walk around where I want to. She doesn't care."

"She will when it's time for bride-price."

The girl shrugged. "No-one wants me yet. Anyway," she added, "it's not my worry," and she lifted her mug and took a noisy suck of coffee.

"Don't drink the hard lumps in the bottom," Rhys warned. "We throw them away."

"I know. Same as tea."

He smiled. "True. You want more?"

"No."

"May I ask some more questions then?"

She tipped the dregs of the coffee carefully out on to the ground beside her knee and tilted the mug towards the light to look into it before handing it to him. He wasn't sure what to presume from her silence, but there were answers he had to have. The mugs clanked softly as he took them by the rims and reached down to place them on the gravel of the path where he hoped he would remember them if . . .

"Are you related to . . . Ahuia . . . in any way?"

"No," she said, with none of the hesitation of his question.

"And Gau?"

"No too."

"Not at all?"

She shook her head.

"Then why should he choose you to tell his little story to you, that I'm here on my own making bread?"

A laugh began deep down in the back of her throat. It was delightful and infectious, and Rhys found himself chuckling too without quiet knowing why, half suspecting

> He stood there after she had melted into the darkness, one second ready to curse himself for being an idiot, the next fighting the impulse to sing

that laughter was all the answer he was going to get.

Suddenly she stood up.

"I think I have to go."

"No!" Rhys burst out, jumping to his feet. Then, feeling foolish, he said, "I mean . . . why?"

She just shrugged.

"I'm sorry if I . . . I didn't mean that there's anything . . . bad . . . I'm just very surprised . . . that you came. I'm . . . I'm glad too."

"Me too. You didn't say anything. I have to go, that's all."

"I'll walk down with you."

"With shoes — and it's dark — how?"

He knew he would be a nuisance more than an escort. He nodded, acknowledging that she was right.

"I was just hoping you'd . . . you'd stay a little longer. Will you come again?"

"If you want."

"Yes. Please."

"When will I come?"

His mind raced, trying to remember any promises he'd made. Sitting with Vickers at the harmonium, singing; Hargreaves winking at him across the billiards table; the likelihood of a steamer with mails and fresh newspapers — until this instant he'd believed his life in Port free and uncomplicated. She waited patiently.

"The night after tomorrow?"

"Maybe. If she doesn't want me for helping with skirts." The girl stepped down on to the path. All her movements seemed to be sudden, without hesitation, catching him unawares. "I'm going now."

"Wait. Only a minute. Yes?"

She nodded.

He dashed back into the kitchen and seized one of the loaves on the rack and, with it in his hand, rummaged through the cutlery tray for something sharper than a butter knife. There should have been a carving knife. He'd ask Gau about it in the morning. "Not all I'll ask you," he muttered, remembering suddenly who he was holding the loaf for. He took the bread in both hands and tore it in half, as evenly as he could, then dropped one half back on the rack and wrapped the other in a sheet of newspaper from the kindling box. The bread was still hot.

She was standing exactly where he had left her. "Here. A present."

He pushed the parcel into her hands. Her skin was as smooth to touch as it looked.

"*Bamahuta, taubada.*"

"And to you, Boio."

He stood on the path for 10 minutes after she had melted into the darkness beyond the tank, one second ready to curse himself for being the bloodiest of idiots, the next fighting down the impulse to sing at the top of his voice. Finally, without having done either, he picked up the two mugs and wandered back into the kitchen.

When Gau came on to the verandah and asked Rhys what vegetables he should peel, Rhys told him not to bother — he wasn't hungry. The youth gave him such a knowing look that Rhys felt himself blush to the roots of his hair.

He had lain under his net for several hours after the girl's visit two nights before, composing all sorts of threats for Gau, but in the morning he had accepted his porridge and coffee from the youth without returning his greeting, hoping that stony silence would be eloquent reproof, and had left for the office without a goodbye.

"Is your stomach unwell, *taubada*?" the youth asked, his concern beautifully feigned.

"Not everyone needs as much food as you or a pig, Gau," Rhys replied. Instead of looking hurt, Gau grinned. The gaps between his strong teeth were vivid red. "I hope you haven't been chewing that in the kitchen."

"No, *taubada,*" the youth said, suddenly serious. "This afternoon a man came and we sat in the yard."

"And is sitting all you did today?"

COFFEE LESSONS

"Of course not. I washed all your clothes." He paused. "And the bedsheets, *taubada.*"

"Good night, Gau."

"It's early. There's nothing more you want, *taubada*?"

"Good night, Gau."

"Good night, *taubada.*"

After the youth had gone Rhys went to the kitchen and poured the last of the coffee into a mug, then refilled the pot with water and put it on the stove. After throwing a few more sticks into the firebox he made himself two thick corned beef and mustard sandwiches and took them out on to the verandah. It promised to be a dark night. Lightning was dancing at the base of a boiling tower of cloud above Metoreia, and cloud was pouring over the rim of the hills to smother the harbor. The thunder was a steady rumble, like surf.

He was in the bedroom getting matches to light the lantern on the living room table when a cough at the back door nearly made him jump out of his skin. He looked wildly around the room — Gau had tidied up the clothes, and the bed was freshly made, but a jumble of books and papers from which he chose his nightly reading lay scattered, undisturbed, on the bedside table. He gathered them up in one swoop and carried them out into the living room and dumped them on the floor.

It was a false alarm. When he got to the door he found Vickers' and Lanyon's shrivelled Rigo servant with a note from Vickers to say that Perce was as cranky as a bear, and was bored, and wouldn't Rhys come down after dinner and puff some life into the place on the harmonium? Rhys invited the man in and gave him the matches to light the lantern while he hunted for a pencil. He sat down at the table. The man, after lighting the lantern, had retreated to the doorway and was standing staring blankly at the grass skirt Rhys had hung on the wall. Rhys scribbled on the bottom of the note that he was crook in the guts, but had plenty of kaomag, and was turning in early. The man took the note, tucked it carefully in the fold of his *rami,* and bade Rhys a solemn "*bamahuta*".

When it was inky dark, Rhys lit the lantern from the kitchen as well and positioned it at one corner of the verandah, shielded by a cardboard box, so that the edge of the light it threw fell just to the side of the path up from the road, without actually touching it. From town the light would seem no more than what would fall through the verandah doorway. When he was satisfied with the light he walked through into the bedroom, drew the curtain — as if that was necessary — and unlocked his trunk and took from it a red neckerchief still bearing the tag from Emmott's in Moruya. He unpinned the paper and dropped it back in the trunk, then flicked open the cloth and inspected it. It was a passing fashion among the unmarried girls to fold the miners' kerchiefs Burns Philp sold into a triangle which they tucked, apron-fashion, along the front of their skirts to add a dash of color. Red would suit her, and no-one would guess that it hadn't also come from Burns Philp. He folded it carefully and put it under his pillow.

He carried the living room lantern out into the kitchen. The water in the pot was bubbling quietly. He made the coffee and set the pot on the back of the hob beside the chimney. There was nothing more to be done except the worst part — waiting. He pulled the chair up to the lantern and tried to immerse himself as deeply in Oliver's misfortunes as he had been two nights ago when the knocking had startled him, but every rustle and chirrup from outside had his head jerking up towards the open doorway.

6

Lying on the bed, breathing her smell, wishing she was still there to touch, the image of her straining breasts and halo of hair kept coming back

9

He read for nearly an hour.

When she did come it was more a sudden feeling of being watched, rather than a sound, which made him look up. She was standing against the bungalow wall, her arms crossed over her breasts.

"Hello, *taubada,*" she said, and smiled at using the English word successfully.

He jumped to his feet.

"Boio! Good night. I thought you weren't coming."

"I was waiting. Till it was truly dark."

"I thought maybe you were making skirts."

Her nose wrinkled with distaste and Rhys laughed, more loudly than he meant to. He recognised it as nervous laughter and stopped himself. "How was the bread?"

"It was good."

"I've made some coffee too." His throat tightened. "I thought . . . this time . . . we'll drink it in the house, uh?"

She glanced at the open, yet dark, doorway beside her, then looked back at him, then down at the path, before nodding briefly.

"Good."

He fetched the lantern and the pot and carried them outside. The light made her anxious; he skipped up the bungalow steps with it and placed it behind the door, then returned down to the kitchen door and shut it.

"You coming?" he said from the top of the bungalow steps.

She followed him up but stopped in the doorway and studied the living room. Rhys was waiting to close the door. He touched her on the shoulder and she moved forward enough for him to shut the door and slide the bolt home.

"There. My house. Have a look round if you want. Not much to see. This is my main room, that's the bedroom. I'll put out the light on the verandah."

When he came back she was crouched beside the woollen rug with one corner in her fingers, examining the yarn and the weave.

"What's this?" she said, looking up. "A tree, or skin, or what?"

"It's hair — from a sheep. You know the animals BP sometimes put up on Paga to eat the grass? Them. BP use them for meat but you can cut off the hair too. You've seen blankets. It's the same."

She nodded and stood, still looking down at the rug. Rhys had never taken much notice of it, apart from its dinginess, but her turning up the corner had shown it to have been an attractive white and grey once.

"And why did you put a skirt on the wall?" she said, pointing with her chin.

"Because I like to look at it. The colors."

"I thought they were for your mother."

"I've sent her two. That one I'm keeping."

"Why?"

Rhys shrugged. The question hadn't occurred to him.

"I don't know. Probably because . . . I suppose one day I'll leave here and I want something to help me remember . . . Port, and Hanuabada . . . people like you. That's why."

"We do that sometimes."

"Yes, I know. Ahuia has shown me his first wife's comb. He keeps it." He waited for a comment, but when none came he said, "Do you have anything like that? Of your mother . . . father?"

"No," she answered casually. She had satisfied her curiosity and the subject no longer interested her. She was already looking boldly around the room.

"You want coffee?"

She blinked, meaning yes.

He poured hers first and handed it to her. With a deft finger she dabbed something off the surface of the coffee and flicked it on the floor, but again waited for him to take his first sip before touching hers.

Then finally they were in the bedroom.

Rhys had turned down the wick of the lantern and left if burning on the living room floor. It threw a pale yellow light on to the bedroom wall. Twice the previous night he had taken the skirt down from the living room wall and studied how it fastened. But she gave him no opportunity to test his lovers' skills; there was a rustle and she was standing naked with the skirt in her hands. She bunched it and bent quickly and placed it on the floor beside the bed. She ran a hand lightly over the sheet, then pressed on the mattress. A second later she was stretched out on the bed on her back, legs together, hands gripping both edges of the mattress to hold herself steady while she jigged gently up and down on it.

"Like many leaves," she whispered delightedly, "but like floating on the water too."

Rhys hadn't even unbuttoned his shirt. He was standing between the doorway and the bed watching her, entranced by her first encounter with a kapok mattress and spring bed, and a little frightened by her lack of shyness.

"Boio . . . I meant to ask you before now. I don't want you to have a baby."

She stopped jigging.

"I won't. Only if I want to."

He hadn't expected such blunt assurance. More than one girl her age who had left school suddenly in Moruya had appeared some weeks later in Vulcan Street with a swollen belly and a husband in tow.

"You don't believe me, uh?" she said, interpreting his silence, and rolling up on to one elbow. "Plenty of women know how to stop babies. Or we can finish them if we don't want it." She shrugged. "What do you think? We are pigs? We know. Men too, but not how."

So he undressed, his doubts intact, but wilfully buried.

There was not much room for two lying flat on the mattress. His shoulder was hanging over the edge. He turned on his side and put his arm over her and began to stroke the smooth skin of her shoulders, moving down her back till his fingers reached the groove in the small of her back which he explored before letting his fingers follow it down to where it shallowed and ran into the cleft of her buttocks. The buttocks tensed as his fingers entered the cleft and he stopped and, instead, cupped his hand over the left one and was filled with a choking rush of pleasure to find it fitted almost completely into his spread hand.

Once, during a dance following a cattle sale at Bodalla, he had gone outside with an Aboriginal girl. She had led him to an empty stall strewn with broken hay bales at the darkest end of the stables. All he had known was to lie on her, but he was heavy, and she had squirmed out from under him and made him kneel between her legs. Then, dress tucked up, she had impaled herself on him and lain back, locking her ankles behind him. He knelt the same way now with this girl; she responded eagerly, wrapping her legs around his hips. He lifted her gently with his fingers under her waist and ran his thumbs along the taut skin of her stomach, then gripped her and thrust deep into her, and out. She gasped — he thought he had hurt her — but then gripped his wrists and pulled him into her again. He increased the weight of his thrusts and as he did so the bed frame began to jangle and kept on jangling till finally she snatched her hands from his wrists and clamped both of them over her mouth to suppress a fit of the giggles. He started to giggle too. He felt himself shrinking, and slid out of her, and sat on his heels.

When they had finished giggling he said softly, "What do we do?"

Without answering she hopped off the bed and took his hand, grabbing the sheet with the other. He helped her tug it loose. They pattered out into the living room, him with his penis flopping wet and uncomfortably cold against his thighs. She flicked the sheet out to cover the rug and drew him down on to it.

The sounds she made when she came alarmed him, but by then he was too close himself to stop.

When they were lying side by side he listened to the wind and tried to judge how strong it was. It and the thunder rumbling over Toaguba should have been enough to muffle the gasping shrieks she had made. He hoped so, anyway.

"Boio," he said when he heard her breathing normally again beside him, "the sounds you make. You'll . . . you'll have to be more careful."

"I forgot. It was nice."

"Yes."

And soon his teeth were buried in his bottom lip to control his own shuddering gasps as she rode him into oblivion.

Afterwards in the dark, lying on the sheet thrown loosely over the bed, breathing her smell and wishing she was still there to touch, the image of her straining breasts and halo of hair above him kept coming back to him, making him reach down to touch himself, just to feel flesh there again, even if only his own fingers. Another image, which out of some well of prudishness had shocked him at the time, but which now made him smile with pleasure, was that of the girl standing at the table with her back to him, pouring coffee into a mug with one hand and, with the fingers of the other, wiping a trickle of juice up the inside of her thigh and cupping her hand in her crotch. She had liked the neckerchief very much.

May

They were sprawled on the woollen rug as if washed up on a beach. The girl was lying over Rhys. He was still inside her, shrivelled. Their skins were slippery with sweat; Rhys always closed the verandah door as well as the other, and the air in the

"Mr Wingate, perhaps if you didn't rip off her hand-brocaded gowns, tear away her expensive silk panties, throw her violently on to the bed, and then fall asleep . . ."

COFFEE LESSONS

living room was hot and still. She was breathing quietly into the hollow of his shoulder. Her crisp hair was tickling his cheek; his nostrils were full of the smell of fresh coconut oil. With one lazy finger he was tracing the groove of her spine, beginning at the cleft of her buttocks and drawing his finger slowly up the wet skin to where the groove shallowed, then lifting his finger and returning to her buttocks. She shivered slightly each time the tip of his finger burrowed into the cleft to begin again.

A sleepy bird called from the back of the house. She arched suddenly — her own bird-like quickness — supporting herself on the palms of her hands, her head up, listening.

"It's late."

Before Rhys could answer she slid off him and stood. His penis flopped sideways on to his thigh. He put one hand behind his head and lay for a moment enjoying the sight of her in the dim yellow light. Her fingers always went to her crotch when she stood so as not to spill juice on the rug or the floorboards. She was standing tensely, still listening. He moved his foot and brushed his big toe against her ankle. She jumped, then crouched and flicked his penis with her fingernails; he grabbed for her but she skipped out of reach.

"You look out," he said in English.

She wrinkled her nose at him, then began searching for her skirt.

Rhys rolled over on his side and stretched to the lantern burning in the corner, then turned up the wick a fraction.

He closed the door again after watching her go, and drifted around the room tidying up. The sheet they had spread on the rug had been kicked aside and lay on the bare boards like a sloughed skin. He picked up it and the pillows and lobbed them on to his bed from the doorway, then came back and knelt and pulled the rug smooth. There was a dark patch in the centre. He bent close and sniffed it, and began to fondle himself; his penis was sticky in his fingers and, though big, would not grow hard. He stood and went to the bookshelves, grabbed the dictionary, and came back and slid it under the edge of the rug near the patch. That done, he glanced around the room. The only signs remaining were the two mugs and the empty plate on the table. He smiled, looking at the plate — every time she came to the house she ate half a jar of marmalade, spooning it on to a slice of bread till it overflowed, orange rivers trickling between her fingers and down her hand.

He hitched the towel more tightly around his waist, then threaded a finger through the handles of the mugs, and picked up the plate.

He went outside to the tank and rinsed them under the tap. The water was very cold on his fingers after the stuffiness of the room. He filled his mug and saw he had a star in it. His father had taken him to see stars in a well once. He jiggled the mug and watched the reflection splinter, then refocus to a glittering pinpoint. He wondered if his father had ever screwed an Aboriginal woman; he doubted it. He wouldn't have been surprised to learn that both his parents had married as virgins. Write and ask them. He grinned, then raised the mug and swallowed the water in gulps. He placed the empty mug upside down on the tankstand beside the other one and the plate and stood contemplating the fact that we always seem to know least about the people we should know best. Delaying tactics. He slipped out of the towel and stepped up to the tap, and was steeling himself for the shock of the water hitting his belly when the scream came. A quick sound, more a gasp of surprise. Then another, longer, scream, this time terrified. He froze, his hand on the tap. Boio — had to be.

"Shit," he whispered. "Shit, shit, shit!"

Another scream began and suddenly stopped. He imagined he heard the slap over the mouth.

"Oh Christ."

If someone like Rorke had her . . . unless she said nothing . . . or one of the hotel boys . . . oh Christ, the shillings! Whoever had her would know . . . they'd *know*. Or belt it out of her. Rorke would! That started him along the path. Then he realised he was naked. Smelling to high heaven of her! He snatched up the towel, held it under the tap and twisted the handle so violently it screeched. He ran towards the back door, wiping himself with the wet towel.

They were on the road in front of the vacant allotment separating the Fletcher bungalow from the hotel annexe, the Dead House. A ring of figures lit by two lanterns.

Rhys slowed to a walk. What the hell was she doing there? She should have been on the Toaguba track — by now, at the top, looking down on the causeway. The wild hope that it wasn't her leapt in him. Then, as quickly, died. She'd come in a canoe. The shallows opposite the allotment were where the Motuans always landed. She must have. Christ, right in the middle of town. Right in the bloody middle! He stopped, fists clenched, and stared up at the sky until his anger passed.

The figures were too immersed in the drama to notice him approaching out of the darkness. From 10 yards away he heard the voice of the sergeant speaking in Motu. His harsh barracks voice. Rhys closed his eyes for a moment and nodded. He should have guessed. Who else would be prowling the township after midnight?

"You are a thief. You stole these things."

The girl was whimpering "no" over and over. The sergeant had her by one arm, his

free hand hovering menacingly in front of her downturned face. He shook her.

"Yes! Where did you steal them? Uh?" He shook her again. "Where?"

Rhys stopped. Vickers, holding one lantern, had his back to him. A miner was holding the other. A second miner, in a patched nightshirt Rhys would have found comical at another time, was standing beside the sergeant ready to grab the girl if she struggled. Fabian was on the far side of the circle. He glanced up, saw Rhys and nodded, then looked down again at the girl. A nod to an onlooker, not a culprit, Rhys realised. There were several men watching from the verandah of the hotel, and heads poking out of four or five windows in the Dead House. Vickers noticed the nod, turned, and was surprised to find Rhys a yard behind him. His eyes were glittering with excitement.

"You must've crept up. Sergeant's caught a thief. Not a bad-looking one either."

He was too engrossed in his news to notice the expression on Rhys's face.

"You want me to bump your head again?" the sergeant was asking the girl. He unclenched his fist under her nose. In his palm was the hankerchief Rhys had given her. It was badly crumpled; the sticks of tobacco it had held were broken; the shillings shiny with sweat from the sergeant's hand. They looked so pitiful Rhys felt sick. "Where did you steal these? The hotel? Uh? You been creeping round in the hotel while *Taubadas* are sleeping? Not by yourself. I don't think so. I will catch who is helping you too. You will all be sorry, I tell you." He buried fingers, cloth, tobacco, shillings, suddenly in her hair and wrenched her head back. "Uh?"

She screamed with pain, then subsided quickly to a whimper. She had her eyes tightly closed.

Rhys looked at Fabian. He was enjoying it. So were the two miners. Their eyes were on her breasts, upthrust because of the angle of her head, and shivering each time she whimpered.

"Sergeant," Rhys called. He waited for the Islander to look around at him. "She didn't steal," he said softly in Motu. "I gave those things to her. Let go of her hair."

The sergeant did so as if stung. Fabian's mouth opened slowly but he found nothing to say and just gaped. The miners and Vickers looked curiously at Rhys, wondering what he had said to produce such an effect on the other two. Rhys met Fabian's eyes, then the sergeant's, before shifting his gaze to the girl. She had begun to sob, and was trembling uncontrollably.

"Many good nights, Boio," Rhys said in the same soft voice. "Thank you."

Vickers raised the lantern so as to see Rhys more clearly.

"What are you gabbling about?"

Fabian replied for Rhys. "He knows the girl, Mr Vickers." To Rhys he said, "I suppose it's sufficient proof that you know her name. What is it again?"

"Boio."

The magistrate's lips parted in the merest of smiles. "Miss 'lost'. Found by the sergeant. Unfortunately for you."

"How the hell would he know her?" Vickers burst out angrily at Fabian. Then to Rhys, "Do you?"

Rhys nodded. "Have you some time, Joe."

"Shit, John. Did you understand what you were doing?"

"Yes."

But *here?* In the guts of *town*. You must be crazy!"

Rhys started to lose his temper. "Look, I've said I know her, Joe!" Then controlled it. "Enough — right?"

Vickers lowered the lantern.

"Could I have those things, sergeant," Fabian said, holding out his hand for the hankerchief, the tobacco and the shillings.

> She hadn't reached the harbor to wash. with the fright, and struggling . . . He could smell her. Anyone could . . .

The sergeant came out of a sort of daze and tipped the things into Fabian's hand. He couldn't look at Rhys.

Fabian flicked a finger through the broken tobacco, roughly assembling the sticks, sorting the shilling from them. "You're quite generous for . . . services rendered, Mr Rhys." Then, realising that what he'd said presupposed some experience in such matters, added, "Preferable to rape, I suppose."

The word jolted Rhys out of his fatalism concerning himself.

"You're not throwing her in the calaboose," he blurted out.

The thought of what might happen to her there threatened to overwhelm his control for a moment. She hadn't reached the harbor to wash. With the fright, and struggling . . . He could smell her. Anyone could. If she were thrown into a cell . . .

Fabian shrugged.

"Depends on you. How willing you are to make a statement."

"You won't need her," Rhys said grimly. "I can tell you all you need to know."

"I'm sure you can. I'm questioning your willingness."

"I've just said you won't need her, haven't I? Now let her go."

"May I remind you you're in no position to make demands, Mr Rhys," Fabian said coldly. "You have friends in Hanuabada. I don't want her conveniently disappearing just when we want something you've said verified."

"Verified? You mean a straight confession's not enough for getting my marching orders?"

"Christ, he's given his word, Fabian," Vickers snapped, without looking at Rhys. "Piss her off!"

Fabian nodded to the sergeant. The policeman pushed the girl towards the harbor as his fingers released her upper arm. She stumbled, and hesitated, then looked around at Rhys. The sergeant drew back his hand and took a step toward her. "Go, slut!" he hissed in Motu. Rhys realised with a shock the sergeant was angry enough to kill the girl if once he started into her with his fists. The girl flinched and turned, and ran towards the mangroves. All six men watched her until she ducked beneath the first branches and disappeared into their caves of shadow.

Then Rhys said in Motu, "It takes two, sergeant."

The sergeant wheeled at the words but still couldn't bring himself to look at Rhys. From the glimpse Rhys got of his face in the lanternlight as he turned, he looked ready to burst into tears. A moment later there was the bouncing grate of a hull over rocks and a splash, followed by the clatter of a paddle as it was dipped.

"Well, gentlemen," Fabian said quickly. "I think we can all go back to bed."

The two miners took the hint and moved off together towards the hotel verandah. Rhys glanced up at the Dead House and was surprised to see men still watching from its windows.

"Mr Ellison's office would be the best place in the morning, Mr Rhys. I shall send a note up to your house with a time." Fabian glanced uncomfortably at Vickers, who hadn't moved; Rhys could feel the sullen anger radiating from him. No doubt Fabian could too. He looked quickly back at Rhys. "Far from gloating, Mr Rhys, I am sorry this has happened, believe me. In all . . . other ways you are a first-class officer." Rhys nodded his thanks.

He was hoping, very much, that the sergeant would say something also. Anything. Rhys hadn't a clue what he was thinking, and desperately wanted one. But Fabian spoke again.

"Would you mind walking up to my bungalow with me, sergeant? I'd like a short talk with you."

The sergeant stiffened and brought his bare heels together.

There was nothing else to do or say, but the four men just stood.

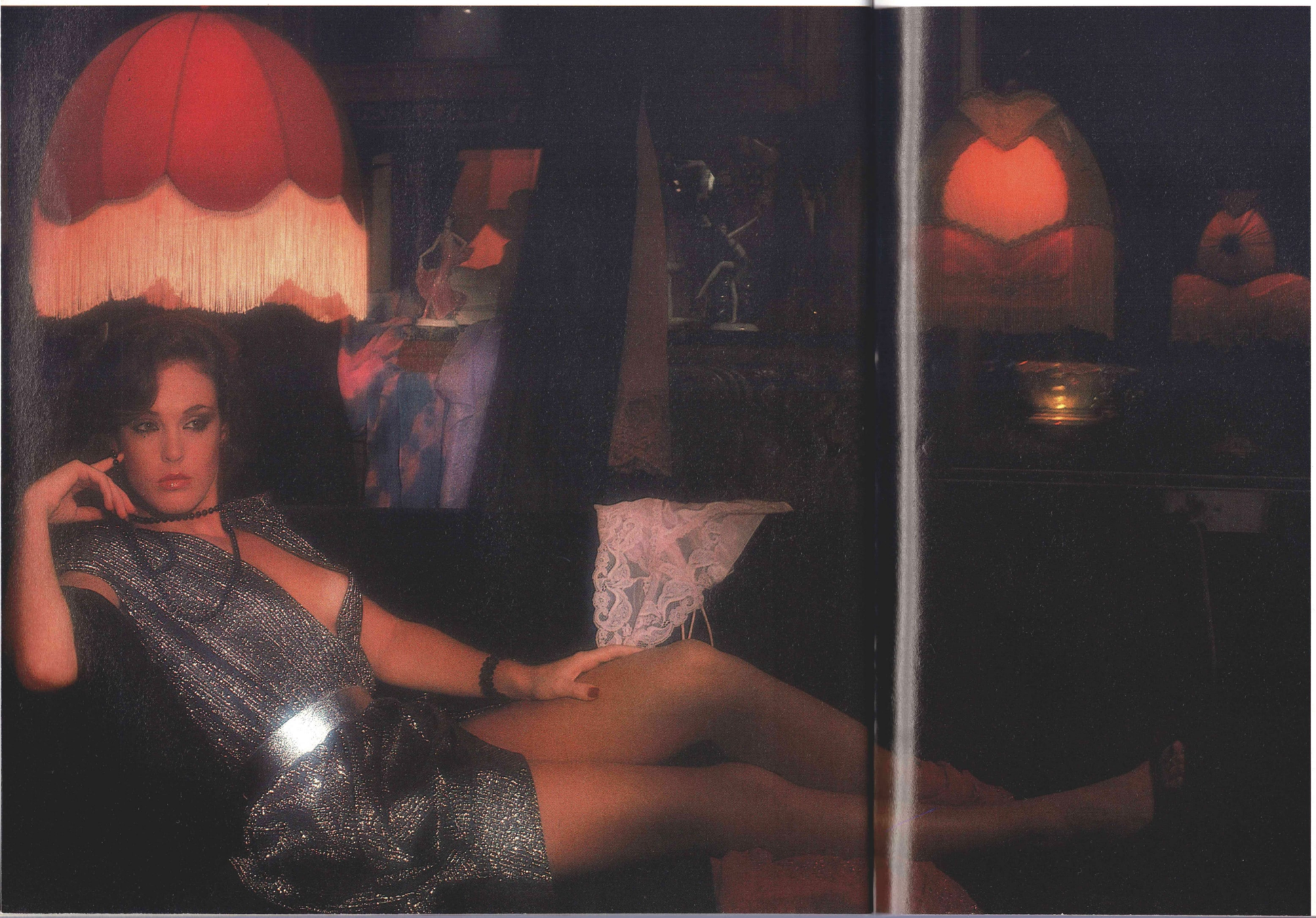
They finally managed to part in a murmur of "good nights", as if from a pleasant evening's drinking.

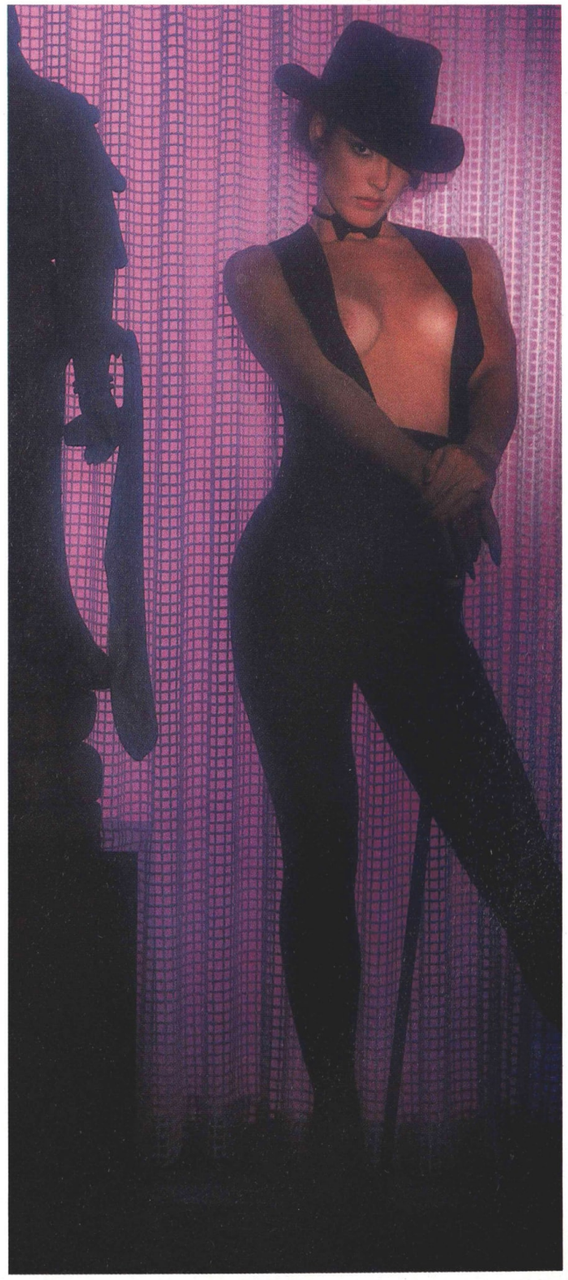
GOOD GUYS FINISH FIRST

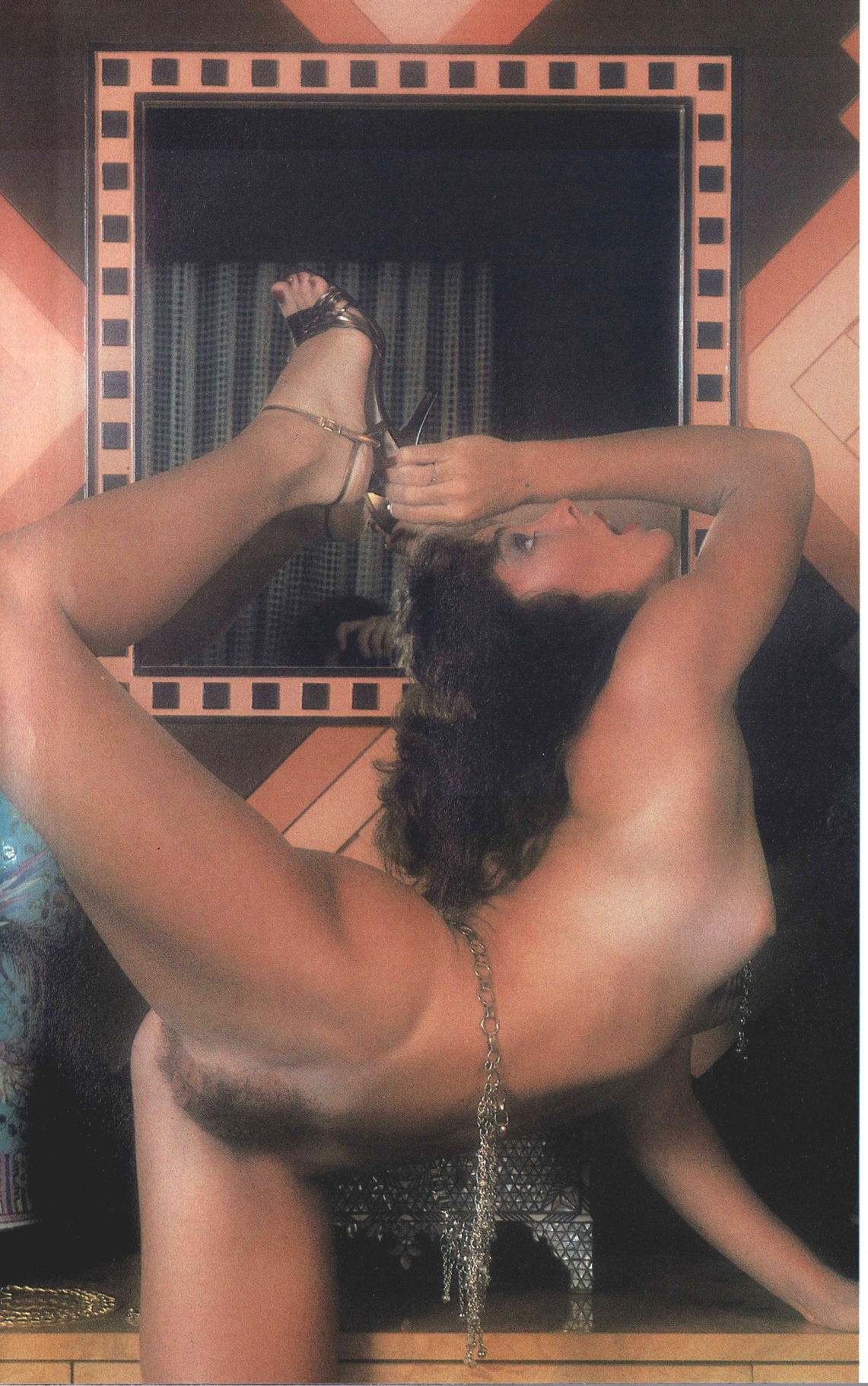
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

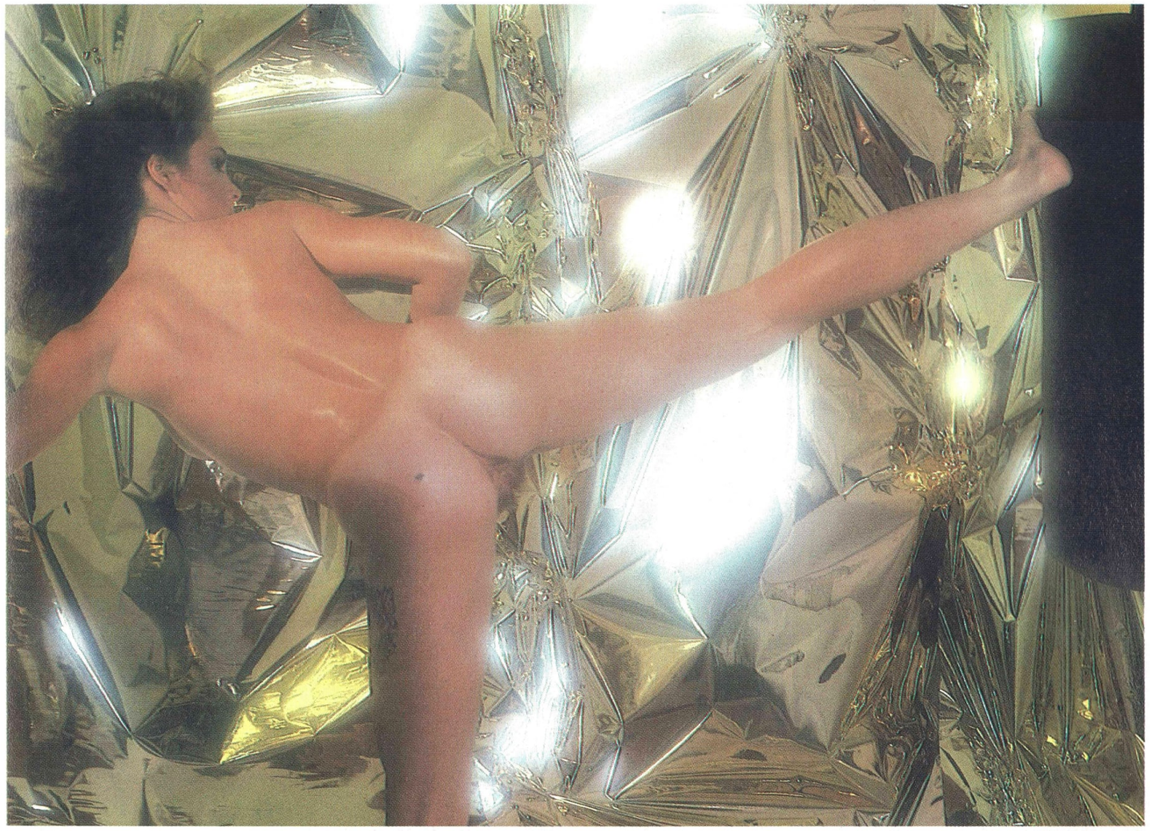
Loretta Lee Ybarra, our surprisingly supple Pet, has a confession to make: "Growing up, I was such a skinny ugly duckling that men would quack instead of whistle when they saw me on the beach!" She says this with a straight face, though her curvy dimensions belie her story. Now 21 and a real stunner, Loretta gets physical every day — improving herself with yoga, weightlifting and karate.

"This means I can repel the bad guys and attract the good guys," says our Pet. It also helps her make an unusual living as a Strip-A-Gram girl. Loretta fancies herself as a singer-songwriter-actress. "So I'm getting wonderful on-the-job training," she winks.

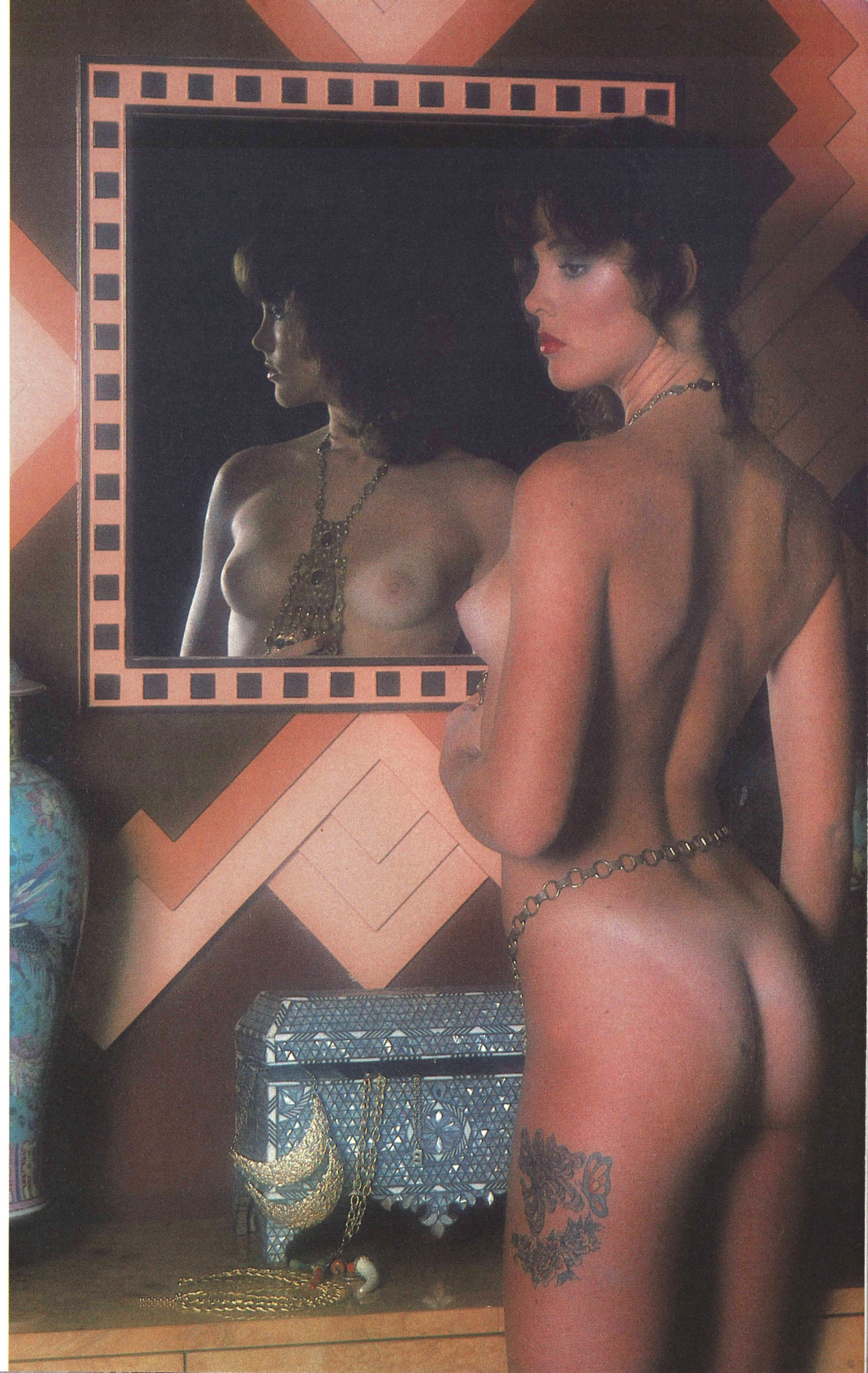


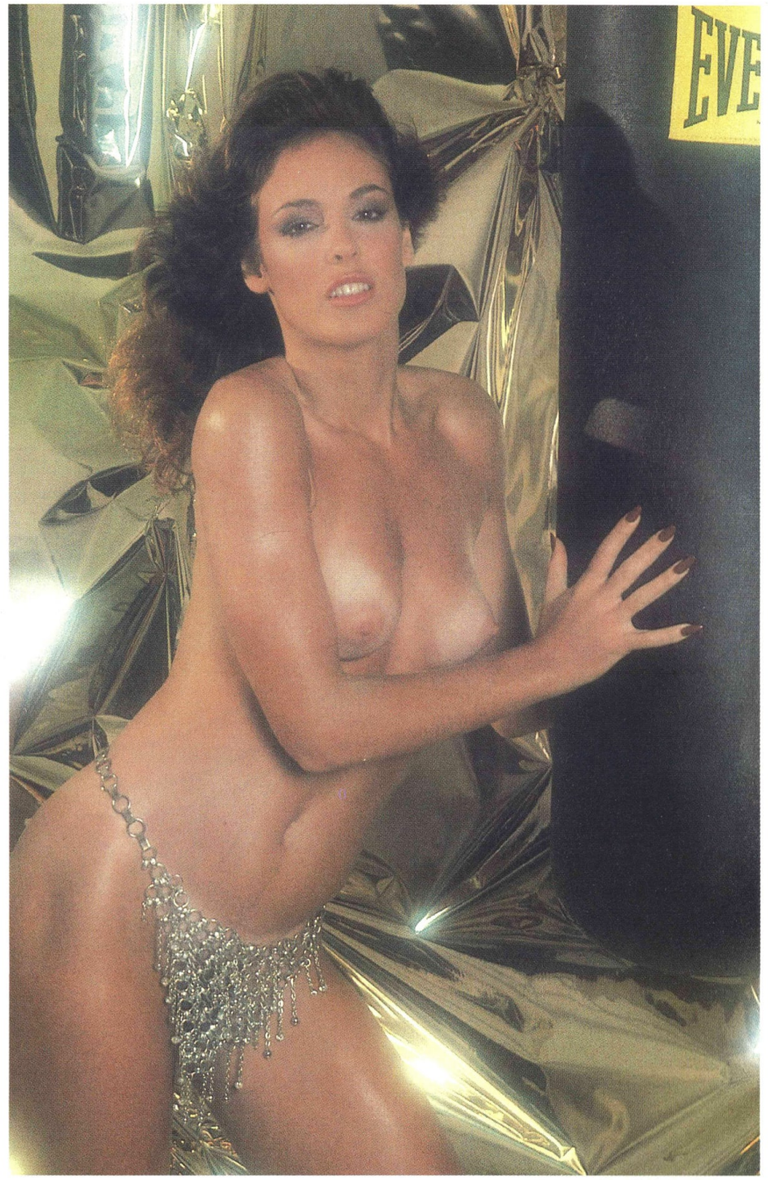




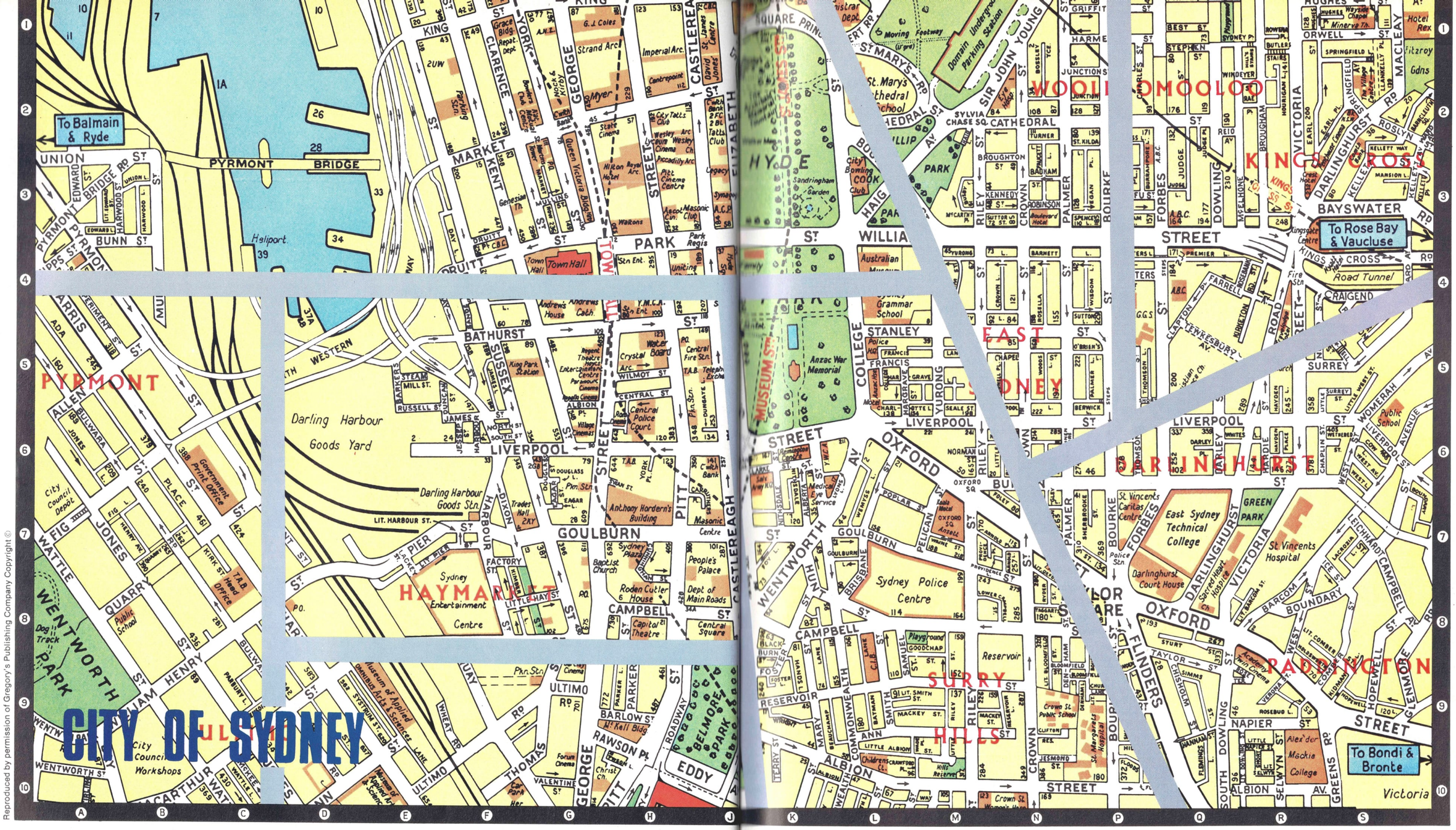


Loretta's idol is Red Sonja, the taut and terrific heroine in the film *Conan the Barbarian.* "Like her, I only love men who can overcome me in battle . . . They're not hard to find, but at least I don't go down without a fight." The fight of a lifetime, we'd say!





Our Pet admits she's something of an exhibitionist. "Last New Year's Eve I was hired to be a New Year's baby at a very classy restaurant . . . I bounded out of a cake in my birthday suit with just a ribbon tied in my hair," she laughs. "I wish you could have seen me in that ribbon!" Better still, Loretta, we wish we could tie one on with you.



Reproduced by permission of Gregory's Publishing Company Copyright ©

THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART X

MR. BIG ENOUGHS

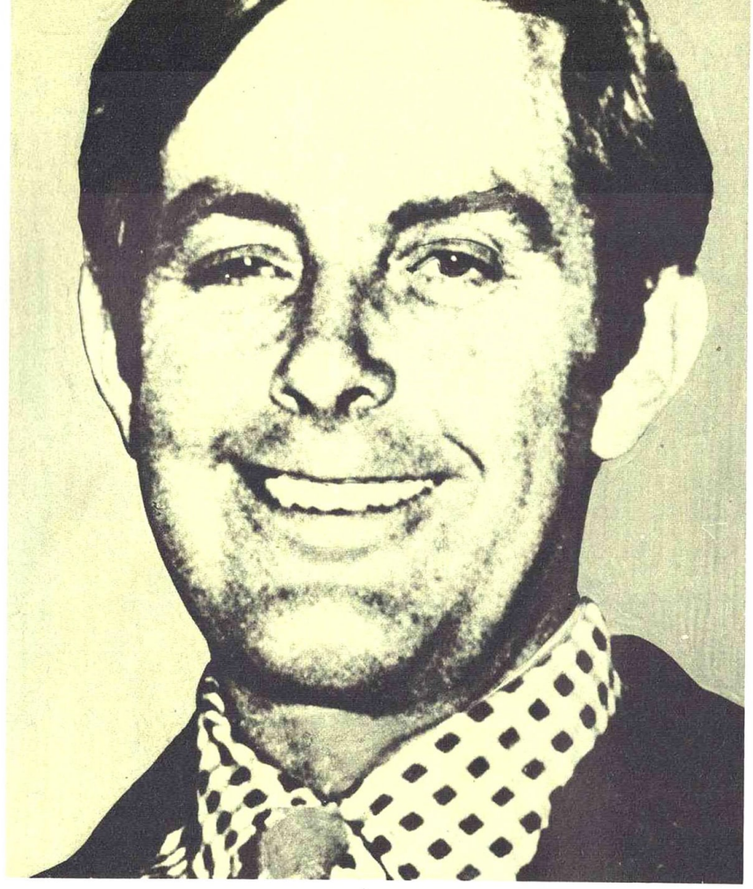
BY DENIS WHITBURN

As far as influential members of the NSW Police were concerned, several meetings held in the plush Sydney suburb of Double Bay in August of 1972 between seven criminal identities were nothing more than gatherings of "the boys" to play cards. The Commonwealth Police thought otherwise — and for good reason. Attended by the powerbrokers of Sydney crime, the meetings were alleged to have been called to discuss the activities of organised crime in Australia.

When Commonwealth authorities raised the issue of the meetings with the NSW body, the information was referred to the senior officer in charge of a special investigation into allegations of organised crime penetrating licensed clubs in the state. Not perceiving any link between the meetings and his investigations, the officer handed the information over to the Consorting Squad, who in turn went to the flat and asked the occupant, a leading criminal figure, whether in fact the meetings had taken place there. Not surprisingly, he was told they hadn't.

In effect, the seven men would have realised that it would not be wise to meet again on those particular premises and that while the state police might be able to play down the importance of their gatherings when questions were asked, contending with the Federal authorities was another matter altogether.

It was almost beyond belief to Justice Moffitt, head of the 1973 Royal Commission into Organised crime, that the information concerning what amounted to a "summit meeting" of criminal minds could be discarded by the state authorities without further inquiry. "Here, at last, was a



Anti-drugs campaigner Donald Mackay . . . disappeared July 15, 1977

BIG ENOUGHS

chance for surveillance personnel," he stated, "to check one of the suspected avenues for infiltration of organised crime. This chance could not by any plan have been more effectively terminated than it was by a police officer, who had no connection with the special inquiry, going to the door . . . when the people were not there and giving the names provided by the informers."

In Justice Moffitt's opinion, there was a question to be raised concerning the lack of integrity of some members of the police in the conduct of the inquiry. The government, Parliament and public had been misled by a series of reports from the NSW Police.

An example of the ties between crime, legitimate business "fronts" and police came to light during the Moffitt Commission when it was determined that three of the officers in charge of state investigations — on whose information the government and Parliament were expected to act — had deliberately or corruptly attempted to cover up organised crime links with a purported legitimate business enterprise. At one point the head of the company, a poker machine operation, tried to recruit the help of a business associate known by police to have substantial criminal interests, to use his connections inside the NSW Police and have "the heat" taken out of the inquiry.

This may explain — as Justice Moffitt noted — the marked decline of police interest in the state inquiry as it developed.

Later, the company head met with two of the officers in charge of the investigation at a solicitor's office, where an offer of a business partnership of some kind was made. One man declined, while the solicitor representing the other joined the company head in a new "club services" business — acting, as the commission concluded, as a dummy for the other officer.

"If the police inquiry is a fair indication of the police capacity to meet the problem of organised crime," Justice Moffitt wrote in his report, "the intelligence and investigation processes of the police are not adequate to alert governments to or initiate serious action against organised crime from abroad."

At the root of the Moffitt Commission and the state police inquiries was a belief that the American-based crime syndicates — the Mafia or Cosa Nostra — were forging business ties in Australia. Were they to go unchecked, the outcome would have a devastating effect on the social fabric of the nation — as is the case in America, where the web of organised crime touches the lives of a large percentage of people in some way or the other. And in fact, the Seventies in Australia saw crime organised on a scale not previously envisaged by "the boys" gathering for a supposed card game in Double Bay.

Narcotics, murder, merchant banking, tax evasion, government and police corruption, and the "Jekyll and Hyde" activities of respected businessmen all came together in a web as tangled as the American experience. The extent of the imprint made by organised crime would not become apparent until nearly 10 years after "the Double Bay summit" — when the Costigan Royal Commission into the Painters' and Dockers' Union would be tabled. It was a decade in which crime as an industry outstripped in revenue many of those industries on which the national economy is based.

Alien to the culture of Australians in the 1940s to 1960s, the youth swing towards drugs in the latter part of the Sixties developed into a social epidemic in the Seventies, following the route of marijuana-heroin-cocaine popularity promoted by "a subverted conspiracy of criminal origin." Along the way, marijuana became a product internally supplied rather than imported. Heroin and cocaine remained the premium items, taxing the traffickers' ability to find ways and means of bringing them into the country without arrest.

The "grass castles" of Griffith in the Riverina district of NSW — palatial residences built by those members of the Italian community rumored to be involved in "grass" or marijuana plantations in the area — symbolised the affluence of the newer drug promoter. The first wave of Italian immigrants, mostly from northern Italy, came to Griffith in the Twenties; the second wave, predominently southerners, followed after WWII.

During the war period, a new produce wholesaler and packing company, the Nugan Group, based in Griffith, built a thriving Australia-wide business handling the fruit and vegetables grown on properties largely under lease and title to the Italians.

Evidence points to the first "grass" crops springing up in 1972-3, with the first "bust" occurring the following year when two Calabresi — from the Calabrian region of southern Italy — were prosecuted, sentenced to prison and eventually let off with fines when they were portrayed as poor, hard-working farmers who had strayed.

The decision was seen as inequitable by many. "Exactly a year ago a crop of marijuana worth a quarter of a million dollars was discovered growing, carefully concealed, on a farm at Tharbogang, near Griffith," a local housewife, Barbra Mackay, stated in a letter to Griffith's *Area News* the following year. "Fines imposed on the two grocers were $250 and $500 respectively. Gaol sentences were suspended on the grounds that they had 'previously unblemished records'." The Friday previous to her letter, three youths had been sentenced to gaol and fines totalling $1800 for smoking "the end product of the growers." The contrast between the two cases was alarming.

The two grocers, or "poor, hard-working farmers", Rocco Barbaro and Guiseppe Scarfo, were related by marriage to a fellow Calabrese, Antonio Sergi, wealthy proprietor of a Griffith winery. Emigrating to Australia in 1952, Sergi was the only male in a seven children family. His sisters each married fellow Italians, each of whom came under investigation in the 1979 Woodward Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking.

Having gone public and thus reflecting the anger of many Griffith residents, and suspicious of the new prosperity of a number of the Calabresi farmers, Barbra Mackay handed over the reigns of what was building into an anti-marijuana lobby to her husband, Donald Mackay, the local leader of the Liberal Party. Mackay worked closely with those local citizens disturbed by the seemingly unchecked drug-growing going on around them.

The extent of their concern became apparent in the subterfuge they reverted to when mounting the first Mackay-instigated "bust". Receiving an anonymous letter concerning cultivation of Indian hemp at Coleambally, just over 60 kms from Griffith, Mackay, because of his distrust of certain members of the Griffith police, made an approach to the Drug Squad in Sydney. No immediate action was taken and it was not until he made a second approach with more detailed anonymous information that officers from Sydney raided the Coleambally crop. Antonio Sergi's brother-in-law, Francesco Sergi, was among the five Calabrians arrested.

The November 1975 "bust" wiped out a crop with an estimated street value of several millions of dollars. Evidence pointed to this being the second crop to be grown on the property, the first having been harvested without hindrance.

Acting on further information — but this time not coming from Mackay — the Sydney Drug Squad raided a crop of marijuana growing on 15 acres near Euston, 300kms west of Griffith, on March 5, 1977, the day before the trial of those arrested at Coleambally commenced. Not only was Mackay publicised as being linked with the Euston "bust", his name came to light during the Coleambally trial as a police informant. Again, the Euston raid wiped millions of dollars from the ledgers of the growers.

In his Royal Commission report of October, 1979, Justice Woodward was "satisfied that the undertaking conducted there had been . . . under the direction of Robert Trimbole, who . . . was involved in and apparently directed the marijuana industry conducted in the Riverina area."

When Francesco Sergi was found not guilty in the Coleambally trial on technical grounds, Mackay and the citizen group mounted a strenuous campaign, circulating a petition that was eventually signed by 2000 residents calling upon the government to take action. They wanted the cultivation of cannabis to become a major felony, the minimum sentence for offenders to be raised from two to 10 years, and a full-time Drug Squad team to be posted in the Riverina. The petition was presented to Premier Neville Wran in May 1977. Mackay led the campaign on the local radio and on the front pages of the *Area News*.

On July 15, Mackay again went to air, this time telling of children being used in the harvesting of marijuana crops. Due home at 7.00pm, Mackay dropped into the Griffith Hotel for a drink with a senior salesman, Robert Farrell. They were joined by Dr Gerald Fitzgerald. As Mackay entered, someone said: "Get right up the marijuana bastards, Don."

> It was a decade in which crime as an industry outstripped in revenue many of those industries on which the national economy is based

"There's only one I'm after," Mackay replied. His mood was jovial. As he drank with Farrell and Fitzgerald, there was some conversation relating to the non-prosecution of Francesco Sergi.

"I'm off home," Mackay said at 6.30pm. "See you in the morning." Purchasing a cask of wine from the bottle department, he stepped out into the dark to the car park, passing a woman named Patricia Betts, who later commented that he appeared to be concerned about something. His joviality had disappeared. Mackay was followed by a man of Italian appearance, aged around 30.

Parked opposite Mackay's van was a green and white Holden containing a number of darkened shapes, scruffy in appearance, with long hair. Working in an office adjacent to the car park, public accountant Roy Binks was disturbed by three noises like the cracking of a whip and a human noise similar to someone vomiting and groaning. There was a gap of two to three seconds between the noises.

Shortly after 6.30pm, a laborer named William Forrester saw a 1963 EJ Holden, dull green with a white roof, travelling at a dangerously high speed away from Griffith. Patricia Betts left the hotel about five minutes after Mackay. His van was still in the car park but there was no sign of him.

Concerned by his lateness, Barbra Mackay sought the help of a friend, Ian Salmon, who made a visual inspection of the parking areas of the various clubs and hotels, but it was not until 1.00am the next morning that he discovered Mackay's van in the Griffith Hotel car park. It was locked and blood-stained, with Mackay's briefcase inside and the car keys on the ground below the driver's door. Three .22 calibre expended cartridge cases were found near blood-stains on the ground, of the same blood group as Mackay's. Hair samples found were identical with Mackay's.

A number of people reported hearing a light aircraft flying over Griffith at a low altitude between midnight and 2.00am, but there was no evidence of a plane either landing or taking off. The extensive police investigation, covering interviews with 3200 people (including numerous suspects, the majority of whom were eliminated) brought no satisfactory conclusion as to what happened to Donald Mackay.

An application was granted in the Supreme Court of NSW in July, 1978 to have him "presumed deceased".

The importance of the .22 calibre weapon was raised by leading crime reporter, Bob Bottom, in his book *The Godfather In Australia*. Within days of Mackay's disappearance, some police and newspapers were tending to dismiss "the killing" as an amateur job because a .22 calibre weapon was used. Yet, as Bottom explained, international magazines at the very same time were publicising the fact that the FBI and other US authorities were probing a series of professional executions all carried out with .22 weapons, in the Mafia's modern version of Murder Incorporated.

"Although there are still other mysterious features of the Mackay case, his disappearance had all the hallmarks of a professional hit job, with the Modus Operandi similar to that of .22 executions in the United States," Bottom wrote. He also referred to the fact that suspects among the Griffith "grass castle" community were in Sydney during the week leading up to Mackay's death.

"If Mackay's crusading activities were deemed to have been a threat to the continuance of large-scale marijuana growing around Griffith," Bottom wrote, "the key to who was troubled most must surely lie in who had the most to lose: the marijuana growers, with their grass castles in Griffith, or the real Mr Bigs, with their mansions in Sydney." The street value of the

BIG ENOUGHS

Griffith wholesale produce could only be realised through the efforts of a retailer as such.

An insight into the organisation controlling the Australian drug trade was given by a witness code-named "AT" during the Woodward Royal Commission. He spoke of a "board" of seven men represented by a member from each state distributing marijuana between Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide; but a month before the Mackay disappearance, the board was due to take delivery of a large shipment of heroin. The wholesaler's loss would be the retailer's gain as the marijuana drought supposedly lead users into addiction to hard narcotics.

Importing and retailing were not without their hazards. Diligent members of the Drug Squad, through a series of successful "busts", gradually pieced together an overview of how organised drug trafficking operated in Australia.

Dr Alfred McCoy, acknowledged international expert on Asian drug trafficking, credits a group called the "Windsor Castle set" (named after an inner Sydney suburban hotel) with playing a "pioneering role" in bridging the R & R era (see History of Crime Part IX) and underworld involvement in the trade. The "set" was a loose network of friends and drinking partners made up of known criminals and creative professionals such as male models and interior and textile designers. Moving from the inner city — to escape the violence gripping the trade there — the "set" moved to the northern Palm Beach area where, through the surfers and teenagers, they established what McCoy describes as "the epicentre of Sydney's drug trade."

"Teenage pushers acquired ocean-going cruisers, the Bangkok heroin run became the counter-culture way to fill the glory chest, and fabulous drug parties . . . attended by media personalities became the apex of the social season," according to McCoy. As the local drug scene turned from LSD, cannabis, amphetamines, cocaine and hashish to heroin, the violence that had turned the "set" away from the inner city took over, "and local teenagers grew up to kill and be killed." Jan O'Truba, aged 20, a heroin addict and dealer, was found murdered at Oxford Falls in September, 1972. Known to cheat on deals at both ends — on his customers and suppliers — he made a deal the night before his death with a man O'Truba's friends alleged was a senior detective with the NSW Police. O'Truba was found propped up against a tree, with three .32 calibre shots to his head.

By the mid-Seventies, the exclusivity of Palm Beach as a self-contained drug culture community was no more. "Trade" had spread even further north, south and west — not just of Sydney, but Australia. The "R & R effect" was complete. Many "sets", "mobs" and "organisations" assisted in the massive growth of the industry.

Merging into a larger network, the "Windsor Castle set" came together with an entity identified by the Woodward Commission as the "Double Bay mob", made up of members from Sydney's affluent Eastern suburbs. At first the "mob" dealt mainly in marijuana but as the demand grew, heroin started to dominate the shopping list. Bangkok was the new tourist or stop-over fad.

As the supplier interest in heroin increased so did the pressure placed on those couriers who until then had dealt only in the "lighter" drugs. Known as both friend and lover of those criminals, designers, models, company directors and solicitors making up the "Windsor Castle set", 24-year-old fashion designer Maria Anne Hisshion, a courier and distributor, was pressured into upgrading her drug involvement into heroin trafficking. What might for her have been a trendy association with a colorful group of people turned sour, as she became frightened of and disillusioned with the "set".

> Although there are still other mysterious features of the Mackay case, his disappearance had all the hallmarks of a professional hit-job

Maria Anne Hisshion disappeared on Christmas Eve, 1975. Her body was discovered by a fisherman a fortnight later off the North Heads of Sydney. It was tied by nylon rope to an anchor, shot in the head by a .32 calibre bullet. The extent to which the "mob" were prepared to go in order to silence any dissenter became apparent to many of the beautiful people, as McCoy points out. They soon abandoned the trade, fleeing Sydney as the hard men took control.

By the time of Donald Mackay's disappearance, the "Double Bay mob" had established itself as the nucleus of eastern Australian narcotics trafficking, with links to independents such as Murray Riley's operation (see History of Crime Part IX) and New Zealand's "Mr Asia" group. Based in Sydney, Terrence Clark and Gregory Ollard were the Australian connection for the "Mr Asia" figure, Christopher Johnstone, who lived in Singapore. Johnstone himself was to number among the six members of this group to be excuted as his operation went from dealing in cannabis in late 1975 to heroin trafficking the following year. Distribution involved regular shipments from South-East Asia to dealers in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide.

Clark, along with fellow New Zealander Julie Theilman and her de facto, Greg Ollard, gravitated around the northern beaches peninsula of Sydney during 1976-77. Clark was the group's "heavy", Ollard the go-between with dealers. The two met while serving jail sentences for theft a couple of years beforehand. Relations between Clark, Ollard and Thielman started to dim when Clark became concerned with the "habits" developed by the other two, and with Ollard's intention to get out of the business.

Ollard and Theilman disappeared following an angry meeting between "Mr Asia" operatives in Melbourne in late 1977. The theory was that they had been killed and their bodies dispensed with under the docking apron area at Sydney's international airport. Nearly three years later, the discovery of a woman's skeleton in the Blue Mountains and a man's in Kuring-gai Chase outside Sydney led police to believe they were in fact the remains of Theilman and Ollard.

What has never been ascertained is whether Clark did the execution himself or contracted it out. Either way, the other members of the group were prepared to credit Clark with the job. "It was an eloquent testimony to his authority," Richard Hall commented in his book on the Mr Asia ring, *Greed*. "It doesn't do a man any harm in the drug trade to have the reputation of one prepared to kill."

Harry "Pommy" Lewis, a courier arrested at Sydney airport with two women on cannabis importation charges in May 1978, was Clark's next victim. Skipping bail, Lewis accompanied Clark on a motoring trip to Brisbane — at least, that was where Lewis believed he was being taken. North of Sydney, Clark pulled his Jaguar over to the side of the road and asked Lewis to take a look under the bonnet, claiming the transmission was going. Within moments of doing as Clark had asked, Lewis was dead — shot at close range with a Magnum. His body was taken down a bush track, where the hands were chopped off and the teeth smashed in. Lewis' skeleton remains were discovered in March, 1979.

Two months later the remains of Douglas and Isobel Wilson were discovered in a shallow grave at Ryeback Beach, south of Melbourne. They had been executed with a .22 calibre weapon. The two had replaced Ollard as heads of the Sydney distribution operation after he disappeared. The Wilsons had committed the unforgivable breach in any narcotics operation — they had "grassed" to the law.

Interrogated over three days following their arrest in Queensland, they gave state police and Federal narcotics agents an insight into the "Mr Asia" operation. Douglas explained how Clark had "a bloody good source in the Customs Department" in Sydney. He was an ex-copper, embittered and cynical. All the men under him were straight, but the man Douglas referred to was on a $25,000 a year stipend from Clark. "And he pays him each time he gets information off him, depending on the worth of the information."

He went on to tell of the taped interview between police and a man arrested by narcotics agents, who told them details of Clark and the syndicate operations. The customs man on Clark's payroll got the tape to him. Upon the release of the "grass", Clark took to him with a baseball bat, belting him severely. Wilson also had an inkling as to the fate of Lewis.

"I'm quite fucking frightened," Wilson insisted. "I mean, if he thinks for one moment that I've given him up, then if he can possibly organise it, he'll have me shot without any compunction."

The Wilsons were not taken seriously at the time and even when visited the following year at their rented Rose Bay house in Sydney by police who were then investigating the discovery of a body found near Port Macquarie, they could not make the authorities understand the seriousness of the situation they were embroiled in. The police were satisfied Clark was in New Zealand, despite Wilson's insistence he was still in Sydney. He had visited them, Wilson told police, and told them they would end up like "Pommy" Lewis — a threat carried out within days of Douglas Wilson's last call to police.

Only in death were the Wilsons' allegations taken seriously as public controversy erupted. A public inquiry into the Narcotics Bureau by state and Commonwealth police was announced. Meanwhile, the last act of the "Mr Asia" drama was being played out between Bangkok and a dank quarry in Lancashire, England. Blowing a major deal — in which an Asian connection ripped him off for between $250,000 and $750,000 — Christopher Johnstone, who earlier had had a falling out with Clark, was enticed back to England on the assurance that whatever had taken place in the rip-off had been forgiven.

Told of an important meeting that had been set up in Glasgow, Johnstone was prepared to drive north with Andy Maher, an associate from his New Zealand trafficking days in the early Seventies, and another of the group's couriers, James Smith, formerly a Scots Guardsman. At a lay-by outside of Carnforth, Maher pulled the car over, suggesting Johnstone take a turn at the wheel. As he got out of the car, Johnstone was shot in the back of the head with a .38 calibre revolver, then shot again outside the car. Dragged back into the car and propped up in the passenger seat, Johnstone was stabbed in the stomach, then back at the garage of their base, his hands were chopped off, his teeth smashed in, his stomach cut with an axe. Tied down with a lorry bottle jack and two 56lb and two 14lb weights, Johnstone was dropped into the quarry lake during the night.

Stopping on the English side of the Scottish border, Maher telephoned Clark and told him of the night's success — one which was to pre-empt the total collapse of the "Mr Asia" organisation upon the discovery of Johnstone's body in October, 1979.

Victorian police investigating the murder of the Wilsons were able to draw links between the "Mr Asia" organisation and the "Double Bay mob" through instances of travel movements between New Zealand and Sydney, shared rental accommodation and various associations. But the popular belief has been that the organisation was purely an independent New Zealand outfit.

> As if it were their traditional right, the organisers of Australia's illicit narcotics trafficking have been able to use bureaucracy to their advantage

Intriguing as the connections along the "Mr Asia" trail were, they did not have the immediacy for Australians as the arrests in Bangkok in October, 1978 of Newtown Rugby League star Paul Hayward and two other Australians, Warren Fellows and William Sinclair, for possession of heroin with a street value of $3 million. The day the story broke in Sydney, the NSW Police raided a house in Sydenham, the purpose of which was to abort the distribution end as Thai police had done at the supply end. Arthur "Neddy" Smith was the man arrested as the Sydney connection in what the Woodward Commission called "The Sinclair Group".

Amongst items found in the raid, inside a locked tin box held at the ANZ Bank, Marrickville, was a handwritten letter referring to "containers". Two sheets of notes added up to the procedure one might use to bring contraband into Australia by way of containers. The goods had to be of a type that would not arouse suspicion; the Australian National Line had to be used, or an English ship (there were known informers aboard Indian line ships); there must be a clean getaway from the point of origin, as most "tips" derived from there; containers had to be destined to a plausible name at a genuine address, preferably in an industrial area where there were nondescript warehouses. Shipping details had to arrive well before the ship so that the freight could be *protected,* and details had to be related to "our friends" so a daily check could be kept.

"The friends" would, upon the ship's arrival, unload and deliver to a carrier, a "dill" who would know nothing of the freight contents. Their fee — $30,000 cash on delivery plus a bonus of 30 to 50 percent to pay the workers.

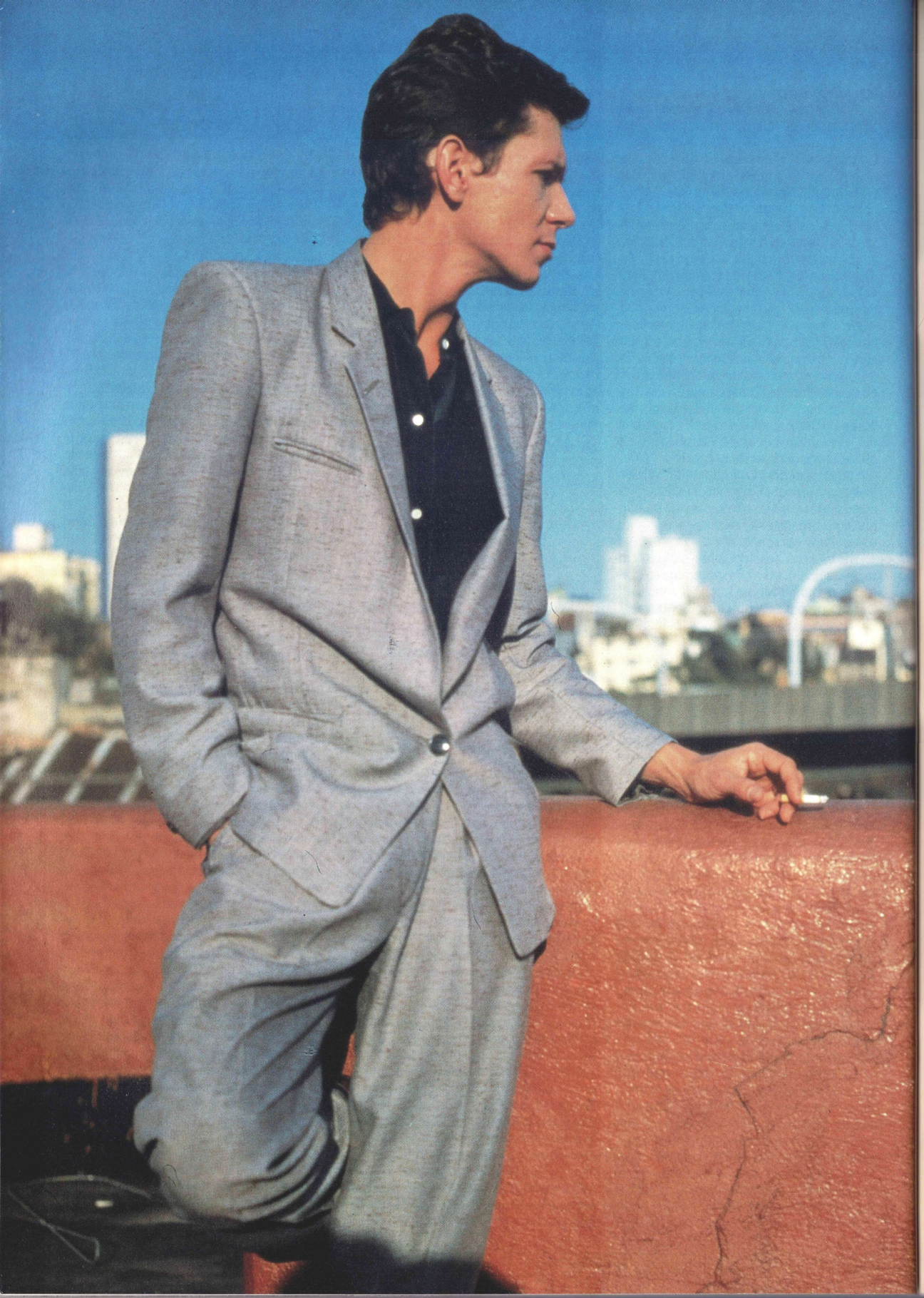
In the opinion of the Woodward Commission, the document gave an indication of an intelligent approach to the use of containers; in another part of the report, the comment was made that one means of extracting drugs from a container would be to have the container made available for repair.

The 1979 Williams Royal Commission into drugs made recommendations concerning what was perceived as narcotics smuggling on a large scale through the use of containers. Warning the Federal Government of container abuse, the report told of weaknesses in container checking procedures that three years later had not been corrected. It was possible, a customs officer told the commission, to remove a suitcase-sized pack of heroin — 20 to 30 kilos — from a container before it was officially unpacked. There were ways in which cargo could be cleared with documentation before it landed in Australia; a consignee would clear freight on his own premises rather than on the wharves.

There were improperly authorised companies involved in the movement of cargo, and hundreds of other companies (still operating in 1982, at the time of an Auditor-General's report) which were authorised to clear containers without supervision. The report described as "extremely serious" the breakdown in monitoring and accounting procedures for container cargo.

As if it were their traditional right, the organisers of Australia's illicit narcotics trafficking have been able to utilise bureaucracy to their advantage. The systems upon which they are able to draw, if only by chance, suggest quiet collusion between the two divergent groups.

Quite by chance, the focus on the real spread of the underworld was shifting to the docks of Australia, where the blue collar and white collar would come together in schemes that would eventually rock the government, while pointing out the way in which the sophisticated criminal mind was planning for the future.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

IVA DAVIES

‘If you like being adored, impressing women and getting free drugs all the time, then I guess it’s attractive. If you don’t you’re stuck with bad hours and bad pay’

Rock stars come in all brands and colors, but few arrive in as curious a package as Iva Davies. For a start, he didn’t learn his licks at 14 practising in his parents’ garage; he came via the circuitous route of formal classical music training. Consequently he never agonised over a new Chuck Berry riff while skipping homework.

Now that he has entered the ultra-cool echelon in the rock world, he still doesn’t fit in with the rest of the boys. Unlike Cold Chisel’s Jimmy Barnes, or Swanee’s John Swan, or a multitude of other Aussie rockers, Davies doesn’t show up at rock clubs and leap on stage for a jam of some soul classics. Unlike many others, he doesn’t take young bands under his wing and throw himself into an orgy of hit-making in darkened studios. And on the subject of orgies, he speaks disdainfully of the traditional retreats of the rock superstar; the eternal consumption of women and drugs holds no fascination for Iva Davies.

Yes, he’s a cool one all right. In his elegant, slightly old-fashioned, classically-cut suits and with his almost aristocratic appearance, he would look more at home buying a gold cigarette lighter at some gentlemen’s outfitters than strutting around with a guitar on the grimy stage of a suburban hotel.

His classical training began at the age of six, courtesy of his mother, whom Davies describes as “a very accomplished classical pianist.” Little came of these early efforts, except that being surrounded by music at home instilled something of the Terpsichorean muse in the young Iva. It wasn’t until he was 11 that he decided to grab this thing by the throat. A schoolteacher asked who could play an instrument and Davies thought a little white lie wouldn’t hurt, so he shot his hand in the air, aiming to get his hands on a trumpet. Trumpets were out of season but the teacher’s wife taught the oboe, so the writing was on the wall.

The first scholarship came at the age of 14, and Davies began attending the prestigious Sydney Conservatorium of Music, where he won a string of further scholarships. Even after finishing his high school studies Davies continued at the conservatorium, aiming for a diploma in performance and playing the oboe with various chamber ensembles and orchestras. Then, inexplicably, he chucked it in. After more than a year of indecision and involvement with other projects — musical and non-musical — he re-emerged as the heart-throb lead singer for a band called Flowers.

Flowers was a strange band for a bunch of newcomers — tight and controlled, playing a set of immaculately performed cover versions of rock classics from T-Rex to the Sex Pistols. With Davies’ well-honed arranging skills, learnt while filling in time as a sheet music writer for a publishing company, their performances were head and shoulders above the usual clumsy early efforts of fledgling rock bands. The band, originally the baby of bassist Keith Welsh, gradually became more and more Davies’ vehicle for his songs and ideas. The writing tasks fell to him, much to his annoyance, because none of the other band members really had much idea of how to write a song.

His initial distaste for the task turned into an exacting quest for perfection in tunes which first saw the light of day on the pub stage, and later on the band’s first album, *Icehouse.* That title became the band’s new name when the old monicker became unviable. And Davies’ domination of the group continued until, when it came time for recording the band’s second album (*Primitive Man,* this time by Icehouse), Davies virtually dismissed the rest of the band while he flew to Los Angeles to record it almost single-handedly.

Getting back on the road to promote the album, Davies didn’t reassemble the old band but preferred to cast about for musicians that interested him, inviting them along to rehearse and hit the track, while still calling the combination Icehouse. This seemingly high-handed treatment of the other band members accords with Davies’ general attitude toward his music — when he’s right, he’s right and if you don’t agree with him you can take your ball and kick it in somebody else’s backyard. If that dictatorial attitude were coupled with driving ambition, Davies might have made himself a lot of enemies among this country’s musicians. But that’s not the case: Davies isn’t ambitious so much as curious . . . enough to try as many combinations and sounds as he can, although even he can’t seem to express what he’s searching for.

Penthouse writer Roger Crosthwaite found it just as hard pinning Davies down on the subject of what he was going to do next as he did reconciling the image of Davies as a popular teenage idol with the calm, conservative, dry-witted man he sat down to talk with in the offices of Regular Records, the independent company that releases Davies’ recordings to a seemingly insatiable public.

Iva Davies is that rarity among rock stars — intelligent, perceptive and somewhat perplexed that all this fuss should be made over him . . .

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: How did you come to throw in a position at the conservatorium and a promising career as a symphony oboist for something as transient as a career in rock and roll?

Davies: There were a number of things. I was having a hard time with the oboe. I was getting so critical of my own playing, giving myself such a hard time I couldn't pick it up without getting totally disgusted. It became more of a pain than it was enjoyment. The other thing was I spent most of that year studying Gregorian chants and medieval music, which was a bit of a bore.

Penthouse: Did you choose the medieval strand?

Davies: No, that was part of the curriculum, but the other problem was that the diploma students were very specialised — there were only 19 of us in the year — and there were 90 people there learning how to be music teachers, some of whom had failed Third Level music, but because they had a pass in English they could become qualified to teach music. On the other hand there was a friend of mine who had passed First Level music but failed English, so they wouldn't let him in. So the people running the place didn't really have any idea of what was going on. The problem was that the 19 diploma students shared classes with the 90 student music teachers, so the whole standard was brought down to cater for those 90. And that meant I spent a lot of the time going over things I'd known for years and years. So I dropped out at a time when I was due to sit for a really big exam, had a minor nervous breakdown and went bush for a couple of weeks. Then I decided I was not going to be a musician any more because it was driving me to distraction, so when I got back I looked in the paper for a job. I found one as a menswear salesman, but after six months I was getting pretty tired of not being a musician — I couldn't be satisfied either way. I had to get back into music for better or worse.

Penthouse: Seems it was a bit late for that, having burned your bridges as you did. What did you do about coming in from the cold?

Davies: I was contacted one day by the ABC orchestra, who were looking for an oboe player. The trouble about that was they had this Fascist conductor who had an incredible reputation for being totally obnoxious. His trick was destroying people. He was a very interesting character, but he had this system whereby he would take one person and systematically work on them and single them out for a couple of weeks, and everything they did was wrong. It wouldn't matter if they were doing it right or not, he would humiliate them in front of the whole orchestra. The result was either of two things: if the person was a really good musician with some self-esteem, which a musician has to have to be good, they would crack up completely and there were a couple of heavy nervous breakdowns while I was there; or if they weren't much good and didn't have much guts they ended up by being completely servile and would do anything he wanted. Anyway, my number came up about six months down the line, and he started working on me. So one day in the middle of rehearsal I cracked and told him where to get off and I left the orchestra. It was probably the best thing I ever did. But because he was an ABC conductor, that finished my career as a professional player. There are only about 30 positions for professional oboists in

> Classical training, always playing in time and in tune, means that most classical musicians have a warped perspective when it comes to rock

Australia and they're like public service jobs — you stay there until you're 60. So having rubbed an ABC conductor up the wrong way . . . well, it was my death knell.

Penthouse: Is that where guitar playing came in?

Davies: Well, while all this was going on I'd been mucking around with the guitar, and I had met a couple of guys who were into playing folky dives and the occasional folk festival. So I chucked my lot in with them, playing with one or both of them around town, and sometimes just on my own. I didn't take it very seriously but one of these guys was really ambitious to get a recording contract. I wasn't really. He was a very good songwriter — all right guitarist, terrible singer, but a really good songwriter. And he went to all the publishing companies flogging his songs. At the time I'd written one song, and the one company he managed to get interested in these songs was only interested in the one I'd written. That was Essex Music. They gave me a contract and tried to get me a recording contract with RCA. It was such a heavy contract I didn't want anything to do with it. Anyway, through him I met Col Joye and when I left the orchestra I got a job with Col writing lead lines for songs. They give me piles of tapes by Laurie Allen, Andy Gibb, Kevin Johnson and stuff like that. So I got these miles and miles of tapes and I had any amount of time to do them in, and I got $5 a lead line. What I did was stay on the beach most of the week doing these things as slowly as possible so I could stretch them out over a long time. I stayed alive doing that for a while. That led to more lead line work, better paid, so at one stage I was writing the sheet music to most of the Australian songs coming out at the time. Then on my 21st birthday I bought an electric guitar, and somewhere along the line I met Keith Welsh, who was the bass player in Flowers. He'd had a few bands, and I was trying to get some noise out of this electric machine I'd bought, with a tiny amplifier, and I started playing with him, doing T-Rex covers in pubs like the Time And Tide in Dee Why and eventually the big time — the Royal Antler!

Penthouse: So far so good — but how did that cosy situation evolve into a band with recording commitments and all the trimmings?

Davies: Keith was very ambitious to suceed — as opposed to having a musical ambition. He was very business-minded, but I still didn't take it seriously. I'd started applying for courses at the conservatorium. I was a drop out but I could still drop back in. I wanted to do something that would get me an official piece of paper, because I'd spent all those years in music and I still didn't have anything. But Keith was still keen; he wanted to give up his job and was at me to do the same. Then Dirty Pool, the management company, came along and it all started to look horribly serious, but I hung on like grim death to the little amount of work that I had without depending on the music thing. Even after we'd been offered lots of really good record deals I still didn't think I was going to do it. In the end it got the better of me, I guess, and I sort of got swept along with it. It was very odd because it was really Keith's ambition that started it, but then it came time to write some songs and nobody could do it except me. I mean, I couldn't do it either, but nobody else was going to do it so I *had* to do it, and before I knew it Keith Welsh's ambition had sewn me up. I was in there and I couldn't get back out. I was in a band.

Penthouse: Was the classical training any help at that stage?

Davies: It was more of a hindrance than a help. What you learn in classical training, like always playing in tune and in time, generally means that most classical musicians always have a warped perspective if they apply it to rock music. I was living with this girl who had a record collection of people who I thought were really abominable — people like Lou Reed and Marc Bolan and the like (this was before I met Keith). But these people were so fanatical about that music. I couldn't understand it. It was horribly out of tune. But I made a bit of a study of it — I wanted to work out why they couldn't hear that this music was so crappy. A whole new set of priorities became apparent to me after a while. Initially it was really painful for me to study rock music. Then it occurred to me that for a start 90 percent of people listen to the lyrics before they hear anything else, so that a whole side of it that has nothing to do with music suddenly became important — more important than the music. That's why I've always been more critical of lyrics than of music, because I feel I have a certain amount of capability with music, but lyrics are a whole new thing. And now I tend to spend more time on lyrics than on music.

Penthouse: How did the other musicians regard your classical training? Did they see you as a know-all, or as someone who possibly had something to offer them?

Davies: I don't think I was regarded as a know-all, and it made certain processes really efficient. The process of rehearsing a song, for example, is always clumsy with people who can't communicate except in fairly clumsy terms. That's why you get a band sitting around for six months just getting their set together. Because they have to kind of . . . bash it out — it's a matter of trial and error. Generally you get a situation that is not as democratic as they would have you believe. One guy will have written a song but it takes him six months to communicate what he wants to the other guys, by trying 10 possibilities, and eventually he'll say, "Yeah, that's the one", instead of being able to define it in specific terms and get to the number one solution straight away. So they found it fairly efficient to work with me.

Penthouse: Would you consider studying classical music again? Would it help to develop what you are doing with a rock band?

Davies: The simple way to look at it is that I don't see the two as being compatible at all. It's a question of whether the training helps you or not, and if anything it was a hindrance. But more relevant is the fact that you can't apply one to the other, they're just so completely different. Therefore, unless I was actually interested in classical music, there wouldn't be any point in studying it any more. And in fact I'm not really interested. There's two things you can do when you study classical music — you can study what's been, which means you're studying musical history in a way, or you can study contemporary composition, which is basically sort of like going to an institution to study modern art. Ninety percent of the work studied will have as its justification the fact that it is modern art, and therefore as long as it remains obscure enough there's nothing you can judge it by. So you can get away with murder, as long as people don't know what you're up to.

Penthouse: Did you ever get to like this "trashy" music that you couldn't understand at first?

Davies: I became an absolute fanatic! It was more appealing to me because I had a different perspective. After a while I felt I could hear things much more like an untrained person. If the lyrics of a record are offensive I can't

> When you say "rock band", you imply this suicidal mentality of being "on the road" and consuming vast quantities of every kind of drug . . .

listen to it. Regardless of what the music is like, the first thing I listen to now would be the words. And I think that that has a certain bias on it too, but it's probably less biased than a classical musician who quite often will really like stuff like Yes, which has things that he would imagine are great music, but has these really embarrassing words. And you say to this person, "Well, you've been listening to this record for 10 years. What do you think of the lyrics?" and they still don't know what the lyrics are.

Penthouse: Do you still look at Icehouse as a rock band in the traditional sense?

Davies: No. I mean it is very hard to find an appropriate tag. I never liked the term "rock music" anyway. It's like when people say, "It must be really weird being a rock and roll star." I don't like that word "star". I guess it describes a media person, but it tends to imply all sorts of other things as well, like lots of money and a flash lifestyle and all that stuff, which is not necessarily part of it. In fact, sometimes you try to avoid it. Similarly, when you say "rock band" you imply a lot of things as well. You imply this suicidal mentality of being "on the road", and consumption of vast quantities of every form of drug, and whatever . . . So in order to avoid that kind of image, it's necessary to point out certain differences.

Penthouse: Actually I wasn't talking so much about the lifestyle as about the actual music. Obviously you don't look back to classic rhythm and blues tracks for your inspiration — you look elsewhere.

Davies: Oh, I see. Well, I doubt whether the next album — if there is a next album — would be as much of a consumer product as the last two. It used to be a challenge to put two things together — music which I didn't think had sold out, and something which is fairly widely appealing. But I wasted so much music that way that I'd like to find a use for the other sort of music — music that would be more applicable to film scores and . . . I don't know, but music that is not just three-minute ditties.

Penthouse: Is there not enough scope for using that other music in Australia?

Davies: That remains to be seen, but I know that if you put that sort of concept on an album here, unless you'd already established that you were not a particularly commercial proposition, you wouldn't get away with it. Unless of course you decided to really buck the whole thing, which it may be necessary to do . . . I don't know.

Penthouse: I thought you might be getting toward the point where you could indulge yourself a bit.

Davies: I don't think so. I think the further you get into the mechanics of selling, the more obliged you are to keep on doing it, unless you decide to start rubbing people up the wrong way. It's like any business — if it thrives, it becomes more expensive to run, so you have to make it even more successful, etc . . . that's the way it works.

Penthouse: Have you developed a liking for "pop" music — snappy, three-minute radio tunes?

Davies: I admire people who make really good pop records. That's why the set of covers we had was the way it was. I really admire a couple of things Michael Jackson has done. But I like the other thing: I admire more strongly people who have achieved the same result — that is to say, made really good pop tunes — but retained this other element in them. That's why I think songs like Telegram Sam were good; they are as classic as Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough, but weren't associated with the same sort of . . . discardability, if you know what I mean.

Penthouse: Is there much encouragement to experiment from your record

company, and from other record companies?

Davies: It's always governed by how far you can go in the context of still making it generally appealing. For instance, if you wanted to experiment with how to really upset people with music, which would be very interesting, I don't think that would go down too well with the company. So therefore you can experiment, but you can't go too far. And it *is* necessary to produce something a little bit different every time. That's part of making a more commercial product. But it can't be too different.

Penthouse: To what extent are there people in Australia who have the same ideas as you, who can easily comprehend what you're talking about when you explain what you want to play?

Davies: I think I relate on that level far more easily than with people who have just heard my records. I could probably work with some obscure, experimental bands and we'd get on fine, but if you just played my records to them they wouldn't like them much. That's why I think I'm capable of doing things which are more interesting, given that the same compromises I operate under now are part of my new environment.

Penthouse: Do you ever get tired of the same old guitar-bass-drums format?

Davies: I've been tired of guitars ever since I started playing one!

Penthouse: Is that because the guitar is more limited than keyboards, for instance?

Davies: It is and it isn't. People are always finding newish things to do with a guitar, but it isn't such a blank page as keyboards. You have to make it a real mission to do something different on a guitar. It's probably better to do things on guitar which aren't so new and just use them in a low-profile way, and use something else to experiment on. For example, I'm not very good at programming a synthesizer, and I'm not a very good keyboard player, even after all this time. But the good thing about that is every time I do something it's an accident — I'm following an instinctive line.

Penthouse: With the introduction of machines like the Linn drum computer, is recording getting simpler? Or are they opening up new fields and making recording more complicated?

Davies: Those things can't do anything on their own. You have to tell them what to do, and the Linn computer will repeat itself until doomsday unless you tell it otherwise. The Linn is a highly abused instrument because it can sound exactly like any cheap $100 rhythm box. Unless you go to a lot of pains, it will just play the same pattern over and over, and most people who have used it do just that. That thing by Rod Stewart — Young Turks — that's a Linn recording and it's got the same beat all the way through it. A lot of Human League records are the same. However, this Fairlight synthesizer is virtually a 16-track digital recorder: it does the same thing as a 16-track tape, but all on microchip. It means you can program any sound as long as the sound is only four seconds long. In fact you can do a 16-track recording on one synthesizer ... pretty amazing, eh? That's what Peter Gabriel did on his third album. But the Fairlight's one I've never got my hands on, damn it! I'd love to have one, because it would be like having your own 16-track studio to play with.

Penthouse: Nobody has offered to stake you for one?

Davies: Ha! No ... they're worth about $25,000.

Penthouse: Is the use of computers still at an embryonic stage? What will be the next big leap in record production?

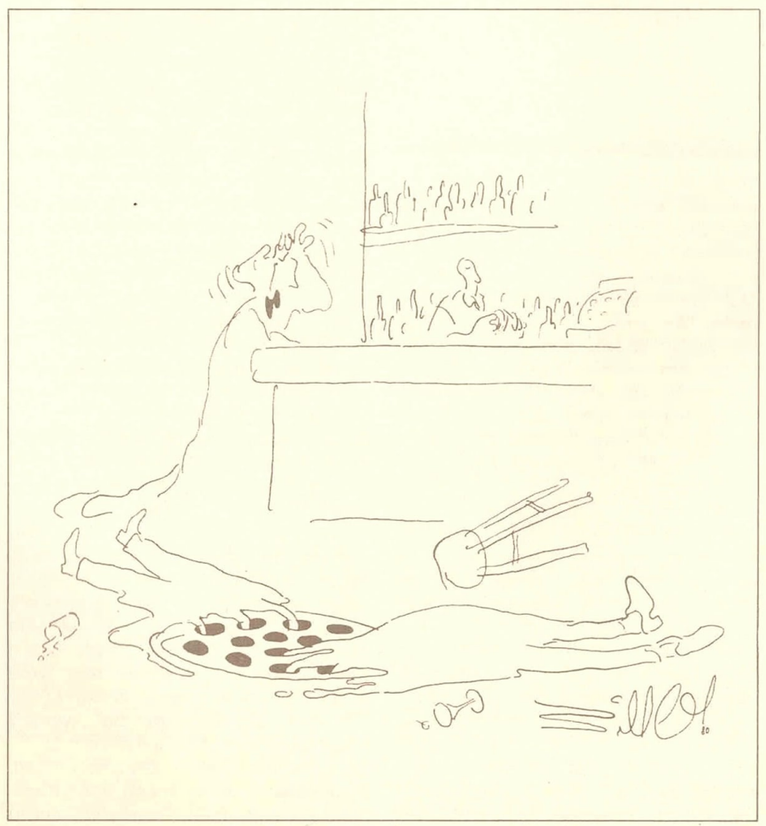
Davies: I think the next thing that will change won't be the actual recording process. The big let-down has always been the actual vinyl that the music ends up on, and the tone arm on the record player is the most clumsy mechanical device in the whole system. So you go to all this trouble to get the recording right, and then in the end it's all mucked up by this primitive mechanical thing which bobs up and down inside a groove in the plastic. The other really primitive device is the average stereo speaker, which is a piece of cardboard with a magnet attached. So they'll be the next areas for technological advances I think. Particularly since the other end of it, the recording end, is real "state-of-the-art" stuff, and if everyone had tape machines to play it on it would be great. But most people have record players. It's a bit ridiculous — at one end people are making fantastic sounds ... amazing quality ... and at the other end it comes out sounding a real mess.

Penthouse: Do you spend a lot of time talking to other musicians?

Davies: No, I don't.

Penthouse: Why? Because you don't find it productive?

Davies: Well, I'm not in the right environment. I don't hang out with bands; I never go and see them at all. And some musicians find my attitude really peculiar because I clock off, right? I come in, clock on, do whatever has to be done, and then I clock off. After a certain hour I don't want to know about it anymore. And I tell them that if you've been a musician for as long as I have, then in order to retain some interest in it you have to forget about it for a lot of



the time. You get confronted by these people, and they're about 20 and they live rock and roll ... they're up and playing 20 hours a day. Whenever they're not rehearsing they're out seeing another band or jamming with their friends. So by the time they get to 26 they're burnt out. They don't want to know about music anymore.

Penthouse: Can they really spoil it for themselves that much?

Davies: Well, if you start making a living out of a hobby then you end up really hating it because it's not a release anymore. That's the big risk I run, and that's why I take such an apparently mercenary attitude towards music. I'm not musically sociable.

Penthouse: Your attitude toward musicians who work with you is a little strange, too. Do you see yourself as part of a band, or are they there just to play your songs?

Davies: They're there to play the songs for the tour. Then when it finishes I work out what I want to do, they work out what they want to do and I work out whether I want them to do it with me. And I'm sure they do the same — that is, work out whether they want to stick with me. You see, I might not want to ever play again, or I might want to go off and make film scores by myself, or I might want to make videos or something. I really don't know.

Penthouse: Is there a reason for keeping things that loose, with no commitments to anybody?

Davies: The only reason I've constructed the situation this way is that I've walked out on things before — like I walked out on classical music after all those years — and I've always ended up doing something better than I was doing before. So I might go into limbo again for a while.

Penthouse: Can you operate on your own? Have you got the equipment to make recordings by yourself at home?

Davies: No, I haven't got the gear to make commercial recordings, but I've got the equipment to either amuse myself or make something that will interest somebody else, whereby I can get into a studio. But it's a tough situation. If I put up as much money as it takes to put a commercially viable studio in my house then I'd have to make money out of it. And as soon as I have to make money out of it, it ceases to be a hobby.

Penthouse: What about performing? Is that a necessary evil because that's the way the pop system works, or is it an enjoyable part of the whole process?

Davies: It's enjoyable to be performing after a year's break, and it was enjoyable when it was new, but beyond that I'm not sure whether it's so much fun. I'm certainly not a stage addict. I don't think I could be 70 and still hoofing it on Broadway. It has never had that sort of appeal for me.

Penthouse: You're not one of those musicians who races to the local to jam with whatever band is on stage, then?

Davies: No, not me. A lot of people do, and I think it's got a lot to do with the fact that if you have a certain ignorance in regard to something, then it takes on novelty. For example, it would be very novel to be mobbed unless you're being mobbed all the time. And similarly, a lot of people who live their rock and roll 24 hours a day do it because they still don't understand it very well.

Penthouse: With many rock musicians, the music doesn't seem to the main reason for getting into it. It's like they're fulfilling a fantasy — the whole encompassing thing of being in a band.

Davies: About 95 percent of the time that is the case. But the problem is that unless you're into the fringe benefits, it has no appeal. If you like being adored and impressing women and getting free drugs all the time, then I guess it's really attractive. And if you don't, you're struck with bad hours and bad pay.

> The whole concept of people admiring other people who could get them dancing while they got drunk was fairly strange to me

Penthouse: Do you think you'll be able to take a year off for other projects and then come back into it?

Davies: I'm not sure whether the industry is that forgiving. I'm not sure whether the public is, either.

Penthouse: The industry here certainly doesn't seem to be, but what about overseas? Have you got a sufficient foothold over there to disappear from here for a while?

Davies: No ... you see the record industry, whether here or overseas, is built around milking something quickly, then getting the next new thing in — like models of cărs. Once upon a time, a long time ago there used to be such a thing as a steady act that would go on forever. But the public is dictated to, so they forget quickly, and it's not in a record company's interest to nurture a long-term career because people don't consume that way anymore.

Penthouse: Does this idea of disposability come just from the record companies? I would have thought the critics, especially in England, and the public are cruel about dumping somebody who seems to have had their day.

Davies: I think you buy into that when you get involved in the first place. There are very few ways to get out gracefully — but there are a couple of ways to get out with the last laugh.

Penthouse: Any suggestions on how to do that?

Davies: We'll see about that when I get out. Really, I don't know ... but I'd like to know.

Penthouse: Even though your plans are fairly nebulous, have you considered going back to England and playing there again?

Davies: Could be, could be. England has lost a lot of charm for me because it's not satisfying to get the respect of people whose opinions you don't respect. And that's certainly the case as far as the music press over there goes. And it seems to me the Australian public is probably more discerning than the English public, anyway.

Penthouse: But I got the impression that the Australian public is still rooted in hard boogie and rock, and isn't interested in seeing a lot else.

Davies: Yeah, but to a large extent that is good quality rock and roll entertainment. They still know a bad hard rock band when they hear one. And another thing — the two English guys who were in the most recent Icehouse were astounded at how good the general quality of live sound is in this country. They'd been down to these tiny pubs and seen these bands and they hadn't seen a bad one — and they hadn't seen any band that's had a bad sound. People in this country spend more time and attention and money on getting good sound systems than they do in England.

Penthouse: But many good bands that have emerged here have just floundered because of the odd way the record companies go about their business ...

Davies: The whole mechanics of funding recording in this country is completely peculiar to Australia. This is the only place in the world where record companies don't advance money. What happens overseas is that when you get a contract, the record company agrees to pay you this amazing amount of money, but out of that you have to make your album. In Australia even the biggest bands, like Cold Chisel and the Angels, don't get advances.

Penthouse: Is there any way to put into words what it was like for a student from the Sydney Conservatorium of Music to suddenly be in a rock band

and have people dancing and having a loose time while you played?

Davies: I was always very curious to work out what sort of entertainment it was. For example, the entertainment of getting drunk never really made much sense to me, but obviously there seems to be a lot of it . . . you know what I mean. And the entertainment of dancing has never been appealing to me. I've never danced and I never will. That's always something that's really amused me, especially when women do it — they seem to be addicted to moving. I always found that kind of curious. So the whole concept of people admiring other people who could get them dancing while they got drunk was fairly strange to me.

Penthouse: I would imagine that if you weren't into drinking or dancing you would have wondered: "What the hell are these people doing?"

Davies: Yeah, and I was really more interested in playing songs that I liked and listening to them — just like putting records on a record player, but better because you're doing it yourself. So I was pretty much at sea in that situation. It remains a mystery to me. As much a mystery to me as, for example, people who would come up to David Bowie and offer him everything they had, including their bodies to do whatever he liked with, even though they had no idea whether David Bowie had bad breath or what he was like. And they did it purely because he'd made some good records that they liked to listen to.

Penthouse: It must have been incredibly breathtaking to be in Flowers when you started to make good. It was quite a whirlwind affair, from just playing a set of cover versions in a pub to being a nationally-known recording act.

Davies: Things always seemed to be a jump ahead of me. Like when the record company signed us up and I asked: "Well, what are we going to record?" and they said we'd better write some songs. Well, I had no interest in writing songs, I was just into playing songs I really liked. But it seemed like I couldn't really keep on doing what I wanted to do; I had to move on to the next step.

Penthouse: But surely that's the way the business is built. You can't rest on your laurels and be satisfied with one level, like just playing covers in pubs . . .

Davies: Right, exactly. But once you get on the conveyor belt, you just have to keep moving along. You can't stop . . . unless you get off it entirely.

Penthouse: You have, in a way. At least you've managed to have little staging points where you hop off for a breather and get back on when you're ready.

Davies: Yes, but I'm sure that has its disadvantages. I'm sure that if I'd been greedy I could have done a lot better financially than I have.

Penthouse: Without getting down to mundane accountancy, have you come off all right out of the music business so far?

Davies: I've made a decent wage for a fair period of time. I would have made about the same as you have, for example, as a journalist. But there are other things you can't see. There's a certain amount of physical wear and tear involved in this business which you can't compensate for, and I can't put any price on that. Therefore I say, even if I'd made three times the money I would still have been ripped off. So to that extent, it looks like I'm going backwards.

Penthouse: Have you formulated any plan, or thought of what you'd like to do next?

> People who write slightly provocative lyrics find themselves revered as Messiahs. But to me it's just a slightly spiky form of entertainment

Davies: No, but then again I've never thought along those lines. I've always very selfishly worked on the idea of going immediately to where I wanted to be at any given time. Well, I don't think it's selfish because I've always worked hard; I haven't done nothing. But I've always been selective about what I'm working at, so when it becomes unbearable or I don't see any future in it I'm just as likely to stop altogether, at least until I figure out what it is I want to do. Then I do nothing for a while and let a whole series of accidents put something in front of me.

Penthouse: In the light of that last statement, it's surprising that when Icehouse split and went off the road for a while, you continued to work alone on the *Primitive Man* album. I thought you'd be the first to hit the beach.

Davies: Well, I was. But it doesn't take me very long to get bored with doing nothing. Like when I was doing that lead line work, it was about as productive as cleaning windows. I got bored with it quickly. And when I gave up being a musician to sell clothes, all it took was the offer from the orchestra and I gave selling clothes a miss.

Penthouse: The late Seventies movement was touted as the end of rock and roll. Did it happen? Is there a new musical form that isn't rock and roll anymore?

Davies: Absolutely. I think that's the only thing that really exists. I don't have any concept of art, whereby you put things on the shelf and revere them because they're old. I think something is popular, and is art, or it's not popular and it's nothing.

Penthouse: Do you mean that if something is not popular, it doesn't have any relevance to music at all?

Davies: Well, popular is a relative term. Record companies may disagree with me, but for example Talking Heads' *Remain In Light* sold about 350,000 copies. Now gold in America is 500,000 and if it went top 10 it might have sold five million. But still . . .

Penthouse: So you're saying that if 350,000 people like that record enough to go and buy it . . .

Davies: . . . then it's popular, yeah. The only thing that created the myth of "art" was lack of communication. It was 150 years after the time of Johann Sebastian Bach before it became physically possible for him to become popular, because he lived in this little town in Germany and nobody outside this little town would have heard of him — until after he was dead, and the publishers got hold of his music. So he becomes "art", because there is a time-lag. And people look back and say "Wow, he was doing that all those years ago" when if you'd been around at the time you would have seen other people doing the same thing. Maybe not as good, but you see what I mean. That time-lag makes him into a genius, rather than just a pretty clever guy. These days if anyone has got anything that's at all good, then people will find out about it and decide for themselves whether it's good or not.

Penthouse: So you wouldn't elevate rock music to the status of "art"?

Davies: Absolutely not.

Penthouse: I've heard it described rather as a finely-honed craft, like turning something beautiful on a lathe.

Davies: There are aspects to it that stimulate the imagination. But all too often if there is something good about it, it begins to take on religious properties in the minds of some people. People who write slightly provocative lyrics find themselves revered as Messiahs. But to me it's just a slightly spiky form of entertainment. It can be interesting, but no more interesting than a new TV game until you work out how to master it. People have this strange idea of rock as "art" that elevates it way beyond what it really deserves.

WE'RE BIG ON SOUND

Toshiba's enormous range of audio equipment is considered by experts to be among the very best available.

There's the sensational little go-anywhere KT-VS1 FM/AM Stereo Cassette Player. It has a full range of soft-touch controls, metal tape compatibility and foldable, compact high-performance headphones. As for how it sounds, think of it as a concert hall you carry in your pocket.

Then there are components, like the Aurex* SR-L7F Linear Tracking Stereo Turntable, which combine beautifully functional styling with sophisticated micro-engineering, to bring a whole new dimension of high-fidelity to your ears.

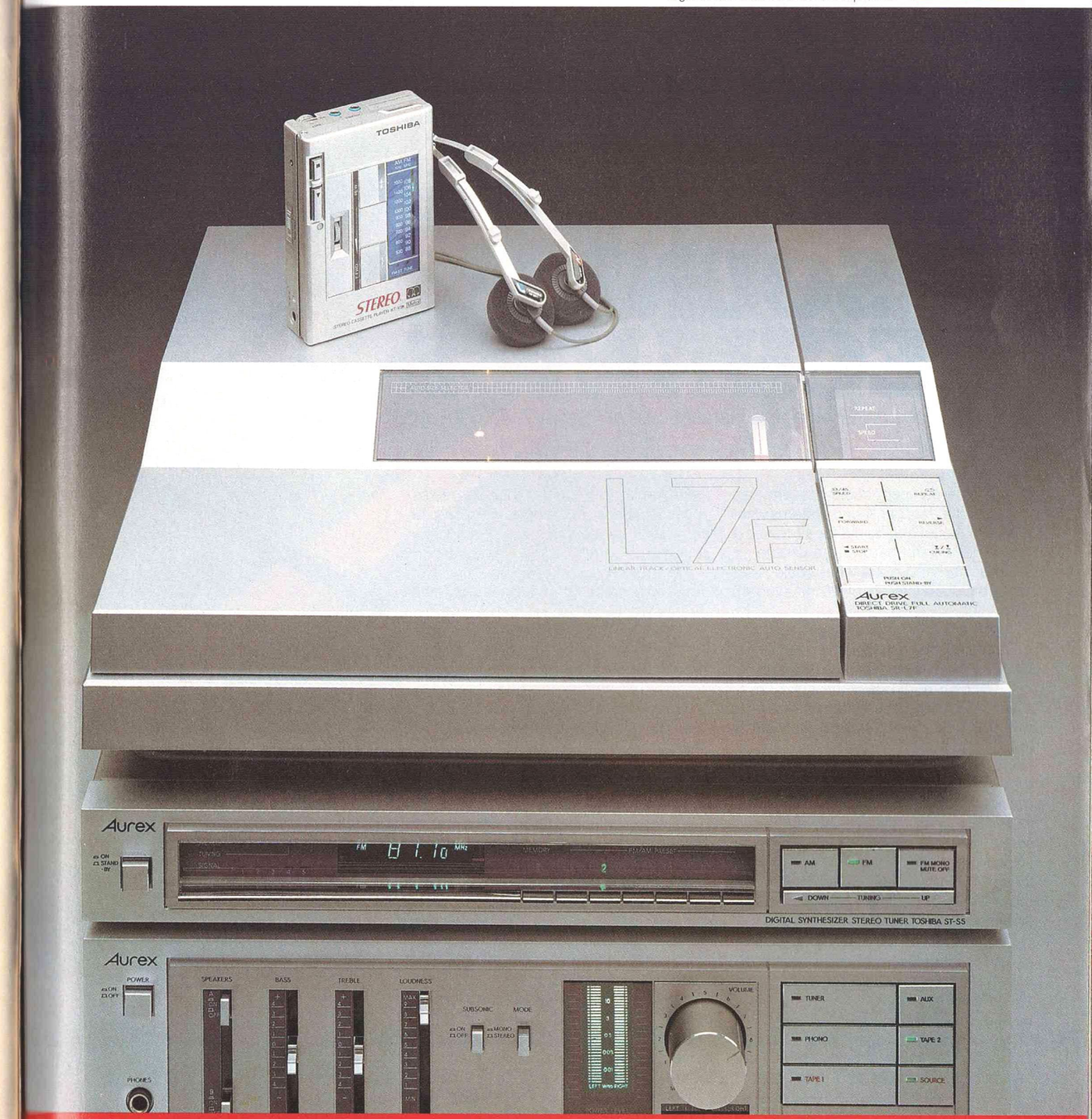
It teams up perfectly with Toshiba's System 5 stereo components to give a great performance.

Toshiba is portable stereo/radio cassette players, a wide range of home stereo components, ultra high-fidelity adres* cassette decks and even the neatest little clock radios you'll ever see. Or hear.

Choose Toshiba and you can be sure you're getting the very best of today's technology.

Toshiba

*Registered trade marks of the Toshiba Corporation.



TOCPI210

TOSHIBA

Page numbers incorrect in magazine

SOUND MECHANICS

The right word on choice and installation of highway hi-fi systems

BY MIKE TAYLOR

The compact audio cassette has done for car sound systems what the jet engine did for air travel. It has improved the hardware available on today's market beyond what could have even been conceived of 20 or even 10 years ago.

From the days when a well-appointed car boasted only a valve-driven AM radio, technological advancements built around the compact audio cassette have developed to the stage where the driver can, by spending only a few hundred dollars, enjoy fairly respectable high-fidelity stereo sound inside his car. However, even with the best of technology, car audio systems cannot at this stage be compared with the larger hi-fi units available for home and studio use. The simple truth is that car audio systems have their limitations, even though the major manufacturers are improving their automotive audio products on a month-to-month basis.

Purchasers of car sound systems should be reminded of the famous orchestral conductor who, when asked what music he listened to in his car, said: "Don't be silly. I only listen to talkback shows — music can never be appreciated in a car."

Most of the major manufacturers are aware of this attitude, and readily admit that most consumers use their car radios about 60 percent of the time, while only 40 percent is devoted to the stereo componentry.

FM radio has improved the quality of radio transmissions and hence created the need for car sound systems which can handle it. The only catch with FM-stereo is the relative weakness of its signal strength. At a distance of about 40 kms from an FM station reception begins to deteriorate rapidly, which means that in Australia's vast interior radio cassettes with FM capability are next to useless.

If a consumer spends only a few dollars on an AM-FM radio/cassette, then he will get performance to match. But a quick survey has indicated that in the $400 to $1000 range, there is not much to distinguish between the various models.

Apart from performance limitations, another simple truth about car audio systems is that if they are not properly installed, the dollars spent can represent a complete waste. And the last factor which should govern consideration of the purchase of a sophisticated car sound system is the type of vehicle you drive. There will be not much joy for the consumer who purchases a $500 sound system and installs it in a 1963 Holden,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

SOUND

unless that Holden has had a lot of modifications to its sound-deadening properties and general electrical system. If you can afford to spend $500 or more on a nice piece of sound gear then you can afford to have it properly installed, and that includes getting the electrics fixed up.

In recent years the major car manufacturers, both in Australia and overseas, have been spending a lot more time and money ensuring their up-market vehicles have acceptable sound systems.

General Motors-Holden, for instance, install Eurovox equipment in their Commodore and Statesman models, and employ two engineers who devote much of their time to ensuring a good result from such installation. Nonetheless GM-H, like Nissan and other mass manufacturers, install their sound systems on the production line and this means that accoustically the result will, inevitably, be imperfect. Local specialists doing custom installations should in theory be capable of providing a better result.

There are any number of companies around Sydney and the other capital cities which install sound systems, although it is indicative of the attitude of many hi-fi purchasers that few of them are likely to make a living out of hi-fi installation alone. What they do when installing a car hi-fi unit is a lot more complex than most people would imagine, and the end result beats the hell out of the results obtained by a backyard boffin.

Most of the more reputable manufacturers recommend purchasers have their car audio systems installed by these specialists, but few manufacturers make the installations themselves. This is generally left to the retailers, who either do the job in-house or farm it out to specialist installers.

Using a professional installation company is a smart move because the make and model of a car can pose its own problems for the uninitiated, not so much in the auto-electrical work but in the fitting of the radio/cassette into the dashboard, or the speakers into doors or the parcel tray. Even the professionals will readily admit they are faced with a wide range of problems which can easily lead to the radio/cassette unit being damaged during installation unless extreme care is taken.

One large Sydney installation specialist, Merlin Car Radios, pointed to a major problem area being the lack of standardisation between car manufacturers, radio/cassette manufacturers and electronics parts manufacturers, both electrically and mechanically.

For instance, the front plate fitting through which the unit is usually mounted on the dashboard invariably differs. Whether it be in the distances between the knobs or the diameter of the spindles, if manufacturers can vary them it seems they will. Some car sound system manufacturers are beginning to take the problems of installation into account. Better-known brands such as Pioneer and AWA-Clarion are now using what is called a standard DIN fitting for front plate mounting of their units, and for this reason the installation specialists tend to recommend such brands.

The problem which causes the greatest installation pain is a lack of standard color-coding on the wiring of each unit. Unless clear instructions are provided with the unit, even professionals can run into trouble. Not only does the electrical color-coding vary between brands, it quite often varies between different models from one manufacturer.

The trend in speaker installation these days is to mount them in the doors. This provides several advantages over placing them in parcel trays. For a start, speakers

> Installation ranges from $20 for a radio, aerial and speakers, through to $45 and $60 for a radio cassette with two speakers and up to $80 for a full four-door system

with plastic casings which have a tendency to melt in the extreme interior temperatures of Australian summers are better protected away from direct sunlight. Also, front seat passengers can have sufficient volume to enjoy musical clarity from door-mounted speakers without the necessity to push speakers mounted in the rear of the vehicle to their limits, and at the same time numb the senses of passengers in the back. If speakers are mounted in both the front and back doors then it is easy to install a balance control which allows back seat passengers to comfortably listen to music without distracting the driver, or vice-versa.

It is in the mounting of speakers where the inexperienced can run into the biggest problems. Door mounting always means the upholstery must be cut, and more often than not the metal door frame as well. Unless this is done carefully, not only can the result be an unsightly mess, but possibly some costly damage to the window winding gear and a big fall-off in the resale value of the car. Other problems include ineptly secured speaker wires getting caught in the window winding gear and being ripped out when the window is wound up, and parts of the window gear getting stuck to the speaker magnets.

Installation specialists say vehicle manufacturers are aware of the problems associated with post-sale audio installation, and usually provide space in their designs for radio/cassette and speaker mountings. However, in some cases the spaces provided suit only the particular brand of sound system with which a manufacturer is associated. Many professionals cite the example of Volvo, where the only speakers which fit into the doors cost around $80 a pair. Compatible speakers can be bought for about half that cost, but not installed.

Installation fees range from about $20 for a simple radio, aerial and speaker, through $45 to $60 for a radio cassette with two speakers and up to $80 for a complete system with four door-mounted speakers. Of course, these costs are average figures and it really depends on the installation difficulties posed by each particular car.

Australian makes like Ford and Holden are said by the specialists to pose the least problems, while European and British makes like Jaguar and Rover can often provide the most difficulties in gaining access to the spaces for sound system installation. They say Japanese cars are also becoming more difficult because of the trend toward large integrated instrument consoles which mean that in many cases the entire console has to be removed to gain access to the appropriate wiring.

One complaint received by many installation specialists is that FM radios do not have the sensitivity needed to get an interference-free reception. But they insist that bad reception is more often than not due to the low transmisison power of FM stations or the disorganised maze of overhead power wires.

Anti-interference circuits are available in the more expensive brands, but the installation experts warn against expecting any such refinement in the cheaper models.

Probably the biggest breakthrough in automotive sound systems in the last two years has been the use of microprocessors. These electronic gadgets were previously seen as being the heart of computers. Today they are common in up-market car stereo systems.

Microprocessors have added a new dimension to frequency selection and push-button operation. The use of microprocessors is probably best reflected in units such as the Bekker Grand Prix system, which retails for about $1800 and is the standard model in most BMW and Mercedes Benz cars.

The Bekker Grand Prix has a self-seeking signal function which allows the driver to push a button which then instructs the radio/cassette to lock-in the strongest signal on the AM or FM band. This function is extremely useful on long trips when drivers find themselves moving outside the range of metropolitan radio stations and into the signal area of other transmitters. As well, instead of the rotate left-rotate right volume control, the Bekker and systems like it utilise sensor-touch buttons for increasing loudness, tone etc. Those radios using microprocessors also use sensor-touch buttons to lock-in stations, with a memory which allows the radio/cassette to remain locked in to the last station sought by the driver.

All of this comes at a substantial price, with the most basic microprocessor units starting at just over $350. The major manufacturers now have this type of unit available, including National Panasonic, Sony, Sonic, Pioneer and Eurovox.

Two of the latest gadgets introduced to car sound systems are graphic equalisers and, of course, amplifiers. Both are only applicable to certain more sophisticated systems which have provision for their installation.

The benefits of an amplifier are only too obvious, giving the sound system increased performance in output per channel, up to as much as 60 or 80 watts RMS. Installing an amplifier to a car sound system demands high performance speakers and this is another area which has moved ahead considerably over the last couple of years.

A graphic equaliser is a nice added touch to a car sound system, but like an amplifier it depends very much on the type of radio/cassette already installed in the car. The improvement in sound and performance is very much dependent on the quality and installation of the equipment, and it should not be forgotten that using a graphic equaliser is not something that can be done while motoring at around 160 km/h on the open road or at 60 km/h in traffic.

Car amplifier systems are somewhat different in basic concept to their home or studio counterparts. They do little more than boost the output, while home and studio amplifiers do substantially more. This is because the radio/cassette already has the tuner, tone, volume and balance control built-in.

The selection of speakers for a car audio system can be crucial. Choose the wrong speakers for your car and no matter how much hardware you have strapped into the dashboard, the sound will never be quite right.

Basically, there are only three places to mount speakers in an average car — in the dashboard, on or under the parcel tray or in the doors. Most car manufacturers usually utilise the two front doors and the rear parcel tray, although some insist on placing one speaker under the dashboard and another in one corner of the parcel tray.

When installing speakers, buyers should consider the type of system they have purchased. A high quality radio/cassette with amplifier and graphic equaliser will obviously demand some pretty sophisticated speakers. Most manufacturers will recommend two-way speakers utilising a good woofer and tweeter with the capacity to take up to 80 watts per channel. The other factor to consider is the type of speaker mounting, because some manufacturers, such as National Panasonic, produce two-way speaker units complete with 16-centimetre horn tweeters which, if properly mounted, use the dynamics of the car's interior to maximise sound reproduction.

People with car audio systems pushing out in excess of 20 watts per channel will find the more basic 12-centimetre full range speakers offered by manufacturers inadequate for their purpose. The increases in volume possible from 20 watts or more will cause sound distortion such as squeeks and booms.

However, between 20 and 30 watts, a pair of 14-centimetre full range speakers will often suffice, as will the now-common 16-centimetre full range models.

Having chosen your speakers, consider whether your radio/cassette really needs noise reduction. Except in the very best cars, noise levels are probably too high to make for perfect appreciation of music no matter how good your system may be.

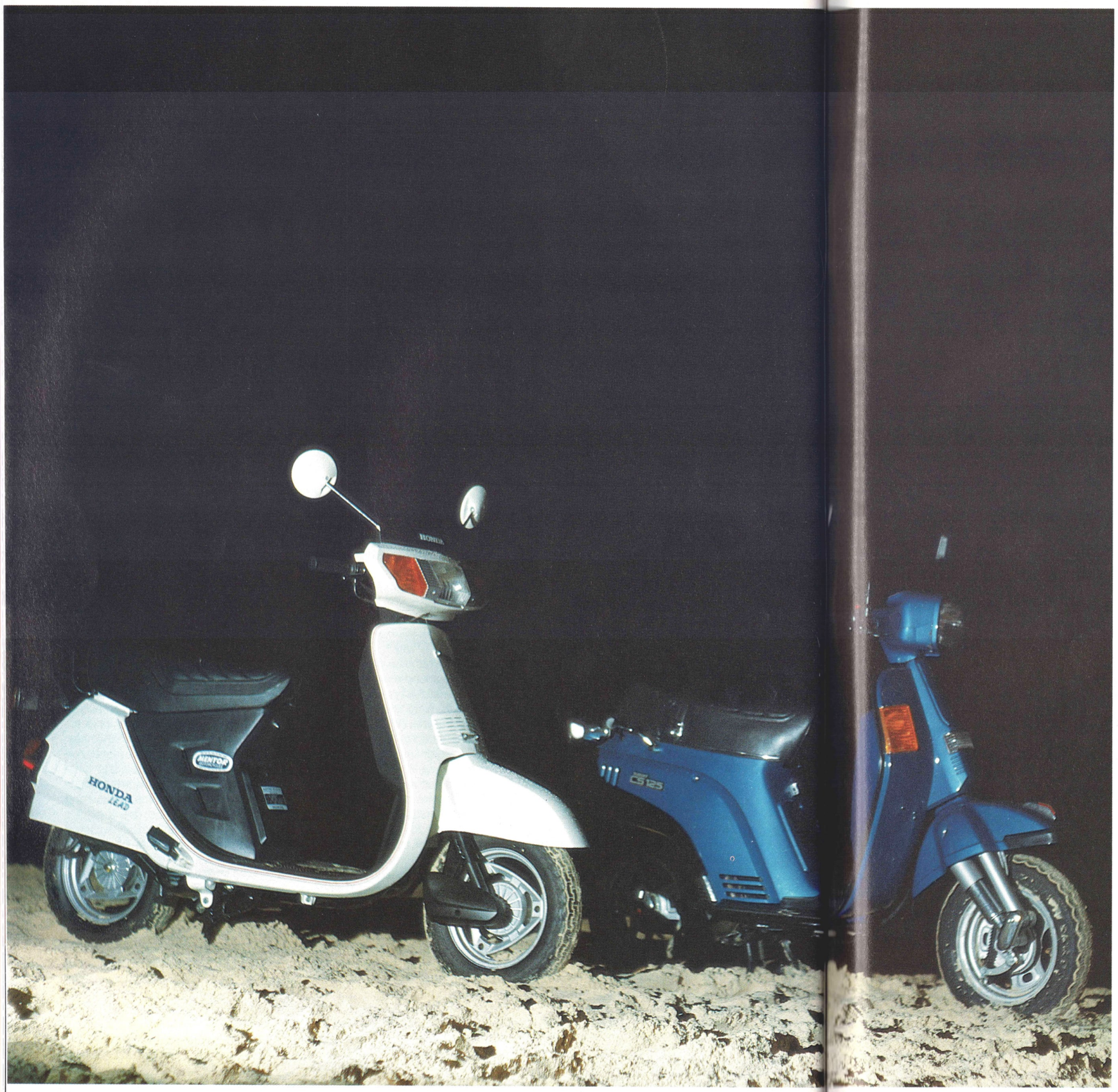
Dolby Laboratories have for some time been marketing their very good noise reduction system which, in the studio or home stereo set-up, works well. It basically reduces the hiss and other peripheral sounds found in magnetic tape reproduction. However, it is highly debatable that, when driving, motorists would be able to discern whether the noise reduction system, be it Dolby or some other, is switched on or off.

Looking at the makes and models of car audio systems can be a mind-boggling experience for most people, including the experts. Quite simply there is not much difference between one brand and another at the top end of the scale. The safest bet is to go for a recognised brand, such as National, AWA-Clarion, Pioneer, Eurovox, Sony, Sanyo, Sonic or Mitsubishi. Each of these manufacturers has a proven track record and a substantial range of hardware available, ranging from economy model radio/cassettes up to the component involved in self-seeking radio cassettes, graphic equalisers, amplifiers and 80-watt capacity two-way speakers.

Pioneer is the Australian market leader in car sound systems, and as mentioned before, the installation specialists have given it the nod of approval in terms of having its systems fitted to most makes and models of car.

As mentioned before, the Bekker Grand Prix system represents one of the best radio-cassettes in the top end of the market, but what you get for your money is wholly dependent on how it is installed. Most of the better models now use self-seeking electronic tuning, digital frequency readouts, Dolby noise reduction, chromium oxide tape facilities, auto reverse and AM-FM radio capabilities. If the system you are considering buying includes these features, plus a four-way balance control, separate bass and treble controls and a facility to connect an amplifier and graphic equaliser, you are looking at the best of what is available on today's market.

Front plate mounts . . . if manufacturers can vary them, they will



ALL MOD CONS

The born-again scooter, with its good looks and low fuel consumption, is set to plough into the youth lifestyle of the Eighties

Next time you see a blur of brilliant color in an otherwise flat and mundane sea of traffic, take another look. Chances are the vibrant hue belongs to a scooter lazily slipping along life's highway, transporting the rider in ultra-casual fashion.

A motor scooter . . . one of those funny-looking two-wheeled contraptions which had their day a quarter of a century ago? You must be kidding.

Negatory, Big Ben, This here's the born again scooter, Japanese style, which is set to replay the whole scene to a new generation of fun-loving commuters. Honda, Suzuki and Yamaha are putting a big push on scooters in Australia this year, to lure on to two wheels the same socio-economic type that was hooked by the cosmopolitan commuters in a 25-year binge following World War II. What they have to offer is fantastic plastic, cheap, easy to maintain, low-cost transport that is a little on the trendy side, to say the least.

It's a different ball game altogether to the scooter conceived years back in the blitzed Italian factories of Piaggio and Innocenti by management who found their country's most pressing need was for cheap mass transport able to negotiate war-damaged roads without draining what little petrol there was to go around.

Enter the scooter in 1946. Not an original idea, they were first made in the 1920s — mainly, it is thought, for use by women who could stand on the floorboard and not crumple their long dresses. But they were an instant success in those commodity-scarce times, and a major implement in the rehabilitation of Italian industry flattened by the ravages of war.

Vespa (Piaggio) and Lambretta (Innocenti) were destined to sell in the millions at home and later overseas, after a travelling English bike manufacturer experiencing

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

ALL MOD CONS

hard times became the first of a succession of foreigners to negotiate for production licences. Demand was staggering, from a section of the public virtually ignored by the strong bike establishment of the time, whose main product was middle and large-capacity motorcycles, with nothing on the market under 200cc.

A network of service centres was set up throughout Europe to cater for the non-mechanically minded scooter owner, who benefited from an economical, nimble, clean machine at a time when the Suez crisis produced serious oil shortages. Most people were happy with a 125 mpg consumption return and a top speed of around 50 mph from a machine which was pretty and trend-setting, suitable for either sex, and which kept dirt and grease associated with a normal motorcycle engine and chain hidden from sight behind side panels. Moreover, the scooters offered some weather protection, especially to the lower limbs, which were inboard. They were able to carry some luggage, and just like a car they had a spare wheel which could be mounted on either the front or rear stub axle.

While the proper bikies did their best to put down the small machines, scooter advocates said all their needs were well satisfied and countered with the view that scooters were "sports cars with two wheels instead of four." This summation was quite appropriate at the time, as scooters came to be embellished with chrome decorations, clocks, carriers, bumpers, windshields, fuel gauges and the ubiquitous aerial topped with a fox tail.

Famous names in the motoring industry soon got the message and followed Vespa and Lambretta with their own versions of the small-wheeled tourer. By the time the scooter craze was on the wane in the late Sixties, such giants as Peugeot, Triumph, BSA NSU, Maico, Puch, Harley-Davidson and CZ, together with a host of lesser lights, had manufactured their own offerings, though the Italians held sway throughout. Even bike-crazy Japan, with an aptly-named Rabbit automatic, gave the world a taste of what has come.

If the Japanese, through their small-capacity ocean of motorcycles, ultimately sealed the coffin of the British bike industry, it was the scooter from Italy which delivered the first stunning body blow. All too late the Poms tried to catch up on scooter development — forced to do so by a downturn in demand for middle and large-capacity bikes in the face of huge numbers of high quality, low-priced machines up to 250cc from Japan. By the time management got their act together they had clearly missed the boat, which was already taking water over the gunwales anyway.

Japan had devised a lethal torpedo in the shape of the scooterette, or the step-thru, which was a compromise with spoked wheels automatic clutch and a goodly amount shaved off the price tag.

However, the mini car was also at hand and winning plenty of admirers. One by one, scooters disappeared from the roads, resulting in the closure of factory doors. Once-strong scooter club members dwindled, and the newsmaking mods who regularly fought battles with bike riding rockers found recruitment a problem.

Monuments of the scooter cult crumbled — no longer were there race meetings at the Isle of Man or on the scramble tracks of England. The machines that once conquered the Sahara, ran faultlessly in 24-hour endurance races and set performance standards in speed and economy, some of which remain to this day, quickly become fading memories. Their heyday was well and truly over when legislation banned them from the motorways of Europe, banishing them to the moped paths and urban streets.

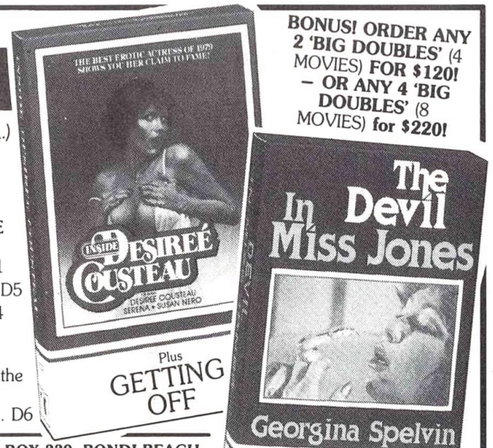
With an ever-alert mind for a good deal, the Japanese salted the scooter idiom away, only to adapt it to their own needs five years ago in the domestic marketplace. Here was a country bulging at the seams, thirsty for oil and able to manufacture the scooter at prices which rivalled the early Italian efforts. Because the world

SAVE ON ADULT VIDEO BY MAIL!

'BIG DOUBLE COMBOS!'

TWO FULL-FEATURE XXX MOVIES ON ONE TAPE (APPROX.3 HRS.EA.)

- ☐ 'DESIREE COUSTEAU DOUBLE' Luscious encounters with U.S.'s hottest sex queen in **INSIDE DESIREE COUSTEAU.** PLUS **'GETTING OFF'** The ultimate method. Both full features. D7
- ☐ **THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES** Greatest X Rated classic of all! PLUS **TEENAGE FANTASY** Secret fantasies revealed. D8
- ☐ **'11'** Brook West as the ultimate woman. PLUS **SEX BOAT** The ultimate trip! D1
- ☐ **ALL THE SENATORS GIRLS** Sex in high politics. PLUS **ON WHITE SATIN** D5
- ☐ **STAR VIRGIN** Intergalactical travel. PLUS **FRAT HOUSE** Collegiate games. D4
- ☐ **CANDY LIPS** The search for sexual satisfaction found. PLUS **TEENAGE CRUISERS** The first XXX rated rock 'n roll movie. D3
- ☐ **DEEP THROAT** Original uncut version. PLUS **DEBBIE DOES DALLAS** Stars the stunning Bambi Woods. D2
- ☐ **THE UNTAMED** Violence special. PLUS **CHINA DE SADE** Espionage and lust. D6



BONUS! ORDER ANY 2 'BIG DOUBLES' (4 MOVIES) FOR $120! – OR ANY 4 'BIG DOUBLES' (8 MOVIES) for $220!

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY. POST TO: MR. X ADULT VIDEO ENTERTAINMENTS

MR. X ADULT VIDEO ENTERTAINMENTS, P.O. BOX 339, BONDI BEACH, NSW, 2026. Please supply No's. crossed above (☒) in VHS ☐ BETA ☐. Total Units.....

Enclosed $ .....CHQ/M.O. (Cert. Mail add $1 each).

Bankcard ☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐ Expiry Date / /

Signature..... Name: .....

Address: ..... I am over 21 years of age. Sign.....

KC2137

was crying out for superbikes, export of scooters was not regarded as a viable proposition. Heavy-set Westerners, whose speed limits were not as restrictive as those in Japan, didn't have to contend with such congested traffic either.

A generation has passed since those heady days of scooterdom, and the world-wide recession has made a buck harder to come by while the youthful demand for independent transport remains paramount. There are very striking parallels between postwar Europe and the economic climate of today, so what better time for the Japanese to go public than now?

And this time your scooter dealer is also the local bike shop owner, so there is little likelihood of the old mod/rocker, scooter/bike aggro reappearing. Only a kid with a misspent youth would know about social trends before the Beatles, anyway.

City and suburban motorcycle dealers are rubbing their hands with glee at the advent of the rebirth of scootering and its unplumbed market potential. People who would not normally be turned on by a bike are showing interest in the scooter. Brightly-colored and cute as a unisex hairdo, scooters are set to plough a deep furrow into the lifestyle of youth in the Eighties. They are the first of the automated two-wheelers which offer simplicity, good looks and above all, adequate performance at low cost.

Lively from zero to 65 km/h — on par with a sensibly driven four or six cylinder car — they can creep to 80 km/h and stay there all day if necessary. But don't you ask for anything higher.

It's the rapid build-up to traffic speed by simply turning the throttle open that gives the modern-day scooter the right to stake a claim on the road. Even with two people on the scooter there is little drop in performance from go to speed limit, such are the working parameters of the engine.

If you remember what a scooter was all about in the old days, the new ones will bring back pleasant memories with a lot of surprises. Forget all that clap-trap about them being unsafe compared with a motorcycle. You're talking in the past, and possibly a little biased. Claims that they are inferior because of small wheels, or that a scooter is not as stable because the rider can't grip the machine as a motorcyclist does, are not on.

After riding three varieties, as I have done, I'll have to hit back by saying that small wheels give a lower centre of gravity while retaining the same amount of tyre contact, while the lack of a petrol tank allows for an infinite number of riding positions, making the scooter more comfortable.

For a bike rider, the hardest thing to come to terms with is the lack of horsepower. Scooters are designed to make full use of the throttle opening, unlike bikes with their blinding turn of speed using just a fraction of the carburettor movement. Give the little begger its head at the lights, and if you're not asleep the scooter will move off ahead of the trafic flow. But don't try to out-drag that 250 trailbike monowheeling up the tarmac.

Coming to a corner, the scooter benefits from advancements in modern tyre compounds and sticks to the road. No problem. When you need brakes, just reach out with the fingers and grasp both levers to pull yourself to a stop. Having an automatic clutch and gear box means that the rear brake, normally operated by a foot pedal, is mounted bicyle fashion with a hand lever and this allows for better feel and quicker response.

Yamaha were first onto the local scene with the 80cc two-stroke "Beluga" (does that sound Italian, or what?) more than 12 months ago, in a suck-it-and-see exercise. Somehow, there was not a startling response in favor of the reborn scooter, although it had all the attributes of the totally automated cycle. Good looks, performance, ease of operation and low price ($999) failed to win public support in any magnitude.

The Beluga was mainly unsung, as it was the only kid on the block and was therefore shuffled into the corners of bike shops with no star billing.

Honda livened up proceedings with an "experimental" batch of their 80cc two-stroke Leads in November last year, at $200 cheaper. Initial stocks sold out almost immediately, with a two-month waiting list tantalising dealers over the Christmas-New Year period. Yamaha countered with a drop in price to put it on a par with Honda, and hopefully numbers sold. While Honda stocks are low maybe Yamaha can get in there and bop off a few sales to give them a sound footing in the scooter stakes.

Suzuki have a 125cc four-stroke single cylinder overhead camshaft model which sells for $1299 in NSW and a crippling $1499 in South Australia. In performance it offers less than two strokes and has a floor pedal for the rear brake — not quite a clone of the reborn scooter, but conventional nonetheless.

What interests dealers in marketing scooters is that they are able to pop a brace of the little cuties outside their shops, side by side, and attract attention from passersby.

The next simple step is a hands-on demonstration ride over the nearest footpath or parking lot, which is achievable by even the most nervous of bike phobiacs. Chapter two is usually a credit rating check and paperwork formalities in the office. Then the dealer rings the distributor for more supplies, which results in a telex to Japan requesting more scooters . . . *domo arrigato.*

FILL IT IN

Australian Penthouse is a lot more than tantalising women: For starters it really is Australian, as are our best ladies and our fiction, humor, and investigative features. It's all in Australia's top lifestyle magazine, with quality printing and superior design. Fill in your 12-month subscription now, for $42.00, and send it to us at PO Box 306, Cammeray, NSW 2062.

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Subscription for 12 months of *Australian Penthouse . . .* $42.00

I enclose my cheque/money order for $_____ or please debit my

BANKCARD ☐ **AMERICAN EXPRESS** ☐ **DINERS CLUB** ☐

ACCOUNT NO: _____ EXPIRY DATE: _____

Signature: _____

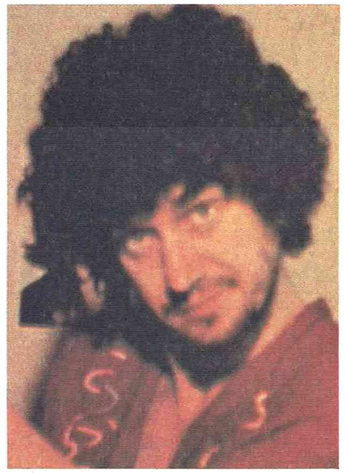
NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ P'CODE _____

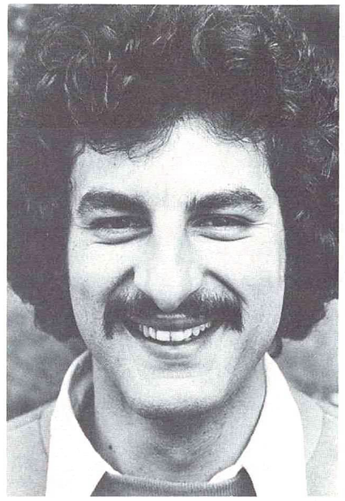
Offer applicable only in Australia. Other rates on application.

PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



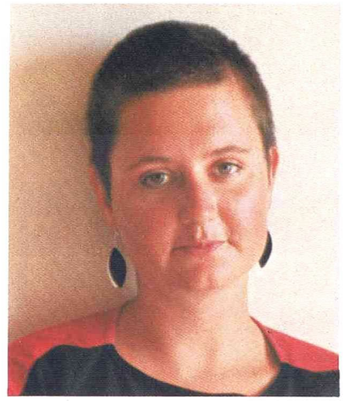
STEVE SPEARS

Steve Spears, known primarily for his talents as a playwright, has also made a variety of successful appearances on the stage and screen. "I regard acting almost as a hobby," he says. "I'm no great shakes as an actor but there are a few things I do well." One of the things he does well is die. Nearly every character Spears has portrayed has failed to make it through to the end of the show. As The Mechanic in *Mad Max 2,* Spears copped three or four arrows, was set on fire and fell off a petrol tanker doing about 110km/h. In his most recent part, as Harry "Pommie" Lewis in the television documentary of Richard Hall's book *Greed* (the story of the Mr Asia drug murders), he was shot in the head and dumped in the bush by the Pacific Highway. Spears played two roles in the most recent production of *The Rocky Horror Show.* As Eddie, he was stabbed with a microphone stand, frozen in an ice box, and when it was turned off, transformed into a pile of bones. He also played Doctor Scott in the same show. "That was one of the few parts I've played in which the character actually survived," says Spears. While awaiting his next chance to drop dead in public, Spears has been hard at it on the typewriter, rewriting his acclaimed first play *The Elocution Of Benjamin Franklin* for the screen. The film will feature Gordon Chater, the award-winning actor who portrayed the protagonist in the original production. Spears is also writing another film script, a black comedy titled *Those Dear Departed,* concerning a woman whose repeated attempts to murder her husband are continually frustrated . . . with interesting results. And apart from those two projects, the occasional contributor to the pages of *Penthouse* is currently working on another vaguely autobiographical and outrageously offensive piece for this magazine. Watch out for his byline.



LEX MARINOS

For a man who says he drifted into theatre by sheer bad luck, Lex Marinos is doing very well in the profession. He's probably best known for his portrayal of Ted Bullpitt's Italian son-in-law in the Seven Network's *Kingswood Country,* but he also hosted an interview/music program on ABC Radio One, is now host of Channel 0/28's *SCOOP* program and starred in the Sydney Theatre Company's successful season of *The Fields of Heaven.* Marinos, 34, played the central role of Rome Bodera, an Italian migrant who struggled to come to terms with Australia in 1929. "I think it was the most honest representation yet of how hard it is in Australia for someone with a non-Anglo-Saxon background," he said. Even after four years Marinos is still ambivalent about his role as the son-in-law of the bigoted Ted Bullpitt in *Kingswood Country:* "I think it's really important that the character is seen to be Australian-born and doesn't speak with an accent," he said. "The general feedback I've got from the show is that Europeans quite like seeing someone representing them, without an accent, which of course is how their kids are. Although there are a lot of 'wog' jokes, the guy making the jokes is seen to be a dickhead and so in that sense I think it is constructive. Anyway that's how I rationalise it. Ross Higgins was worried about it, but because the character is so bigoted in every area — he's sexist and politically and religiously one-eyed (in fact I find his anti-Catholic jokes more offensive than his racist ones) — they think he's just a really unfortunate person." Marinos says the good thing about working on a TV series is it allows a performer to work in other areas, like theatre and radio. He enjoys theatre work particularly, but says the amount of time and work expended is disproportionate to the numbers of people reached — and to the pay.

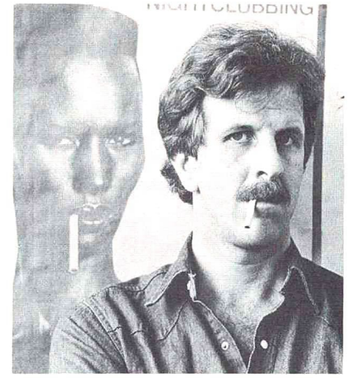


ROBERN PICKERING

If you need to look scarred, bruised, cut, burnt, diseased and dying, filthy, suntanned or just plain sweaty when you have actually just stepped from the shower after a good night's sleep, then Robern Pickering is the woman for the job. An interest in makeup was engendered in her during prepubescent visits to TV studios with her father, who guested on early Seventies tonight shows. Too young to be let loose in the studio, she amused herself in the makeup room. At age 14 she left school and enrolled in the Theatrical Arts Course at the Sydney Conservatorium. Robern then was scooped up into an apprenticeship with Peggy Carter and on to the set of *Dawn* — the first of many instant suntans. After a three-month course in LA she was back into the fray in Australia at the ripe old age of 20, just as the local film industry was experiencing its recent renaissance — a classic case of "right place, right time". If Australia had the vast movie-making machinery and budgets that exist in America, she could still be working her way up through the studio system where you start cleaning sponges, then graduate through extras and bit-part actors until you eventually reach the level of expertise and responsibility Robern already enjoys. In the last two and a half years she has amassed an impressive track record as second and chief makeup artist in movies and commercials. Movies include *Gallipoli* ("blood-stained hands for weeks"), *Heatwave* ("buckets of sweat"), *We Of The Never Never* (duties included "moustache wrangling" and some instant "Aborigines"), *The Pirate Movie, Wild Horses, Brothers, Prisoners, Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* and *Stanley.* The realism that has been the trend in movie makeup in recent years means Robern's job rarely entails early-morning sessions beautifying the stars; more likely it's wading knee-deep in mud retouching a slashed cheek. "That's when you think: 'Oh the glamor of it all' . . . I'd like to do a nice pretty film," she quips.

STEPHEN GALL

Winning ways are so hard to shake. Motocross maestro Stephen Gall — the hero of every Aussie kid with a BMX bike — has been doing some staggeringly successful summertime moonlighting on four wheels. With motocross in summer recess, Gall, 25, amused himself with some off-season trophy-gathering at the speedway. With his trusty Yamaha nowhere to be seen, Gall pulled on a red driving suit and squeezed into brother Dean's Volkswagen midget racer. To suggest the four-times Mr Motorcross champ has made a dramatic impact on the speedway scene is putting it mildly. He's an overnight sensation all over again. Three starts for three wins in his first serious outing , against a bunch of wily Sydney midget car regulars. His winning margin in the feature race . . . a good half a lap. Some of the midget old school didn't enjoy being whipped by the Handlebar Kid. He won't do it next time, they warned. They were right, but it was close. Gall lined up for a 15-lap feature race against a hot field which included three former Australian champions. The biker started like a blur and hit the front after three laps, holding a handy gap over his hapless pursuers. A second feature race win looked in the bag when a rear tyre deflated, and Gall pirouetted on to the infield. No win there, but he did confirm he is no flash in the pan in midget racing. What helps is his superior fitness; he drives just as hard at the finish of a race as he does at the start. Gall's in enviable shape and once rode his bicycle from his Sydney home to Brisbane . . . for the hell of it. Undoubtedly he possesses the necessary skills to trouble the best of the oval-trackers. As triple national midget champion George Tatnell drily puts it: "Steve's going to be tough when he learns how to drive!" As for Gall, he's hooked on midget racing and is mapping out his year to mix racing on two and four wheels. Sizzling Steve's thrust into car racing may extend further; he's already indicated he has the hots for sprintcars, those ferocious 600 horsepower winged rocketships of the dirt tracks.



JIM SHELDON

When Russia invaded Afghanistan it meant a lot more to Jim Sheldon than it did to most Westerners. Photojournalist Sheldon, 34, had grown to love the Afghan people on his first big assignment in 1977: to capture on film the horseback mayhem of the traditional game of Buzkashi. When the tribesmen were fighting tanks and rockets with swords and rifles in 1980, the man was there with a brace of Canons, taking some of the most evocative photos seen of the conflict. Sheldon was born in Ohio, but came to Australia in 1958. He returned to New York in 1970 and now spends four months of the year in Sydney and the other eight in New York. His latest trip to Sydney was for an exhibition at the Australian Centre of Photography in January/February, after which he "began getting some of Australia's untapped wealth of photo stories, mainly to show the overseas markets some of Australia and its people." Sheldon's work has included features on America's rodeo cowboys, the Afghan war, small-town mardi gras in the US, squatters in Sydney, and the El Salvador war. "Because of my work in Afghanistan and El Salvador, people tend to think of me as a war photographer," he said. "But I don't want to fly off to every conflict. With places like Afghanistan — yes, because of my ties with the country, but people are my interest, especially people on an edge of emotion, like the Afghan guerillas and refugees, or the small-town sheriff who feels like a king during the mardi gras." Sheldon's first successes came when he was in his third term as a student at the International Centre of Photography in New York in 1977. He left to cover the Frisbee championships, then flew to Afghanistan, where his work instantly established him as a top talent in his field. These days he would like to keep assignments close to either of his bases rather than spend six months at a time in the wilderness . . . "But I know I'll never pass up something of interest, no matter where it is, if it involves people and emotions."

Sweet Chastity

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

THE FULL IMPACT OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE "GOOD GUYS" IS NOW BEING FELT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. AS THE RELIGIOUS CRUSADE GATHERS MOMENTUM THE SOCIAL FABRIC BEGINS TO CRACK APART. THE "SCENE", AS WE HAVE KNOWN IT, UNDERGOES A RAPID CHANGE.....

CHIEF! REPORTS ARE COMIN' IN THAT THE GOOD GUYS HAVE PUBLICLY BURNT COPIES OF "THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE" AND "PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT"!

WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS TIED UP IN CURRENT PRODUCTION!

MAGNUM PICTURES

CANCEL EVERYTHING! IF WE COULD MAKE THE HERO OF THE NEXT SIX 'ROCKY' MOVIES A PRIEST WE COULD BREAK EVEN!

THE END OF AN ERA! GOODBYE TO THAT GREAT HOLLYWOOD INSTITUTION—THE CASTING COUCH!

GET ALL THIS BOOZE OUT OF THE OFFICE!

AND **THAT'S** NO GUARANTEE OF FULL EMPLOYMENT ANY MORE, KID!

SORRY, GUYS—MACHO IS OUT! ANYONE CARE TO PLAY THE REAR HALF OF A CIRCUS HORSE?

CASTING

IF YOU WANNA STAY IN PICTURES, GET YOURSELVES SOMETHING SHAPELESS—IN SACKCLOTH!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET INTO MOVIES?

YOU COULD BE BIG, KID! HAVE YOUR OWN MONASTERY—SWIMMING POOL—NUNS—OR MONKS!

"WHAT IS FAME? AN EMPTY BUBBLE. GOLD? A TRANSIENT SHINING TROUBLE."

WITH MY COMMITMENTS I SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN PHILOSOPHY?

DYNASTY IS BRINGING IN A FAITH HEALER AND DALLAS IS GONNA BE ABOUT A FAMILY OF MISSIONARIES!

IF WE'RE GONNA SAVE THIS SERIES WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PASS HER OFF AS A SINGING NUN!

MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE GOOD GUYS, OUR OWN SWEET CHASTITY, RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF CONVERTS FROM THE AUDIENCE AS SHE DOES HER WARM-UP FOR THE BILLY GREYBLOOD T.V. SHOW.....

SHE'S A SAINT! A PURE, SWEET SAINT!

HE TRIED IT ON AGAIN LAST NIGHT—BUT I WOULDN'T LET HIM! I'M SAVING MY IMMORTAL SOUL!

SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD ONE UNTIL TONIGHT!

SHE'S BECOMING TOO IMPORTANT, FOULWELL—PHASE HER OUT!

PHASE HER OUT?

CHIEF! THE PEOPLE LOVE HER! SHE'S TOO IMPORTANT TO THE CAMPAIGN!

IMPORTANT? **IMPORTANT?** YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING I NEED HER, ARE YOU?

N...NO.... OF COURSE NOT!

I DON'T **NEED** ANYONE!

SHE'S GETTING TOO MUCH ATTENTION! I WANT HER OUT! DON'T RUSH THINGS—JUST DO IT! PERHAPS SHE COULD SERVE THE CAUSE AS SOME SORT OF MARTYR?

THINK ON IT, FOULWELL!

BILLY GREYBLOOD'S PROCLAMATION FOR "THE GOOD LIFE, 1984" IS ANNOUNCED ON NATIONWIDE T.V.....

I'LL TURN THE WHITE-HOUSE INTO A CATHEDRAL!

THE SENATE WILL BE "GOOD GUYS" CHOSEN BY ME!

THE ARMED FORCES WILL BE UNDER MY DIRECT CONTROL AND WILL ONLY BE USED TO CONVERT THE BARBARIAN WORLD TO CHRISTIANITY!

YA CAN'T LET HIM DO THIS TO US! IT'S CARRYING DEMOCRACY TOO FAR!

GALLUP POLL PREDICTS 80 PERCENT OF THE VOTERS ARE WITH HIM!

ALL GAMBLING AND LEISURE OPERATIONS WILL BE ADMINISTERED BY "GOOD GUYS"!

SOCIAL SECURITY WILL ONLY BE PAID TO "GOOD GUYS"!

PENSION FUND

TRADE UNIONS WILL BE ABOLISHED AND REPLACED BY "GOOD GUYS" SUPERVISORS!

THE CONSTITUTION WILL BE ABOLISHED! IT WILL BE REPLACED BY THE TEN COMMANDMENTS!

AND SO, AT A SECRET RENDEZVOUS, REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNMENT, BUSINESS, THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH AND THE MAFIA, MEET TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THE BILLY GREYBLOOD PROBLEM

THIS GUY IS UNDERMINING THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF THE COUNTRY!

HIS KIND OF CHRISTIANITY COULD START WORLD WAR III RIGHT HERE!

HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

IF WE COMBINE FINANCIAL RESOURCES IT SHOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEM!

PENTHOUSE REGRETS THAT IT'S CORRESPONDENT WAS UNABLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE SECRET RENDEZVOUS OR TO IDENTIFY ANY OF THOSE PRESENT AT THE MEETING. THIS INFORMATION APPEARS TO BE CLASSIFIED!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE WHITE HOUSE....

OKAY, GUYS! ON YOUR FEET!

EVERYBODY'S INVITED TO BREAKFAST IN THE INNER SANCTUM! THE CHIEF'S BACK FROM HIS MEETING!

THIS KOOK, FRANKENSTEIN — THE UNCLE OF SWEET CHASTITY, HAS BEEN PESTERING ME TO PUT A MISSILE BASE ON HIS PROPERTY. WE CAN USE HIM — ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS COME UP WITH THE CASH FOR AN AID....

....PROGRAMME! WE CAN FINANCE THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATION SATELLITE FROM CASTLE DREER!

ONLY IT WON'T BE A COMMUNICATION SATELLITE! HERE'S THE PLAN.....

?

?

?

OBLIVIOUS TO THIS GREAT TIDE OF EVENTS, CLARENCE, EXPERIMENT NO 291, FRANKENSTEIN LABORATORIES, ELECTED BY HIS FELLOW F.A.'S (FAILED EXPERIMENTS) TO FIND SWEET CHASTITY.....

GEE! I'VE RUN OUT OF GAS!

YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH!

....AND BRING HER BACK, HAS BEGUN THE FIRST LEG OF HIS JOURNEY BY STEALING A RIDE IN THE BACK OF A CAR!

THIS IS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

NIGEYAAH!

OH, YES! ME TOO!

AAAGH!

WHAT DID I DO?

THE FINK! I'LL.....

HELLO!

AAAGH!

WHAT DID I DO?

NOT HAVING A DRIVING LICENSE, OUR HERO TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN.....

TRANSYLVANIAN TRUCKING INC.

Hot Wolves

BUT LUCK IS WITH HIM!

EXPORT RUBBER VAMPIRE DOLLS

DESTINATIO LOS ANGELES U.S.A

U.S.A? THAT'S WHERE CHASTITY'S AT! I'M COMING, SWEET CHASTITY — I'M COMING!

CAN THIS MOST INSIGNIFICANT OF ALL INHUMAN CREATURES BE DESTINED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THIS GREAT DRAMA? WE DOUBT IT — BUT THEN YOU NEVER KNOW — DO YOU?

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY CHRIS MADDEN

The author is the Dean of Oriental Medicine at the NSW College of Natural Therapies. During the past nine years he has taught and practised traditional Chinese medicine in Australia and England.

PATIENT VICTIMS OF THE HEALTH *WAR*

While the miracle cure for the common cold remains a forlorn hope, while life expectancy fails to rise, and while degenerative diseases continue to be as intractable as ever, many people have begun actively pursuing their own health care rather than relying on orthodox medicine. Parallel to this growth in self-sufficiency has been a growth in the supply of non-prescription substances. The daily self-prescribed multivitamin capsule, large doses of vitamin C to ward off infections, and vitamin E capsules to hold back old age or flagging virility have become commonplace in Australian homes. At the same time, a conflict has been brewing which illustrates the fundamental differences between conventional and alternative approaches to health care.

Early in 1982 an attempt was made to introduce into Federal Parliament an Act restricting the availability of vitamins and minerals. This legislation would effectively have placed the control of vitamin administration back in the hands of the orthodox medical community. The major argument for taking this "protective" step was not so much that harm had been done by individuals taking these substances, but rather that the consumption of them in large quantities was deemed unnecessary. The logic of the situation seemed to be that because of the potential danger, the public should not be exposed at all to self-medication — a bit like lowering the road toll by revoking all driving licences. However, the proposed regulations are currently in limbo due to an extremely well-orchestrated letter-to-the-local-member campaign. Promoted by manufacturers who used the burgeoning health food stores as polling booths, the campaign created the impression of a grass roots uprising. And while both sides piously protest their role as protectors of the public, a quiet but deadly serious battle for dominance in the politics and economics of health care is being joined.

Until recently, choosing sides was a simple matter. Our habit was to equate modern medicine with healing. We assumed that all other forms of healing were pre-scientific mixtures of superstition and lucky guesses. Modern medicine reflected the values of scientism. If it was scientific, then it was the best. Miracles are performed by green-robed doctors in the name of medicine. There is ample evidence of this in popular television documentaries. However, there are prerequisites to the performance of these miracles. Because of their complexity they are carried out by specialists and require the centralisation of resources in large teaching hospitals using capital-intensive gadgets, all of which are considered beyond the ken of the average citizen. The respect and status accorded to modern-day doctors has been something like that formerly reserved for the feudal aristocracy. John Lobell, in *The Green Book,* put the case succinctly: "Doctors are allowed very special powers. Imagine how you would feel if your accountant would not let you participate in your own financial affairs, would not tell you how much money you had, nor how it was invested, because he had decided that the average person had neither the financial knowledge nor the emotional stability to handle his own money. Imagine also that your accountant used technical terms you could not decipher and that you were unable to find out much about the world of finance even if you wanted to. Furthermore, imagine that you could not conduct financial transactions, you could not even open a bank account, without your accountant's written approval . . . The remarkable thing about the medical profession is that not only has it accumulated these exceptional powers, but it has done so in such a way that we do not even question it."

Naturally, the status and economic strength that comes from such a potent position in society is a difficult thing to discard, let alone share. So the threat posed by the dramatic rise of alternative systems of healing has caused a predictable knee-jerk reaction from doctors.

When acupuncture was introduced into Australia in the late Sixties by a handful of non-medical practitioners, the response from the medical profession was one of contempt. It was branded variously as charlatanism, quackery, auto-suggestion, unscientific and dangerous. By the mid-Seventies a shift in position had occurred. Acupuncture proved to be effective. With increasing involvement of doctors in its use, an organisation called The Australian Medical Acupuncture Society was formed. Acupuncture was transformed from being a useless quackery into a valuable medical tool — but only, of course, in the hands of doctors. There were windfall benefits to be gained from becoming a medical acupuncturist (a process often involving one week's training in Hong Kong). These included being able to treat up to eight patients at a time, and charging an extended consultation fee for each one. This practice resulted in a change in the benefit scheduling of acupuncture treatments and a subsequent decline in the number of doctors actively using acupuncture in their surgeries.

Naturally, non-medical acupuncturists were, and still are, seen as the opposition. The AMAS has been steadfast in its attempts to have "lay acupuncturists" banned, and in its refusal to associate with non-doctors, many of whom have five years' training in Chinese colleges of traditional medicine. Similar responses can be seen in all areas of non-medical health practice. Doctors with up to eight hours of training in nutrition refute and revile the dietary advice offered by naturopaths with 300 hours of training (this is the minimum figure) in the same area.

Despite the antagonism that orthodox medicine shows toward its competitors, the Australian Natural Therapists Association estimated that three million consultations with alternative health workers took place in 1980. Why? It could be that the relative status of doctors is beginning to shift back to a realistic level as the self-sacrificing image fades in the after-flash of medi-fraud. Perhaps it's simply because people are discovering that previously "incurable" conditions respond to simple therapies and basic lifestyle changes, whereas they did not respond to potent medication and surgery. Maybe it's because a consultation with a natural therapist will probably continue for at least an hour — significantly longer than it takes to renew a prescription.

Some doctors are recognising that a change in the nature of medical treatment is being demanded by increasingly aware patients. Yet, although their skills in areas such as manipulation and nutrition are limited, medical ethics forbid the referral of patients to non-medical practitioners. Medical self-interest reinforces the position that only doctors can or should be involved in health care, and the elitist nature of the profession promotes a clannish attitude to medical knowledge.

The victims of these machinations are clearly the users of health systems. Registration of non-medical practitioners would probably only serve to let a few more members into the exclusive club. The registration of chiropractors in most Australian states has resulted generally in higher costs, reduced consultation times and a desperate attempt to be more scientific than the medical profession. A "Doctors Only" system would only serve to maintain the status quo and reduce innovation. Clearly, if it had been left to the doctors we would have no chiropractic treatments, no acupuncture, no alternative therapies at all.

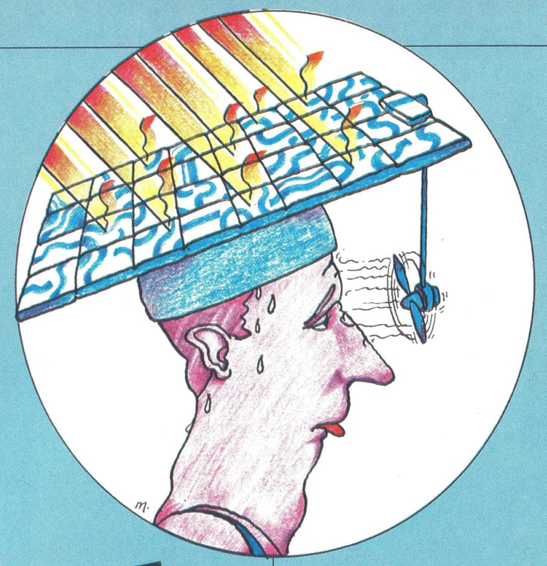
Ultimately the solution to the conflict between orthodoxy and alternative medicine must be drawn from a number of areas and instituted with the goal of demonstrably maximising the health of the population. Medical knowledge should be demystified so that individuals can make an informed decision as to appropriate therapies. For political and economic reasons, the status of medical practitioners should be stabilised at about that of secondary teachers, as is the case in China. Facilities should be made available for the teaching and practice of effective alternative therapies. Finally, a rationalisation of funds away from the capital-intensive "heart transplant" type of medicine to a more preventive and socially responsible posture should be adopted.

In the current climate, such innovations are unlikely.

"A quiet but deadly serious battle for dominance in the politics and economics of health care is being joined"

LOOSE ENDS

Harnessing the sun has become very fashionable and Tandy Electronics has come up with a portable sun catcher. This solar cell comes as a single for around $7, or as a panel of cells for $32. The panel has a switchbable output of 6 to 12 volts which can be used to charge batteries or to directly power radios, toys, calculators and any other small devices one has lying around the home. These energy hoarders are on sale throughout Australia at all of Tandy's 350 stores.

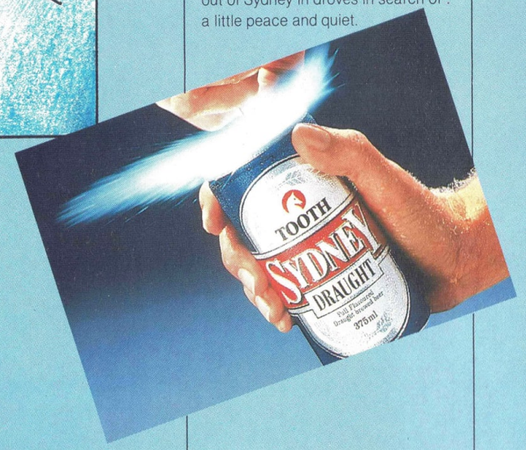


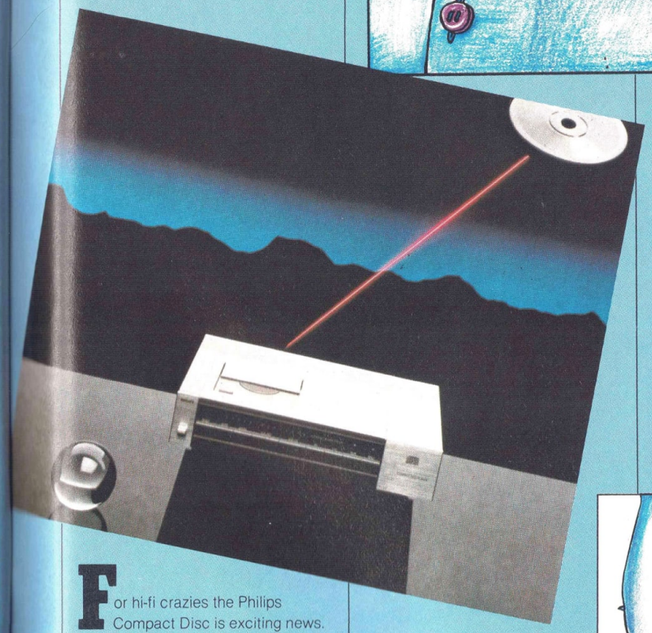
A little bit of Australiana to adorn the one you love or the one you're trying to make it with. Cheryl-Anne Hamilton, has designed a unique range of hand-made jewellery — she found her inspiration in Aboriginal ceremonial decorations. Gumnuts, Sturt peas, eucalyptus cones, feathers and leather are all used in the jewellery which ladies like Dionne Warwick and Olivia Newton-John are already sporting overseas. Price ranges from $30 to $150. Available at David Jones and Flamingo Park, in Sydney.

The Phoenix Lifestyle Club has opened in Melbourne following the success of the Sydney Phoenix Club whose members now number thirteen hundred. Both clubs are aimed at the single professionals and executives. The clubs provide a full social calendar covering a wide range of interests. All members can find something or someone to attract them. The organisers insist that this is not a "Meat Market", but aims to provide its members with a point of contact. For further information telephone (03) 690 5500

Visiting, and want somewhere to stay in the centre of Sydney in a little luxury and not spend a motza? The Cliveden in Bridge St is the answer. You can stay for a night or as long as you like in a studio or a two bedroom apartment. All rooms are self-contained and there is a great restaurant open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. You can book your stay at the Cliveden on (02) 235 1333

After Victoria Bitter, Swan Lager, Cascade, Fourex and Adelaide Bitter, Sydneysiders need never feel left out again; "Why are we here, we're here for our beer" — Sydney Draught. Tooth and Company really believe in their new beer, as any Sydneysider who owns a radio and/or television will attest. The advertising campaign is immense and will either have us all drinking the stuff or have us moving out of Sydney in droves in search of a little peace and quiet.





For hi-fi crazies the Philips Compact Disc is exciting news. This system reproduces the pure, perfect sound of the original digital recording, through laser beam decoding, making it a major break-through in sound reproduction. The compact disc players are compatible with existing hi-fi systems. Philips have all the blurb on where and how much. Give them a call.

Qantas are going all out to capture the most rides on the merry-go-round market of travellers between good ol' Oz and the Great American Dream. They've just teamed up with Trans World Airlines (TWA) to bring you an economy return fare between L.A. or San Francisco for $1695 (A little more for those of us who live and play on the west coast). This great el cheapo includes unlimited travel on TWA'S network within the US. You can even take stopovers in Hawaii and/or Tahiti. Qantas has 12 flights to America each week.

Dunhill, that bastion of style and good taste, has got on the bandwagon with men's toiletries. In 1934 Dunhill launched their classic men's fragrance — Dunhill for Men. Now they have introduced a full range incorporating this subtle, crisp fragrance. Cologne, aftershave, soap, deodorant and shave foam are priced from $10 to $42. The range is available at the Dunhill shops in Sydney and Melbourne and in selected major department stores.

Sydney's Sarah Greaves

COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

I Spy — The incredible aftermath to a feature story in September *Australian Penthouse* on Pine Gap saw our science correspondent Dr Geoffrey E. Smith under pressure from ASIO, the CIA and the supposedly secret US National Security Agency. Anonymously mailed phone numbers added to the plot and embroiled Smith in a spy web which spread from Britain to Australia and the USA.

Pet Of The Month — Photographer Chris Dickson caught our travel-loving Pet Sarah Greaves in Sydney, soaking up the summer sunshine before heading for Europe. Our loss will be Europe's gain; she's a beautiful lady and a stunning centrespread. There's also Pet of the Year finalist Donna Turner in a scorching pictorial, and Danielle Martin, a lady with a great sense of style.

Come In, Spinner — What are the chances of an Australian gambler cracking a big win? Mathematician John Rawson examines the odds on Australia's favorite forms of gambling and comes up with some facts which could change gamblers' attitudes to their weekly indulgences.

The Yakuza — Crime has been an organised entity in Japan since the 17th Century and now Japanese gangsters — *Yakuza* — are spreading their web throughout the world and linking up with the Mafia. But even the terrifying code of the Cosa Nostra pales against the savage brutality of the *Yakuza* as they seek control of prostitution, extortion and drug dealing.

The Last Compartment — An inspired fiction feature by James McQueen: the story of a country potter whose obsession with his childhood and a lost love embroils his wife in a bizarre journey into his past.

Supernatural

Continued from page 97

natural began at an early age. At 12 he crucified a toad in an attempt to invoke magical powers. He later took numerous mistresses (including the Australian violinist Leah Waddell). Some of his written records were rambling and egocentric, but it's clear that the rituals he practised involved bizarre sex.

Today the aura of mystery and magic surrounding the act of sex has diminished considerably, and so the supernatural link has become a bit tenuous. That hasn't stopped Hollywood from continuing to exploit the sex-supernatural formula for all it's worth, inventing ever more bizarre story lines to maintain audience interest. That trend undoubtedly reached its zenith in *The Case Of The Smiling Stiffs,* in which lustful female vampires chose to suck the victim's penis rather than his neck.

Witches, warlocks and part-time Satanists still gambol naked in misty midnight gatherings — but perhaps more for the purpose of instilling some extra kinkiness into their eventual coupling than to summon evil spirits from the dead. The same applies to the modern-day black mass. The real thing remains a newspaperman's dream and plenty of journalists have drummed up copy about secret satanic orgies in respectable Sydney or Melbourne suburbs. However, most modern black masses are carefully staged events designed to produce funds for the organisers. Call girls are often used and the whole affair is generally an excuse for an expensive orgy with a difference. But the fact that many people are prepared to pay large sums to act out their black fantasies suggests that the historic link between sex and the supernatural, however tenuous, will always be with us.

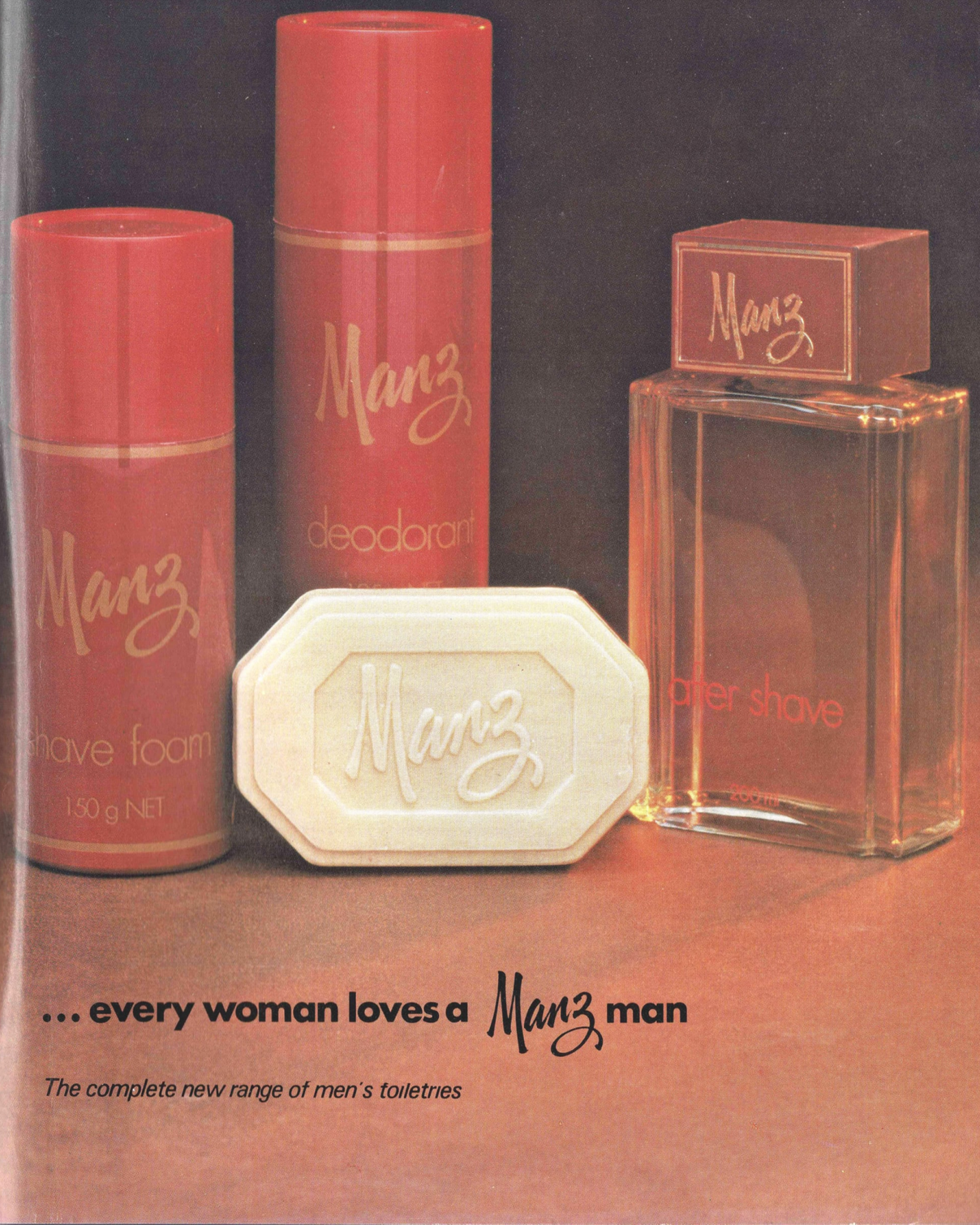
STOCKISTS

Centrespread: Hair by Korel; Make-up by Alan Diekman; Photographed at the Berkeley, Sydney; Furniture from the Arredorama, Sydney; Rug and cushions from Fabrica, Sydney; Lingerie supplied by Triumph International; Clothes by Rain and Shine, selected stores; Sheets, towels from Powder Blue, Sydney; Fur by Cornelius; Shoes from Raymond Castles.

ADULT BOOKS
VIDEO TAPES
MOVIES
AIDS, MAGS.
LARGEST RANGE
LOWEST PRICES !

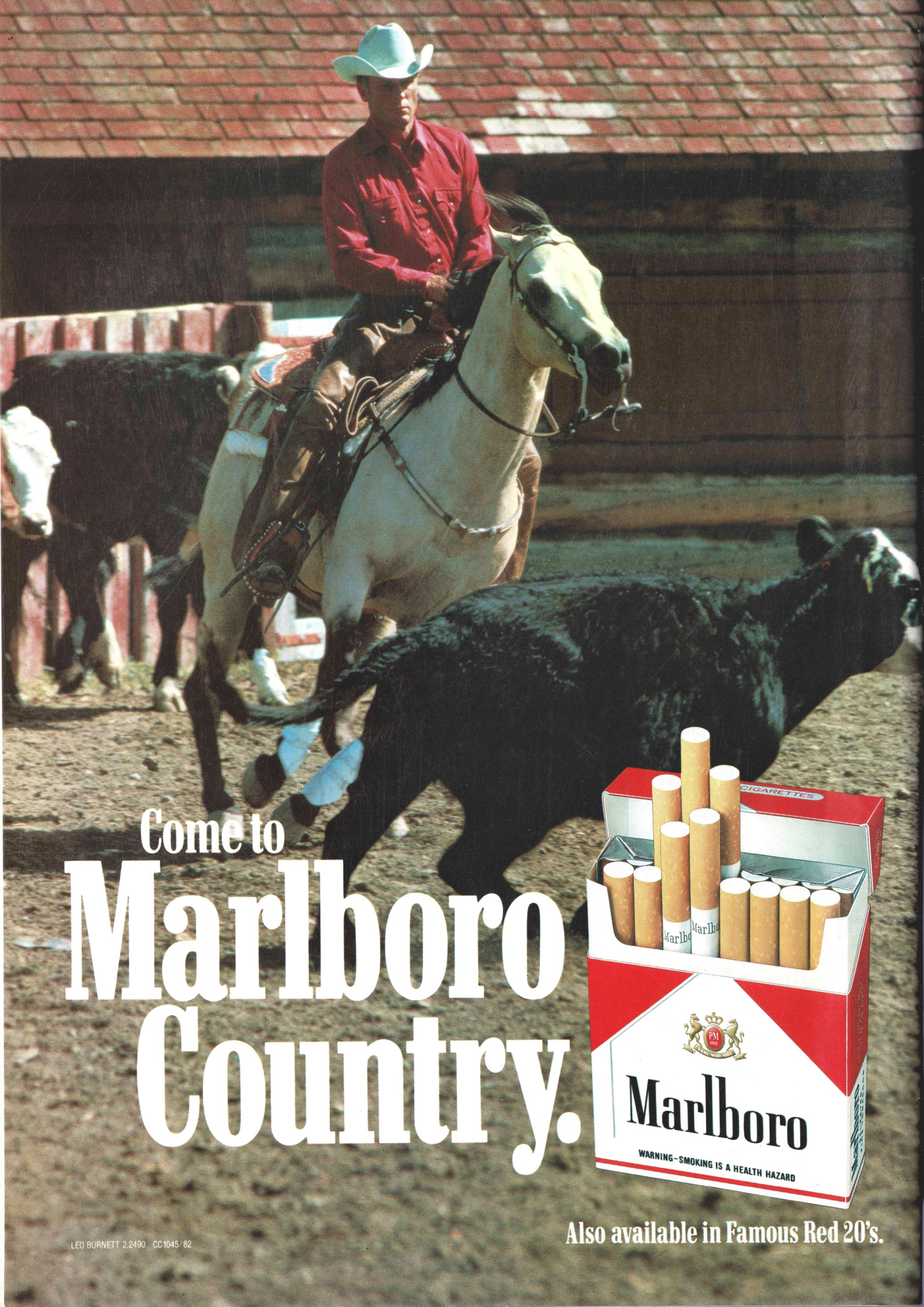
KINGS CROSS MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 238 WAVERLEY
NSW 2024 AUSTRALIA
Please send
☐ FREE CATALOGUE
☐ 3 FULL COLOUR MAGAZINES (hard core) ENCL. $15.
NAME
ADDRESS
P/C
I am over 18. signed

It's a Manz world...



... every woman loves a Manz man

The complete new range of men's toiletries


Come to
Marlboro
Country.
CIGARETTES
Marlboro
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Also available in Famous Red 20's.
LEO BURNETT 2.2490. CC1045/82